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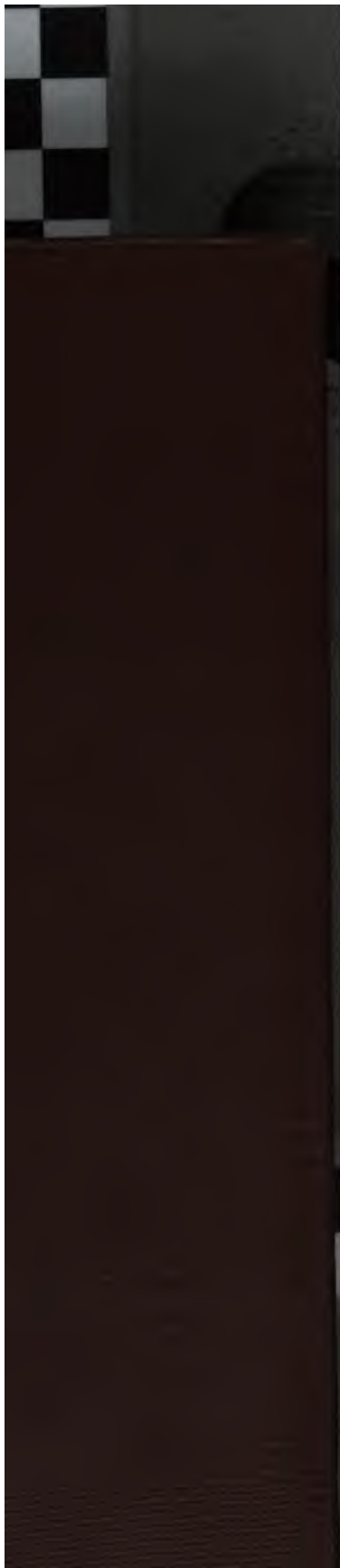
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VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY,
THE IRISH AGENT.

VOL. II.



VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY,

THE IRISH AGENT;

OR,

CHRONICLES OF THE CASTLE CUMBER PROPERTY.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY,"
"FARDOROUGH, THE MISER," "JANE SINCLAIR," &c. &c.

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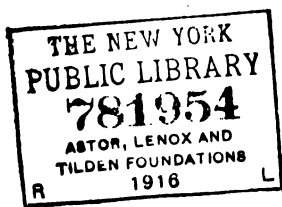
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY, THE IRISH AGENT.

CHAPTER X.

A DUTIFUL GRANDSON, AND A RESPECTABLE GRAND-MOTHER—MILITARY DIALOGUE—DISOBEDIENCE OF ORDERS—SOLOMON'S CANDOUR—A CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION—SOLOMON DANCES THE SWAGGERING JIG—HONEST CORRESPONDENCE—DARBY'S NOTION OF SPIRITUAL THINGS—TWO RELIGIONS BETTER THAN ONE—DARBY'S LOVE OF TRUTH.

WE believe our readers may understand, that although we have ourselves taken the liberty of insinuating that little Solomon, as M'Loughlin called him, was not precisely—but we beg pardon, it is time enough to speak of that yet. All we have to say in the mean time is, that Solomon's character, up to the period we speak of, was not merely spotless, but a burning and a shining light in the eyes of all the saints and sinners of the religious world, not only in Castle Cumber, but in the metropolis itself. Solomon

was an Elder of his congregation, in which Sabbath after Sabbath he took his usual prominent part as collector—raised the psalms—sang loudest—and whenever the minister alluded to the mercy that was extended to sinners, Solomon's groan of humility—of sympathy with the frail, and of despair for the impenitent; his groan we say under these varied intimations of gospel truth, was more than a sermon in itself. It not only proclaimed to the whole congregation that he was a sinner, but that he felt for sinners—rejoiced in their repentance, which he often did in a nondescript scream, between a groan and a cackle of holy joy, that alarmed the congregation; but also wept for their hardness of heart, when he imagined that it was likely to terminate in final reprobation, with such a pathetic fervency, that on many such occasions some of those who sat beside him were obliged to whisper—"brother M'Slime, you are too much overcome—too piously excited—do not allow yourself to exhibit such an excess of christian sympathy, or there will be many instances among the weaker vessels of relapses and backslidings, from not understanding that it is more for others thou art feeling, than for thyself."

Solomon then took his hands from before his face, wiped his eyes with the handkerchief on which they

had been embedded, and with a serene and rather heavenly countenance looked up to the preacher, then closing his eyes as if in a state of ethereal enjoyment, he clasped his hands with a sweet smile, twirling his thumbs and bowing his head, as the speaker closed every paragraph of the discourse.

These observations account very plainly for the opinions touching Solomon which were expressed by M'Loughlin. Solomon was at this time an unadulterated saint—a professor—in fact one of the elect who had cast his anchor sure. But as the proverb says, time will tell.

That night M'Loughlin and his family retired to bed for the first time overshadowed, as it were by a gloomy presentiment of some change, which disturbed and depressed their hearts. They slept, however, in peace and tranquillity, free from those snake-like pangs which coil themselves around guilt, and deaden its tendencies to remorse, whilst they envenom its baser and blacker purposes.

M'Slime himself at this crisis was beginning privately to feel some of the very natural consequences of his own oft acknowledged frailty. Phil who had just left Constitution Cottage a few minutes before Darby's arrival, had not seen him that morning. The day before he had called upon his grand-

father, who told him out of the parlour window to "go to h——; you may call to morrow, you cowardly whelp, if you wish to see me—but in the mean time," he added as before, "go where I desired you."

Phil, who possessed a great deal of his father's selfishness and also of his low cunning, but none at all of his ability, turned back indignantly and rode home again. He had not passed more than about a hundred yards from the avenue out into the highway, when he met Sharpe, one of the heroes of the cabin.

We shall not detail their conversation, which, of course, embraced many of the circumstances connected with their duties, excepting a few interjectional imprecations which Phil in an occasional parenthesis dutifully bestowed upon his grandfather.

"So, Sharpe, the fool Rimon made such a devil of a fight, (the infernal old scoundrel)—and took the gun."

"Why, captain Phil, if he hasn't the strength of ten men, I'll never manœuvre on parade while I live—he's a bloody rascal."

"(A double distilled old scoundrel, and I wish the devil had him,)—he's a bad bird, Sharpe, fool and all as he is, there's no doubt of that. What did the priest do?"

"Why, your honour, I can't say that he took

much part in it, barrin' once that he went between us and the woman."

"He had no right to do that—(the blaspheming old vagabond,)—none at all, Sharpe, and he ought to be prosecuted."

"He ought, captain, and will I hope."

"But, then, Sharpe, if we swing Harman it will be enough, for Harman—he'll fiz for it, and that soon I hope)—is another bad bird."

"Oh, devil a worse, captain, but even if he escapes us now, we'll manage him yet."


They now came to a turn of the road, and found themselves at a bridge, a little beyond which two roads met. On approaching, they observed an old woman sitting on a large stone that lay a little beyond the arch. She was meagrely and poorly dressed, had no cap on, her grey locks were only bound by a red ribbon that encircled her head, but did not confine her hair, which floated in large masses about her shoulders, a circumstance that added to the startling vehemence of character that appeared in her face, and gave to her whole person an expression which could not be overlooked. When they had come up to where she sat, and were about to pass without further notice, she started up, and with steps surprisingly rapid, and full of energy, seized upon Phil's bridle.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "I saw you going, and I see you coming, but you cannot tell me that he is dead. No, the death damp of his blaspheming carcase is not yet on the air, because if it was" and she turned her nose against the wind, like a hound, "I would snuff it. No, no ; he is not gone, but he will soon go, and what a catalogue of crimes will follow after him ! The man's conscience is a gaol where every thought and wish of his guilty life and godless heart is a felon ; and the blackest calendar that ever was spread before God is his. Oh ! I wonder do the chains in his conscience rattle ? they do, but his ears are deaf, and he doesn't hear them ; but he will, and feel them too, yet."

Phil, who had got alarmed at the extraordinary energy of her manner, as well as of her language, said, "what do you want, and who are you speaking of?"

"Who am I speaking of ? who should I be speaking of, but of old Deaker the blasphemer ?—and who am I speaking to but the son of the ungodly villain who threatened to horsewhip the mother that bore him. Do you know me now ?"

"Let go my bridle," exclaimed Phil, "let go my bridle, you old faggot, or upon my honour and soul I'll give you a cut of my whip."



“No,” she replied, no whit daunted, “no, I’m near my eightieth year—I’m old, and wrinkled, and grey—my memory forgets every thing now but my own crimes, and the crimes of those that are still worse than myself—old I am, and wicked, and unrepenting—but I shall yet live to pour the curses that rise out of an ill-spent life into his dying ear, until his very soul will feel the scorches of perdition before its everlasting tortures come upon it in hell. I am old,” she proceeded, “but I will yet live to see the son that cursed his mother, and threatened to raise his sacrilegious hand against her that bore him, laid down like a tree, rooted up and lopped—lying like a rotten log, without sap, without strength, and only fit to be cut up and cast into the fire. I am old,” she replied, “but I shall live to see out the guilty race of you all.”

“Go to the devil, you croaking old vagabond,” exclaimed Phil, raising his whip, and letting it fall upon her almost naked shoulders, with a force as unmanly, as it was cruel, and impious, and shocking.

She uttered a scream of anguish, and writhed several times, until her eyes became filled with tears. “My cup is not full yet,” she exclaimed, sobbing, “neither is your’s, but it soon will be ; you knew me well when you gave that blow ; but go now, and see *how you’ll prosper* after it.”

3.

Sharpe, even Sharpe, felt shocked at the cowardly spirit which could inflict such an outrage upon old age, under any circumstances; but much less, under those which even he understood so well."

"Captain," said he, "if it was only for the credit of the Castle Cumber cavalry, I'm sorry that you gave that blow; those men on the other side of the road there, were looking at you, and you may take my word it will spread."

"How dare you speak to me in that style?" asked Phil in a rage, and availing himself of his authority over him, "what is it your business, Sharpe? Sharpe, you're a scoundrel for speaking to me in this style—damn my honour and blood, but you are. What do you know about that old vagabond?"

"Captain," replied Sharpe, who was a sturdy fellow in his way, "I'm no scoundrel; and I do know that you have just horse-whipped your notorious ould grandmother."

"Fall back," said Phil, "and consider yourself arrested."

"Arrest and be hanged," replied Sharpe, "I don't care a fig about you—I was in Deaker's corps this many a year, and if you attempt to come the officer over me, let me tell you you're mistaken. We're not on duty now, my buck, and you have no

more authority over me than you have over the devil—me, a scoundrel! my good fellow, I know who is the scoundrel.”

“My good fellow! Damn my honour and blood, do you apply that to me?”

“No, I don’t,” said Sharpe, “for you’re a cursed bad fellow, and no gentleman—didn’t Harman pull your nose in Castle Cumber, and you wanted the courage then that you had for your ould grandmother—me, a scoundrel!”

“I’ll tell you what, Sharpe; is this respect, Sir, to your commanding officer? Sharpe, I’ll mark you out for this.”

“Don’t you know,” replied Sharpe, “that two of us can play at that game; you had better keep yourself quiet, if you’re wise—a man that’s in the habit of getting his nose pulled should be very inoffensive.”

“Very well,” said gallant Phil, “I’ll say no more *but—*.” He then put spurs to Handsome Harry, and rode off, full of vengeance against Sharpe, and of indignation at the contumelious reception he experienced at the hands of his grandfather.

Val’s letter to M’Slime was, as our readers know, any thing but an index to the state of regard in which he held that worthy gentleman. As we said,

however, that ground was beginning to break a little under his feet, in spite of all his unction and Christian charity, we shall, while Darby is on his way to deliver his letter, take that opportunity of detailing a conversation between honest Solomon and Poll Doolin, upon one or two topics connected with our tale.

“Sam,” said Solomon to his clerk, “you were not present with us at prayer this morning! You know we do not join in family worship until you come; and it is but our duty to take an interest in your spiritual welfare. In the mean time, I should regret, for your own sake, that any thing in the shape of a falling away from your opportunities should appear in you. I speak now as your friend, Sam, not as your master—nay, rather as your brother, Sam—as a man who is not without his own lapses and infirmities; but who still trusts—though not by his own strength—that he may be looked upon, in some faint degree, as an example of what a man, wrestling with the cares and trials of life, ought, at least, to strive to be. To Him be the praise!”

“I certainly overslept myself this morning, Sir—that is the truth.”

“Yes, Sam; sloth is one of the disguises under

which the enemy often assails and overcomes us. But to business, Sam. There is an old woman in Castle Cumber, whose name I scarcely remember. She goes dressed in faded black, and has a son, to whom, for wise purposes of course, it pleased Him to deny a full measure of ordinary sense?"

"Poll Doolin, Sir, the old child-cadger, and her foolish son, Raymond of the hats."

"Don't say foolish, Sam; don't say foolish—we know not well what the true difference between wisdom and folly is, nor how much wisdom is manifested in the peculiar state of this person. We know not, indeed, whether what we blindly, perhaps, term folly, may not be a gift to be thankful for. You know the Word says, that the wisdom of man is foolishness before God. Our duty therefore is, to be thankful and humble."

"Well, Sir; but about Poll Doolin, the child-cadger?"

"Child-cadger! that is a term I don't understand, Sam."

"Why, Sir, it means a woman who carries——"

"Sam, hold; if it be associated with human frailty, it is best left unspoken. The woman, however, be she what she may—and I know not what she is—but that she is a responsible being—a par-

taker of our common nature, and is entitled to our sympathy. She is, I understand, in some difficulty, out of which, it seems, professional advice may help to take her. I expect her, therefore, about this time; and will you, Samuel, just stand at that window, and when you see her approach the house, do just quietly, and without noise, open the hall door. Something has occurred to discompose the Christian tone which usually prevails in our household; and poor Susanna is going. But, at all events, Sam, you are aware it is said, that we ought not to let our left hand know what our right hand doeth."

"I know the text, Sir, well; it ends with—'and he that giveth in secret, will reward thee openly.'"

"He—hem—ahem! yes it does so end; heigho! I feel, Sam, slightly depressed in spirit, as it were, and moved, as if somewhat of my usual support were withdrawn from me."

"Here she is, Sir," said Sam.

"Very well, Sam; please to let her in as quietly as may be, and then take this declaration to the back office, and copy it as soon as you can—it is of importance. We should always endeavour to render services to our fellow creatures."

In the mean time, Sam very softly opened the hall door, and the next moment Poll entered.

Solomon, as usual, was certainly seated at his office, and held his features composed and serious to a degree; still, in spite of every thing he could do, there was an expression, half of embarrassment, and half of the very slightest perceptible tendency to a waggish—smile, we can scarcely call it—but, whatever it might be, there it certainly was, betraying to Poll, in spite of all his efforts, that there was still the least tincture imaginable of human frailty associated with such a vast mass of sanctity.

Polly, when she entered, took a seat, and loosening the strings of her bonnet, raised it a little, and without uttering a word sat silently looking in M'Slime's face, with a very comic and significant expression on her own.

"No, Polly," said he, with a serious smile, "no, you are mistaken indeed—frail we all are, I grant you; but in this case I am acting for another. No, no, Polly—I trust those days of vanity are gone."

"Well, then, what else am I to do? I sent the reports abroad about M'Loughlin and Harman's bein' about to break; and of M'Loughlin I'll soon have my revenge, by the way—I and somebody else have the train laid for it."

"Polly, it was from no unchristian spirit of ill will to them—for I trust that of such a spirit I am

incapable—but to prevent them, by an unjust act, from injuring, perhaps from ruining others. That is my motive; but, at the same time, the whole matter is understood to be strictly confidential between you and me.”

“Don’t you know, Mr. M’Slime, that when there was an occasion for trustin’ me, I didn’t betray you to the world?”

“No—you did not; and it is for that reason that I trust you now.”

“Ay, and you may, too; honour bright is my motive. You remember the day you passed Darby O’Drive and me, on our way to M’Clutchy’s? Did I pretend to know you then?”

“You acted then, Poll, with great and commendable discretion, which you will please to remember I did not overlook.”

“No,” said Poll, “you behaved decently enough.”

“But observe me now, Poll; if this report concerning the firm of M’Loughlin and Harman should by any possibility be traced to us, or rather to yourself, and that you should be pressed to disclose it, which, of course, you could not be; but if a weak moment should ever come—it is best then to speak the truth, and put the saddle as they rather profanely say, upon Valentine M’Clutchy, the right horse here.”

“ Upon M‘Clutchy ! why, bad as he is, he never opened his lips to me on this subject.”

“ But he did to me, Poll, because it was from him I first heard the suggestion ; so that in point of truth and justice, you are bound by your own conscience, or you ought at least—to lay it at his door—and that now you understand better”—he smiled a little as he uttered these words—“ But why don’t you get a better bonnet, that one is very shabby.”

“ It’s asier said than done,” replied Poll, “ the poor must always look poor, and will too.”

“ There then are ten shillings, Poll ; bestow them on that, or any other purpose you prefer.”

“ Thank you, Mr. M‘Slime, troth in the little job I did for you at our first acquaintance I found you—any way not worse than another. Well, but you can’t desave me now—I see it in your eye—you have something else to say to me.”

“ Oh, nothing to signify. Merely a serious young person would wish to remove for change of air to some quiet nook until health—which, indeed, is the chiefest of temporal blessings, might be recovered.”

“ Man or woman ?”

“ A serious young woman, Poll.”

“ I see, I see, Mr. M‘Slime ; I know nothing more about it.”

"Poll, listen—I shall no longer withhold confidence from you in this matter—unfortunately a member, indeed, I may say, two of our congregation have had a woful fall. He ranks very high in it, and this is an act of the greater Christian friendship in me, in as much as in undertaking the management of this for him, I certainly run great risks of suffering in my own reputation. I cannot name him, for that would be a breach of confidence in me, but you are called upon to perform the duty required, and through me he shall compensate you for your trouble."

"Very well," replied Poll, "it must be done—and I can tell him whoever he is, that he could not come to any one that understands such matters better."

"Good morning, Poll! Let me hear from you as soon as you can. Peace be with thee! but Poll, remember one thing, Harman and the M'Loughlins are going to America." Poll nodded insignificantly, but made no reply.

The moment she had gone, which she did by the aid of Solomon himself, who opened and closed the hall door after her, with a quietness of manner that seemed to communicate oil to the hinges themselves, he touched the bell, and in due time Susanna looked in.

“ You rang, Sir,” said she.

“ That arrangement is made ;” said he, “ so far all is well, or nearly so—go now.” Susanna immediately withdrew, the few words he said seeming to have diffused sunshine into a face which appeared doubly serious.

When she was gone, Solomon laid his head down upon the desk before him, and remained in that position for some time. At length, without at all raising it, he began to play his knuckles against the lid, with a degree of alacrity which would not have disgraced the activity of a sleight-of-hand man. He at last rose, drew a long breath, and wore a very smiling face ; but this was not all—O sanctity ! O religion ! Instead of going to his bible, as one would imagine he ought to have done, instead of even taking up a psalm-book, and indulging in a spiritual song, he absolutely commenced whistling the Swaggering Jig, which he accompanied with as nimble a foot, and in as good time as if he had been a dancing master all his life.

“ Ah !” said he, “ I could have done it once, and would like to do it still, only for this wicked and censorious world.” A knock from Darby O’Drive recalled him to a perception of his gifts, and when Darby entered he looked calm and serious as usual.

Little could Darby have imagined, although perfectly aware of M'Slime's knavery, that the pious little man had just concluded "a short exercise," in performing the Swaggering Jig. As it was, however, he found him in a state which might either be termed a religious meditation, or an intense application to business—a bible being on the one hand, and a brief on the other ; but to which of the two he had devoted himself, neither Darby, nor, indeed, any one else, could guess. There, however, he sat, a kind of holy link between the law and the gospel.

When Darby entered, and delivered the letter, M'Slime on receiving it, exclaimed, " Ah, from my excellent friend, M'Clutchy. Sit down, Darby, sit down, and whilst I am casting my eye over this note, do now, in order that we may make the most of our opportunities, do, I say, Darby, just read a chapter in this—" handing him over the bible as he spoke. In the mean time he read as follows :—

" Strictly confidential.

" MY DEAR M'SLIME,

" In order that the thing may be done as much in the shape and form of a matter of business as possible, don't you think it would be well for you, as Harman's lease has expired, to send me a

regular written proposal for it—which proposal I may be able to show in justification of myself should any thing unfavourable turn up afterwards. Harman's offer was just double your's, but that is burnt ; of course you will also burn this when you have read it. Your offer of assistance to M'Loughlin was well thought of ; and even if we never, I mean you, should be paid, you are still a gainer by two hundred pounds. Each has offered a thousand a piece to have the leases renewed at the present rent ; you give five hundred, very good, suppose you lose three—that is, suppose M'Loughlin is *driven*, as, please God, he *shall be*, to allow you to accept a bill for three hundred—don't you see that you are still two hundred in pocket ; no, I am wrong, not two but seven hundred. You can therefore well afford to lose three by the transaction, although, as I have said, it is not, in point of fact, losing three, but gaining seven, or at least five. Phil has also sent me a written proposal, which I will keep, but M'Loughlin's is gone the way of Harman's, as a matter of prudence. As for the private consideration between us, that is only to be glanced at. I give you my honour that Phil has tendered me the two hundred, which I will not take, of course, either from you or him until the premises are cleared of the present

tenants. This must be done very soon, and, I think it is much to be wished that Harman, who is a choleric scoundrel, should be out of the way, if possible. If he is transported it will save us a good deal of annoyance. I should regret a meeting between him and Phil very much. Phil tells me that he once pulled his, Harman's, nose, and it is very natural that he should bear him a grudge for it. There is half a year's rent due this day, and the term mentioned in the notice to quit, expires next week. So far, then, all is right; we have them in our power, and can proceed safely. Parliament will, it is well ascertained, be certainly dissolved about the end of May next, so that we must work double tides to bring in his Lordship. There is a devilish spirit abroad, however, which will occasion us much trouble; but I cannot agree with you about renewing the leases, notwithstanding. It is just doing by those who are obstinate and ill-disposed, precisely as we ought; that is, holding a whip over their heads, and assuring them that we shall let it fall with rigour, unless they are agreeable as they ought. The Hon. Richard Topertoe is in London, but, between you and me, it matters little where he is; you may judge of what an intermeddling fool he must be, when he had the presumption to urge his Lordship to come

to his native land, and live on his estate. This d——d Ribbonism and outrage, in spite of all our efforts, are still increasing ; I think, however, that I shall be able to make a pounce some of these days. I have my spies at work, and, let me tell you, that talk as they may, about its treachery and rascality, the spy system is an admirable one ; in fact, it is like a two-edged sword, and cuts both ways, just as you wish. If, for instance, you cannot find Ribbonism made to your hand, you may make it—that is, you can corrupt first, and betray afterwards ; which, at critical moments is unquestionably (I say this between ourselves) a decided advantage. By the bye, my dear Solomon, the force of religion must be singularly strong and impressive in your life and conduct, when you have been able so wholesomely to influence that rascal bailiff of ours, Darby O'Drive. I have seldom, indeed, never witnessed so striking a change as you have produced in him ; to tell you the truth, I felt a little chagrined and jealous about it ; but, as he owes us a kind of divided allegiance, I must rest contented.

“ Believe me to be,

“ My dear M'Slime,

“ Your's affectionately and faithfully,

“ VAL M'CLUTCHY, J.P.”

To this, while Darby was tooth and nail at the Bible, Solomon wrote the following reply :—

“ MY DEAR M'CLUTCHY,

“ I have just read your letter of this date, and agree with you in the necessity and propriety of my sending you a written proposal which you can show at a future time, in order to justify yourself, should it be necessary so to do. I also need not say, that your conduct in destroying the proposals of M'Loughlin and Harman was equally creditable to your head and heart. Prudence and discretion, my dear Val, are not virtues of every day occurrence, and as to giving the preference to a Christian friend, I do not see how a man as you are with a strong sense of religion, could without injuring your conscience avoid it. What is it after all, my dear friend, but a spoiling of the Egyptians, as holy Moses did when about to lead the children of Israel from bondage. In that case, it was what may be termed in these our days a description of justifiable theft, such as many professors of the word do, in matters of business, feel themselves warranted even now in imitating. It requires, however, to be done carefully, and within the freedom of the perfect law; but, by no means, with a worldly or secular

spirit, otherwise, it will be deprived of that unction which renders the act a gracious exemplification of our Christian privileges, instead of a departure from rectitude, which it would be, if committed by an ungodly person. These are distinctions, my dear friend, which I grant you is not permitted to many to make—only, indeed, I may humbly and fearfully say, to such as have by long wrestling with the spirit been able to see truth, when the inward eye has been purged from the grossness of passion, for which to Him be praise, and power. Amen!

“I herewith enclose you the proposal formally made, and will be ready to hand over the two hundred Christian manifestations of my gratitude at the proper season. As to Lord Cumber being a loser by the transaction, such a loss must have been we are bound to hope, shaped out for him as a punishment inflicted for gracious purposes. It is true he is ignorant of it, and I trust he shall remain so; but, then, we know that many a blessing comes to us in deep disguise, and that many a dispensation which we look upon as a favour from above, is far from being so. If, then, it be true that this thing is vouchsafed to him as a hidden blessing, let us be thankful that we have been selected as the unworthy means through whom he is made to receive it; or if

it comes to him as a punishment, still it is our duty to reflect that we are merely the instruments through whose frailties, or virtues, as the case may be, he is visited, and that from the beginning, this and many other acts which a blind unenlightened world might censure, were ordained for us, in order that the perfect scheme of Providence might be fulfilled.

“ With respect to the spy system, I do agree with you fully. Many things must be done in secret, which the perversity of the world will not bear to hear of without committing sin. For instance, my dear Val, in sowing your crop of loyalty, so to speak, it might not, perhaps, be wrong—I am speaking now observe, with reference to the cunning of the serpent, which you know we are enjoined to have, and if to have, of course to use when necessary ; it might not, perhaps, be wrong I say, to cast in a tare or two, if only for the purpose of employing our friends and fellow creatures to pull them out again. It is as it were, giving the idle employment, and enabling ourselves in the mean time to gather an abundant harvest into our own garners.

“ With respect to Darby, I trust that if my unworthy example and earnest precept have been successful in rescuing him from the bonds of error and sin—but what is still more dangerous, from the damnable

thrall of popery—it is not for me to vainly extol myself therefore. His conversion, however, will, I trust, be edifying to that interesting, but neglected class, the bailiffs of Ireland. With reference to them, I am engaged during the very few leisure hours that I can steal—so to speak—from my professional employment, in writing a second tract especially for their improvement. It will be appropriately called, *The Bailiff's Beacon, or a Strengthenener for tender Consciences*: By their friend and brother Christian, Solomon M'Slime, Attorney at Law.

“Verily, my lines have been made to fall in pleasant places. On yesterday, I had the satisfaction to be appointed *soul* agent to the Religious Cosmopoliton Assurance Association, being a branch of the Grand Junction Spiritual Railway Society for travellers to a better world. The salary is liberal, but the appointment—especially to a man of sincere principles—is full of care and responsibility. Allow me, my dear Val, to recommend you and your friends to purchase shares in the Spiritual Railway Society—it is under Him the safest of all associations yet established. The arrangements are admirably adapted for the objects in view. All the seats are delightfully soft, and as somnolant as church pews, to which they bear a close resemblance. The

machine men and all those appointed to situations on the line are mostly in orders; but belong to different denominations. The scheme originated in Oxford, and has spread rapidly throughout the length and breadth of the land. Several of the stokers are bishops, and the reverend feeders discharge their respective duties with singular effect. It is hoped besides, that it may, under divine guidance, be the glorious means of bringing Popery within the influence of truth, whilst its enemies—for it has enemies—as who has not—its enemies assert that whether it shall take in Popery, or Popery take in it, is a matter very difficult to be determined.

“They are also exceedingly expert at tract writing which they perform, if I may say so, without boasting or vanity, very much in my own spirit. Poor Susanna is ailing—I mean a serious young person in our family who tended our little olive branches and understood my habits. She is leaving us and I shall miss her, for I am one of those persons, my dear friend, who have a heart for—and I trust may say, that can sympathize with—my fellow creatures, however humble. Do you remember that I once availed myself of a Christians privilege, to mention between us the subject of family prayer?

“I remain, my dear M'Clutchy with, may I hope

a few of the graces of my calling—an earnest wrestler against sin,

“SOLOMON M'SLIME.”

“Now, Darby,” said he, having folded the letter enclosing his tender for Harman’s farm, and handed it to him, “now, that so much is despatched, I trust we may have a word or two upon a subject of still higher importance. How do you feel in a spiritual way?—Are your views as clear as ever?—Are you supported—I mean inwardly, for that is the only true support after all?”

“Thrath, Mr. M'Slime, I'm afeard to spake, Sir, for fraid I'd say either more or less than the truth.”

“That is a good sign, Darby, but you must avoid profane swearing, which is a habit you contracted when in the bonds of iniquity; but you must reform it—or rather, grace will be given you to reform it.”

“I hope so,” replied Darby, “and that I'll still get a clearer knowledge of the thruth, plaise Goodness.”

Darby, as he uttered these words, would have given a trifle to have had M'Clutchy to look at. Little did Solomon suspect the truth to which his convert alluded.

“May it in charity be granted!” exclaimed Solomon, slightly twitching up his eyes brows. “But,

Darby, will you be properly prepared on next Sabbath (D.V.) to bear strong testimony against error and idolatry."

"Why, I'll do my best, Sir," replied Darby, "and you know the best can do no more."

"Well, but you can faithfully say that you are utterly free from every taint of Popery."

"Faith, Sir, I don't know that that would be altogether prudent. Did you never hear of the ould proverb, Sir—not to throw out the dirty water till you get in the clane—I'm not sure that I have a sufficient grip of the new light, yet," said Darby, falling unconsciously into his usual style of conversation, "but, I hope that by next Sunday I'll be able to shine—an', be my sowl, if I don't, Sir, it'll be none o' my fawt—divil resave the purtier convert in Europe than I'll make when I come to know a little about it."

"Darby," said Solomon impatiently, "this is really very trying to one so anxious for your spiritual welfare as I am. This awful swearing—I really fear that some of your light has been withdrawn since our last interview."

"Not at all unlikely," replied Darby; "but wid great submission, don't you think, Sir, that two religions is betther than one?"

"How do you mean by adverting to such an impossibility?"

"Why, Sir, suppose I kept the ould one, and joined this new reformation to it, wouldn't I have two chances instead o' one?"

"Darby," said Solomon, "avoid, or rather pray that you may be enabled to avoid the enemy; for I fear he is leading you into darker error. I tell you—I say unto you—that you would be much better to have no religion than the Popish. You have reminded me of one proverb, suffer me to remind you of another; do you not know, to speak in a worldly figure, that an empty house is better than a bad tenant? why I looked on you with pride, with a kind of holy joy, as one whom I had wrestled for, and won from the enemy; but I fear you are relapsing."

"I hope in God, Sir," replied Darby very gravely, "that you and he won't have to toss up for me; for I feel myself sometimes one thing, and sometimes the other."

"Ah!" replied Solomon, "I fear I must give you up, and in that case it will not be in my power to employ you in a very confidential matter, the management of which I imagined I could have entrusted to you. That, however, cannot be now,

as no one not amply provided with strong religious dispositions, could be relied on in it."

Darby, who, in fact, was playing M'Slime precisely as a skilful fisherman does his fish; who, in order to induce him the more eagerly to swallow the bait, pretends to withdraw it from his jaw by which means it is certain to be gulphed down and the fish caught.

"Ah, Sir," replied Darby, "I'm greatly afraid that every person like me must struggle with great temptations."

"That is an excellent observation," said Solomon "and I do suppose, that since this desirable change took place in your heart, you must have been wonderfully beset."

"Never suffered so much in my life," replied the other. "Now there's your two beautiful tracts and may I never die in sin—I hope, Sir, there's no great harm in that oath?"

"No great harm; but you had better omit it however—it smacks of sin and superstition."

"Well, Sir—may I never—I beg pardon—but any how, the truth is, that ever since I tucked them up for readin' them, I feel myself gettin' as dishonest as the devil——"

"Do not name him so, Darby—it is profane; say *the enemy*, or *satan*, or *the tempter*."

"As if the whole three o' them, then, war at my elbow. Why, for the last three or four days, I may say, they have cleared me out as clane of honesty, as the black boy himself; and it is worse I am gettin'. Now, Sir, it stands to sense, that that's temptation."

"Unquestionably; and my great hope and consolation is, that you yourself are conscious of it. All you have to do now, is to pray unceasingly—wrestle in prayer, and you will ultimately triumph. Sing spiritual songs, too; read my tracts with attention; and, in short, if you resist the dev—hem—satan, he will assuredly flee from you. Give that letter to Mr. M'Clutchy, and let me see you on the day after to-morrow—like a giant refreshed with new strength."

"Well now," said Darby, assuming a more serious look—"do you know, Sir, that I think your words has put new strength into me. Somehow I feel as if there was a load removed from me. May the mother of heaven—hem—I do, Sir; and now, as a proof of it, I wouldn't feel justified, Sir, in leaving you, widout sayin' a word or two about the same M'Clutchy, who, between you and me—but I hope it won't go farther, Sir?"

"I don't think it would be permitted to me to

betray confidence—I humbly think so. Be afraid, but speak.”

“ Why, Sir, he has got a dirty trick of speaking disrespectfully of you behind your back.”

“ Human weakness, Darby ! poor profligate man ! Proceed—what does he say ?”

Why, Sir, if it 'ud be agreeable to you, I'd rather not be goin' over it.”

“ We should know our friends from our enemies. O'Drive ; but I forgive him, and shall earnestly pray for him this night. What did he say ?”

“ Why he said, Sir—verily, thin, I'm ashamed to say it.”

Did he speak only of myself ?” inquired Solomon with something like a slight, but repressed appearance of alarm.

“ Oh, of nobody else, Sir. Well, then, he said, Sir—but, sure, I'm only repeatin' his wicked words. He said, Sir, that if you were cut up into the size of a snipe shot, there would be as much roguery in the least grain of you, as would corrupt a nation of pickpockets.”

“ Poor man ! I forgive him. Do you not see his smile, Darby ?”

“ I do, indeed, Sir.”

“ Well, that is a smile of forgiveness—of pu-

Christian forgiveness—free from the slightest taint of human infirmity. I am given to feel this delightful state of mind at the present moment—may He be praised ! Proceed.”

“It is a blessed state, Sir ; and as you can bear it—and as I can trust you, what I could not him—I will go on :—he said besides, Sir, that your example had made the ould boy himself a worse boy now than he had ever been before he knew you!—that in temptin’ you, he got new dodges of wickedness that he was never up to till he met you, and that he’s now receivin’ lessons from you in the shape of a convartin’ parson”

“ Ah ! well—I see, I see—that is an unchristian allusion to my recent intercourse with the Rev. Phineas Lucre, the respected and highly connected rector of Castle Cumber, and his nephew, the Rev. Boanerges Frothwell, both of whom take a deep interest in the New Reformation movement which is now so graciously advancing. However, I shall pray for that man this night.”

“ Sir, I feel much relieved ; I’m a changed man widin these few minutes, I may say—but what, afther all, is aquil to a good example ? I feel, Sir, as if a strong hatred of idolaphry was comin’ an me.”

“ Idolatry, you mean, Darby ? ”

"Yes, Sir, that's what I mean."

"Where is that letter of Mr. M'Clutchy's—oh, I have it. Well, Darby," said M'Slime, quietly changing it for another, "here it is; now, do you see how I commit that letter to the flames?" placing M'Clutchy's under the side of a brief; "and even as the flames die away before your eyes, so dies away—not my resentment, Darby, for none do I entertain against him—but the memory of his offensive expressions."

"Sir," said Darby, "this is wonderful! I often hard of religion and forgiveness of injuries, but antil this day I never saw them in their thrue colours. The day after to-morrow I'm to call, Sir."

"The day after to-morrow."

"Well, Sir, may the Holy Virgin this day—och, indeed I do not know what I'm sayin' Sir—Religion! well if that's not religion what is or can be? Good mornin' Sir."

"Good morning, Darby, and remember my advice—pray, sing, wrestle—peace be with you!"

CHAPTER XI.

DARBY AND SOLOMON AT PRAYER—AN INSTANCE OF
PURE CHARITY—CANDIDATES FOR CONVERSION—AN
APPROPRIATE CONFIDENCE—THE REV. PHINEAS LUCRE
AND HIS CURATE, MR. CLEMENT—REV. FATHER ROCHE
AND HIS CURATE, FATHER M'CABE.

DARBY was opening the hall-door, when, as if struck by a new train of thought, he again tapped at the office door, and begged pardon for entering.

"I'm in a sweet state, Sir," said he; "and would you forgive me, now that my heart is full, by lookin' at such an example, if I tuck the liberty of axin' you to kneel down and offer a Pather an' Ave an'—hem—och, what am I sayin'—an' offer up a word in saison for that unfortunate blaggard, M'Clutchy—any how, it'll improve myself, and I feel as if there was new strength put into me. Oh, the netarnal scoundrel! to spake the way he did of sich a man—sich a scantlin of grace—of—oh, then, do, Sir; let us offer up one prayer for him, the vagabond!"

The reader will perceive, however, by and bye, that Darby's sudden and enthusiastic principle of

charity towards M'Clutchy, wanted that very simple requisite, sincerity—a commodity, by the way, in which the worthy bailiff never much dealt. Indeed we may say here, that the object of his return was connected with any thing but religion.

A shade of feeling, somewhat rueful, sat on M'Slime's features, until he caught Darby's eye fixed upon him, when, after rebuking him for the terms in which he proposed the prayer, he knelt down, and with a most serene smile, commenced an earnest supplication, which became still more vehement—then louder—bewailed his lost state—deplored his keeping aloof from the means of grace—"feared that the example of his old, and sinful, and blasphemous father, and his most profligate mother, had rendered his heart impenetrable to all visitations of conscience or religion—if conscience he ever had, or religion he ever heard; both of which, he, the humble and sinful suppliant, doubted. What then was his state? Oh! how could a charitable or truly religious heart bear to think of it without being deeply affected"—handkerchief here applied to the eyes, and some sobs—a nondescript sound from Darby, accompanied by a most pathetic shaking of the sides—evidently as much affected as M'Slime.—The prayer was then wound up in a long, heavy, dolorous cadence, which evidently proceeded from a strong

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conviction that he who prayed was labouring against all hope and expectation that the humble 'mean' then adopted would be attended by any gracious result—the voice consequently quavered off into a most dismal sound, which seemed, as it were, to echo back a doleful answer to their solicitations, and accordingly Solomon rose up with a groan that could not be misunderstood.

"You see, O'Drive," said he, "we have received no answer—or rather, a bad one—I fear his is a hopeless case, as, indeed, that of every reprobate and castaway is; and this distresses me."

"Mr. M'Slime," said Darby, "will you excuse me, Sir—but the thruth is, I never properly knew you before." These words he uttered in a low confidential voice, precisely such as we might suppose a man to speak in, who, under his circumstances, had got new convictions. "I'll appear next Sabbath, and, what is better, I think in a few days I'll be able to bring three or four more along wid me."

"Do you think so?" said M'Slime, a good deal elated at the thought; for the attorney was only playing his game, which certainly was not the case with the greater number of the new reformation men, who were as sincere in their motives as he was hypocritical in his exertions. "And what are their names, Darby?"

"I feel, Sir," replied O'Drive, "that it's my duty as a Christian, brought out of the land of cordage—"

"Bondage, Darby."

"Of bondage, to do all I can for the spread o' the gospel. Their names," responded Darby, rubbing his elbow with a perplexed face; "don't you think, Sir, it 'ud be betther to wait awhile, till we'd see what could be done wid them privately?"

"No, Darby, give me their names and residences, and I will see, that however hard the times are, they shall not at least be starved for want of—truth."

"Well, then," said Darby, "first, there is Pau-deen Rafferty, of Dernascobe; Paudeen, Sir, is at the present spaking badly given to drink, and he swears, and fights mortially, too, the hathen; but, then, he's in darkness, Sir, yet; and you know that the greater the sinner the greater the saint. If Paudeen was dacently convarted he'd make a mighty fine Christian no doubt. To be sure he has two wives, along wid his love for liquor and fightin'; but wouldn't it be a good plan to bring them over, too, Sir; the poor lost crathurs, sunk, as they are, in hathenism and vociferation?"

"Very good, I have him down, Darby; we must struggle, however, to win him over, and to induce him to give up his guilty connections. Are they young, Darby?"

“Two of the best looking young women in the parish.”

“We must only see, then, if they can be rescued also; for that is a duty—a pressing duty certainly.”

“But I’m afeard, Sir, it ’ud take a ship load o’ Scripture to convert the three o’ them.”

“We shall try, however; nothing is to be despaired of under such circumstances, unless I am afraid the regeneration of that unhappy man M’Clutchy—(eyes turned up.) Who next?”

“Why, you may set down Harry M’Murt, of Drimiska. Harry’s an unsettled kind of fellow, or as they call him, a Rake. It would be an active charity to convert him—and that *could* convert him—for he has as many twists in him as an eel—if it was only for the sake of gettin’ him to speak the truth.”

“Who else, Darby?”

“Put down Charley Casey, Sir; and if you take my advice, you’ll set in at the convarsion of him while this famine lasts—otherwise, he’s a bitter idolapher as ever welted an Orangeman; but against that, he has the stomach o’ three men—and the best time to come at him wid the gospel is the present. Bait it wid a flitch of bacon on the one side, and a collop o’ fresh meat on the other, now before the praties comes in, and you’re sure of him.”

“Any others, Darby?—but, indeed, as far as we

have gone yet, the cases appear to me to be difficult ones. However, there is joy in heaven, Darby, over one sinner—and surely the greater the sin, the greater the joy and the triumph. Any others?”

“Mark down Molly Crudden, Sir—she would be a glorious catch if a word in saison could fasten on her. She goes by the name of Funny Eye. The poor woman is mother to a large family of childre, Sir; and the worst of it is, that no two o’ them goes by the same name. It would be a proud day that we could make sure of her, especially as Father Roche and Mr. M’Cabe, his curate, were obliged to give her up, and forbid her the parish; but Funny Eye only winks and laughs at them and the world. She’s the last, Sir—but I’ll be on the look out, God willin’, for a few more desperate cases to crown our victory over the dev—ahem! over satan and the priests.”

“Well, then, let me see you, as I said, the day after to morrow, and in the mean time—peace, and joy, and victory, be with you!”

“The same to you, Sir, and many of them! Amin—I pray the sweet queen o’ heaven this day!”

“Darby,” said M’Slime, who looked upon his mingling up religious expressions peculiar to his class as proof of his sincerity—“Darby” said he in

a low condensed and collected voice—"I said I had the execution of a commission to entrust to you."

"But, Sir," said Darby, whose ears could they have shaped themselves according to his wishes, would have ran into points in order to hear with more acuteness—"Sir," said he, "I doubt I'm not worthy of such a trust."

"Perfectly worthy, Darby," continued Solomon, "if I did not think so I would not employ you—I have engaged another person to prepare, as it were, the way for you; but the truth is, it would never do to allow that person and the young person of whom you are to take charge to be seen together. Evil constructions would most assuredly be put on innocent actions, Darby, as they often are; and for this reason it is that I have partly changed my mind, and will entrust one half the commission I speak of to you." As if, however, he feared that the very walls might justify the old proverb by proving that they had ears, he stood up and whispered a short, but apparently most interesting communication to Darby, who appeared to listen to a tale that was calculated rather to excite admiration than any other feeling. And we have little doubt, indeed, that the tale in question was given as illustrating the exertion of as pure an instance of Christian compassion and

benevolence, as ever was manifested in the secret depths of that true piety which shuns the light ; for Darby's journey was most assuredly to be made in the dark and still hours of the night. On opening the door a party of three or four clients were about to knock, but having given them admission he went away at rather a brisk, if not a hasty pace.

Darby having concluded this interview was proceeding, not exactly in the direction of M'Clutchy's, but as the reader shall soon hear, to a very different person, no other than the Rev. Phineas Lucre, D.D., Rector of the Parish of Castle Cumber ; a living at that time worth about eighteen hundred a year.

The Rev. Phineas Lucre, then, was a portly gentleman, having a proud consequential air stamped upon his broad brow and purple features. His wife was niece to a nobleman, through whose influence he had been promoted over the head of a learned and pious Curate, whose junior Mr. Lucre had been in the ministry only by the short period of twenty five years. Many persons said that the Curate had been badly treated in this transaction, but those persons must have known that he had no friends except the poor and afflicted of his parish, whose recommendation of him to his bishop, or the minister of the day, would have had little weight. His domestic

family, too, was large, a circumstance rather to his disadvantage; but he himself was of studious, simple, and inexpensive habits. As for dinners he gave none, except a few fragments of his family's scanty meal to some hungry, perhaps, deserted children, or to a sick labourer when abandoned by his landlord or employer, the moment he became unable to work. From the gentry of the neighbourhood he got no invitations, because he would neither sing—dance—drink—nor countenance the profligacies of their sons—nor flatter the pride and vanity of their wives and daughters. For these reasons, and because he dared to preach home truths from his pulpit, he and his unpretending children had been frequently made objects of their ridicule and insolence. What right, then, had any one to assert that the Rev. Mr. Clement had received injustice by the promotion over his head of the Rev. Phineas Lucre, to the wealthy living of Castle Cumber, when he had no plausible or just grounds beyond those to which we have adverted, on which to rest his claim for preferment? The Curate was pious, we admit, but, then, his wife's uncle was not a lord. He was learned, but, then, he had neither the power nor the inclination to repay his patrons—supposing him to have such, by a genius for intrigue, or the possession of

political influence. He discharged his religious duties as well as the health of a frame worn by affliction, toil, and poverty, permitted him; but, then, he wrote no pamphlets adapted to the politics by which he might rise in the church. He visited the sick and prayed with them; but he employed not his abilities in proving to the world that the Establishment rewarded piety and learning, rather than venal talents for state intrigue or family influence.

Far different from him was his aforementioned rector, the Rev. Phineas Lucre. Though immeasurably inferior to his curate in learning, and all the requisite qualifications for a minister of God, yet was he sufficiently well read in the theology of his ~~day~~ ^{day}, to keep up a splendid equipage. Without piety to God, or charity to man, he possessed, however, fervent attachment to his church, and unconquerable devotion to his party. If he neglected the widow and the orphan whom he could serve, he did not neglect the great and honourable, who could serve himself. He was inaccessible to the poor, 'tis true; but on the other hand, what man exhibited such polished courtesy, and urbanity of manner, to the rich and exalted. Inferiors complained that he was haughty and insolent; yet it was well known, in the teeth of

all this, that no man ever gave more signal proofs of humility and obedience to those who held patronage over him. It mattered little, therefore, that he had not virtues for the sick, or poverty-stricken, in private life, when he possessed so many excellent ones for those in whose eyes it was worth while to be virtuous as a public man.

Mr. Lucre, possessing high political connexion, and withal affecting to be very religious, presented singular points of character for observation. He was a great disciplinarian in theory, and rendered it imperative on his poor overworn curate to be so in practice; but being always engaged in the pursuit of some ecclesiastical windfall, he consequently spent most of his time, and of his money, either in our own metropolis or London—but principally in the latter. He did not, however, leave either his discipline or his devotion as a public man behind him. In Dublin, he was practical in worshipping the Lord Lieutenant—and in London, the King; whilst his Curate was only worshipping God in the country. The result of his better sense and more seasonable piety, soon became evident, on his part, in the shape of an appointment to a second living; and that of his curate, in obscurity, poverty, and that useless gift, a good conscience.

We have said that Mr. Lucre was not pious ; yet we are far from saying that he had not all the credit of piety. His name, in fact, was always conspicuous among the most bountiful contributors to the religious societies. Indeed he looked upon most of them as excellent auxiliaries to the cold and scanty labours of those worldly-minded or indolent pastors, who think, when they have furnished every family in the parish with a bible and a sheaf of tracts, that they have done their duty. Mr. Lucre, consequently bore an excellent character every where, but among the poor, sick, and indigent of his two large parishes ; and if a eulogium had been called for on him, he would have received an admirable one from the societies to whose funds he contributed, from the gentry of his respective parishes, and from the grand juries of the two counties in which they were situated.

What more than this could be expected ? Here was ample testimony for those who required it, to establish the zeal, efficiency, talents, integrity, charity, and piety of that worthy and useful minister of God—the Rev. Phineas Lucre, D.D.

Such were a few of the virtues which belonged to this gentleman. His claims for preferment were, indeed, peculiarly strong ; and when we mention the

political influence of himself and his friends; his wife's powerful connections, added to his able pamphlets, and the great mass of sound information regarding the state of the country, which in the discharge of his *religious* duties, he communicated from time to time to the government of the day—we think we have said enough to satisfy our readers that he ought not to be overlooked in the wealthy and pious Establishment, which the Irish Church then was. Still, in fact, we cannot stop here, for in good truth Mr. Lucre had yet stronger claims for preferment than any we have yet mentioned. *He did not stand in need of it.* In addition to a large dowry received with his wife, he possessed a private fortune of fourteen hundred pounds per annum, with which, joined to his two large livings, he was enabled to turn out a very primitive and apostolic equipage, such as would have made the hearts of the Apostles rejoice in reflecting, that so many new virtues were to spring up in the progress of society from the lowly religion they established.

Such is a pretty full sketch of a large class which existed at a former period in the Established Church of Ireland. Mr. Lucre was, besides, what may be termed one of the first fruits of that which is called modern sanctity or saintship, being about two thirds

of the Tory and High Churchman, and one of the Evangelical.

In the same parish of Castle Cumber resided two other clergymen of a different creed and character ; the Rev. James Roche, the venerable parish priest, was one of those admirable pastors, whose lives are the most touching and beautiful exponent of the Christian faith. In this amiable man were combined all these primitive virtues which are so suitable, and, we may add, necessary, to those who are called upon to mingle with the cares and affections, joys and sufferings, of an humble people. Without pride, beyond the serene simplicity which belonged to his office, he yet possessed the power of engaging the affections and respect of all who knew him, whether high or low. With the poor, and those entrusted to his spiritual charge were all his sympathies, both as a man and a pastor. His, indeed, was no idle charge, nor idly, nor with coldness or pride, were its duties entered upon or performed. His little purse and small means were less his own than the property of the poor around him ; his eye was vigilant of want and of sorrow, of crime and frailty—and wherever the painful rebuke, the humble and the consoling word was necessary, there stood he to administer it. Such was Father Roche, as the pastor of a large

but poor flock, who had few sympathies to expect, save those which this venerable man was able to afford them.

Very different from him, on the other hand, was his curate, the Rev. Patrick M'Cabe, or M'Flail, as he was nicknamed by the Orangemen of the parish, in consequence of a very unsacerdotal tendency to use the horsewhip, as a *last* resource, especially in cases where reason and the influence of argument failed. He was a powerful young man, in point of physical strength, but as his temperament was hot and choleric, the consciousness of this strength often led him, under its impulse, in desperate cases, to a mode of reasoning, which, after all, no man more than himself subsequently regretted. Zealous he unquestionably was, but beyond the bounds prescribed by a spirit of Christian moderation. I know not how it happened, but the Orangemen hated him with an intensity of detestation, which, however, he paid back to them tenfold. His vast strength, which had been much improved by a strong relish for athletic exercises, at which he was unrivalled, when joined to a naturally courageous and combative temperament, often prompted him to manifest, in cases of self-

defence, the possession of powers which they feared to call into exercise. This disposition, however, which, after all, was not so unnatural, he properly restrained and kept in subjection ; but, in order to compensate for it, he certainly did pepper them, in his polemical discourses, with a vehemence of abuse, which, unquestionably, they deserved at his hands—and got. With the exception of too much zeal in religious matters, his conduct was, in every other respect, correct and proper.

To return now to Darby, whose steps have been directed, not exactly towards Constitution Cottage, but towards the spacious glebe-house of the Rev. Phineas Lucro, which brought him about a mile or two out of his way. The fact is, he was beginning to tire of M'Slime, who, whenever he had occasion for his services, was certain to shear him of his fees on the one hand, precisely as M'Clutchy did on the other. The change of agents was consequently of no advantage to him, as he had expected it would ; for such was the rapacity of the two harpies, that each of them took as much as they could out of the unfortunate tenants, and left Darby little to comfort himself, with the exception of what he got by their virtuous example ; an example which he was exceedingly apt to follow, if not to exceed. For this

reason he detested them both, and consequently felt a natural anxiety to set them together by the ears whenever he thought the proper occasion for it should arrive. Now, an event had taken place the very day before this, which opened up to his mind a new plan of operations altogether. This was the death of the under gaoler of Castle Cumber. Darby began to think of this as a good speculation, should it succeed; but alas! upon second reflection, there stood an insurmountable difficulty in his way. He was a Roman Catholic so far as he was anything; and this being a situation of too much trust and confidence at the period to be given to any one of that persuasion, he knew he could not obtain it. Well, but here again he was fortunate, and not without the prospect of some consolation. The extraordinary movement in the religious world, called the New Reformation, had just then set in with a liveliness of judgment, and a celerity of conversion among the lower classes of Roman Catholics, which scarcely anybody could understand. The saints, however, or evangelical party, headed by an amiable, benevolent, but somewhat credulous nobleman, on whose property the movement first commenced, ascribed this extraordinary conversion altogether to themselves.

The season to be sure in which it occurred, was

one of unprecedented destitution and famine. Fuel was both scarce and bad—the preceding crops had failed, and food was not only of a deleterious quality, but scarcely to be procured at all. The winter, too, was wet and stormy, and the deluges of rain daily and incessant. In fact, cold, and nakedness, and hunger met together in almost every house and every cabin, with the exception of those of the farmers alone, who, by the way, mostly held land upon a very small scale. In this district, then, and in such a period of calamity, and misery, and utter famine, did the movement called the New Reformation originate.

“Sure, blood alive,” thought Darby, “now that every one’s turnin’, there’s no harm to have a thrial at it myself; I can become as good a Prodestan as most o’ them in four and twenty hours, and stand a chance of the Jailership for my pains. I’ll go to Mr. Lucre, who is a gentleman at any rate, and allow him to think he has the convartin’ o’ me. Well,” he proceeded, with a chuckle, “it’s one comfort, devil a much religion I have to lose; and another, that the devil a much I have to gain in exchange; and now,” he went on, “there’s little Solomon thinks I didn’t see him burnin’ the wrong letther; but faith, Solomon, my lad, there must be something

in it that would do neither you nor M'Clutchy much good, if it was known, or you wouldn't thry that trick—but, in the mean time, I've secured them both."

Now, the reader must know, that Darby's return in such a truly charitable spirit to ask Solomon for the virtue of his prayers in behalf of M'Clutchy, was as knavish a *ruse* as ever was put in practice. Solomon had placed M'Clutchy's letter secretly under a brief, as we have said, and Darby, who knew the identical spot and position in which M'Slime was in the habit of praying, knew also that he would kneel with his back to the desk on which the brief lay. It all happened precisely as he wished, and, accordingly, while Solomon was doing the hypocrite Darby did the thief, and having let in those who were approaching, he came away, as we said.

He lost not a moment, after he had got to a lonely part of the road, in putting them between two flat stones—we mean M'Clutchy's letter to Solomon, with that gentleman's answer. There, he determined, they should remain until after dark, when he could secure both without risk, and see what might be done with them.

"Now," thought he, "that I've Solomon in a double pickle—for he can't inquire about the letter without letting it be seen that he tould a lie, and

practised a bit of knavery, any how—an' as regardin' the other thing, I have him fast."

In the mean time, Father M'Cabe, who had read M'Slime's paragraph in the Castle Cumber "True Blue," respecting Darby's conversion, had a sharp eye out for him, as they term it in the country. Indeed, after two or three vain attempts to see him, the Rev. gentleman was satisfied with sending him a gentle message of congratulation upon his change of creed, which was significantly wound up by a slight hint, that he might, probably, on their next meeting, give him a nice treat, but of what particular description, was not communicated. Darby having secured the letters, as described, was proceeding at a pretty quick pace towards Mr. Lucre's, when, whom should he meet in a narrow part of the way, which was enclosed between two immense white thorn hedges, through which any notion of escape was impracticable—but the Rev. Father M'Cabe. He tried every shift—looked back as if he expected some friend to follow him—then to the right—again to the left—then stooped to examine the ground, as if he had lost something of value or importance. At length, finding every other trick useless, he adopted that one so common among boys in desperate cases—we mean the attempt to make a mask of the right shoulder in order—

to conceal the face. Even this failed, and he found himself compelled to meet the fixed and stern gaze of the colossal priest, who was on horseback, and bore in his huge right hand a whip, that might, so gripped, have tamed a buffalo, or the centaur himself, if he were not fabulous.

"Why—my good, honest, and most religious friend, Mr. Darby O'Drive—the odour of whose sanctity, you scoundrel, has already perfumed the whole parish—is it possible that Providence in kindness to me, and in pure justice to yourself, has thrown you into my way at last." This for the present was accompanied only by a peculiar quivering motion of the whip, resulting from the quick vibrations which his sense of Darby's hypocrisy had communicated through the hand to the weapon which it held.

"God save your Reverence!" replied Darby, "an' in troth I'm glad to see you look so well—faith it's in a glow o' health you are, may God continue it to you! Be my sowl, it's you that can pepper the Orangemen, any how, your Reverence—and how is Father Roche, Sir—although sure enough he's no match for you in givin' it home to the thieves."

"Silence, you hypocritical sleeveen, don't think

you'll creep up my wrist—as you do up M'Clutchy's, and M'Slime's. Is it true that you have become an apostate?"

Darby here attempted to work up a kind of sly significant wheedling expression into his eye, as he stole a half timid, half confident glance at the priest—but it would not do—the effort was a failure, and no wonder—for there before him sat the terrible catechist like an embodied thunder cloud—red, lurid, and ready to explode before him—nay he could see the very lightening playing and scintillating in his eyes, just as it often does about the cloud before the bursting of the peal. In this instance there was neither sympathy nor community of feeling between them, and Darby found that no meditated exposition of pious fraud, such as “quartering on the enemy,” or “doing the thieves,” or any other interested *ruse*, had the slightest chance of being tolerated by the uncompromising curate. The consequence was, that the rising roguery died away from Darby's face, on which there remained nothing but a blank and baffled expression, that gave strong assurance of his being in a situation of great perplexity. The most timid and cowardly animals will, however, sometimes turn upon their captors, and Darby although he felt no disposition to bandy

words with the curate, resolved notwithstanding, to abide by the new creed, until he should be able to ascertain his chance of the gaolership. There was besides, another motive. He knew Mr. Lucre's character so well, that he determined to pursue such a course, during this interview, as might ensure him a sound horse-whipping; for it occurred to him that a bit of martyrdom would make a capital opening argument during his first interview with Mr. Lucre.

"Did you hear me, Sir?" again inquired the curate, making his whip whistle past his own right foot, just as if he had aimed it at the stirrip—"is it true that you have turned apostate?"

"I thought you knew it, Sir," said Darby, "or if you didn't, why did you read me out the Sunday before last from the althar?"

"Then you acknowledge it," cried the priest, "you have the brass to acknowledge it, have you?" And here the whip made a most ferocious sweep in the air.

"Yes," replied Darby, thinking by the admission to increase the impending castigation—"yes, Sir; I don't belong to *your flock* now—you have no authority whatsoever over me—mind that."

"Haven't I indeed, Mr. Convert—oh, what a

sweet convert you are—but we'll see whether I have or not, by and by. Where are you bound for now? To taste of Mr. Lucre's flesh-pots? eh?"

"I'm bound for Mr. Lucre's, sure enough; and I hope there's no great harm in that."

"Oh, none in the world, my worthy neophyte, none. Mr. Lucre's argument and Lord ——'s bacon are very powerful during this hard season. Those that haven't a stitch to their backs are clothed—those that haven't a morsel to eat are fed—and if they haven't a fire, they get plenty of fuel to burn their apostate shins at; and because this heretical crew avail themselves of the destitution of these wretches—and lure them from their own faith by a blanket and a flitch of bacon, they call that conversion—the new Reformation by the way, ha—ha—ha—oh, it's too good!"

"And do you think, Sir," said Darby, "that if they had a hard or an enlightened houl of their own creed, that that would do it?"

The whip here described a circle, one part of whose circumference sang within a few inches of Darby's ear—who, forgetting his relish for martyrdom, drew back his head to avoid it.

"None of your back jaw," said M'Cabe; "don't you know, sirra, that in spite of this Methodist

Lord and the proud parsons' temptations, you are commanded to renounce the devil, the world, and *the flesh*? Don't you know that?"

"But," replied Darby, "are we commanded to renounce the devil, the world, and a bit o' fresh mait?"

"Ha—you snivelling scoundrel," said the Curate, "you've got their arguments already I see—but I know how to take them out of you, before you leave my hands."

"Surely," continued Darby, "you wouldn't have a naked man renounce a warm pair o' breeches, or a good coat to his back—does the Scripthur forbid him that?"

"You *will* have it," replied the Curate, who felt for the moment astounded at Darby's audacity, "you are determined on it; but I will have patience with you yet, a little, till I see what brought you over, if I can. Don't you admit, as I said, that you are commanded to renounce the devil, the world, and the flesh—particularly the flesh, sirra, for there's a peculiar stress laid upon that in the Greek."

"Well, but does it go in the Greek against a flich o' bacon and a wisp o' greens, your reverence? Faith, beggin' your pardon, if you were to see some o' the new convarts, how comfortable they are wid their

good frieze coats, and their new warm blankets, sittin' beside their good fires, you'd maybe not blame them so much as you do. *Your* religion. Sir, only provides for the sowl; but theirs, you see, provides any how for the body—and, faith, I say, the last is a great advantage in these hard times."

The priest's astonishment increased at the boldness with which Darby continued the argument, or rather, which prompted him to argue at all. He looked at him, and gave a smile.

"Well," said he, almost forgetting his anger—for he was by no means deficient in a perception of the humorous—"but no matter—it will do by and by. You villain," said he, forced into the comic spirit of the argument; "do you not know that it is said—cursed is he who becometh an apostate, and eateth the flesh of heretics."

"Aitin' the flesh of heretics is forbidden, I dare say, sure enough," replied Darby; "an', troth, it's a commandment not likely to be broken—for a dirty morsel they are, God knows; but is there anything said against aitin' the flesh of their sheep or cows—or that forbids us to have a touch at a good fat goose, or a turkey, or any harmless little trifle o' the kind? Troth myself never thought, Sir, that beef or mutton was of any particular religion before."

"Yes, Sir ; beef and mutton, when they're good, are Catholic—but when they're lean, why, like a bad Christian, they're Protestant, of course, and that's well known," said the priest, still amused, against his will, by Darby's arguments.

"Faith, and wid great respect, the same is but a poor argument for our own—hem—I mane, Sir, for *your* church ; for if the best beef and mutton be of the thrue religion, the Protestants have it all to nothing. There, they're infallible, and no mistake. The fat o' the land, your reverence," said Darby, with a wink ; "don't you understand ? They've got that, any how."

A slight cut of the whip across the shoulders made him jump and rub himself, whilst the priest, struck with his utter want of principle, exclaimed—

"You double-dealing scoundrel—how dare you wink at me, as if we felt any thing in common ?"

The blow occasioned Darby's gorge to rise ; for like every other knave, when conscious of his own dishonesty and its detection, he felt his bad passions overpower him.

"You must," said the priest, whose anger was now excited by his extraordinary assurance—"you must renounce their religion—you must renounce M'Slime and Lucre—their fitches, flannels, and friczes. You must——"

"Beggin' your pardon," said Darby, "I never received any of their flitches or their flannels. I don't stand in need o' them—it's an enlightened, independent convart I am."

"Well then," continued the priest, "you must burn their tracts and their treatises, their books and bibles of every description, and return to your own church."

"To become acquainted," replied Darby, "wid that piece o' doctrine in your hand there? Faith and I *feel* the truth o' that as it is, your reverence; and it is yourself that can bring it home to one. But, why, wid submission, don't you imitate Father Roche? Be my sowl, I tell you to your face, that so long as you take your divinity from the saddler's shop, so long you will have obedient men, but indifferent Catholics."

"What!" replied M'Cabe, in a rage; "do you dare to use such language to my face—a reprobate—a brazen contumacious apostate! I've had this *in* for you; and now (here he gave him a round half dozen) go off to M'Slime, and Lucre, and Lord —, and when you see them, tell them from me, that if they don't give up perverting my flock, I'll give them enough of their own game."

Darby's face got pale, with a most deadly ex-

pression of rage—an expression, indeed, so very different from that cringing, creeping one which it usually wore, that M'Cabe, on looking at him, felt startled, if not awed, intrepid and exasperated as he was. Darby stood and looked at him coldly, but, at the same time, with unflinching fearlessness, in the face.

"You have done it," he said, "and I knew you would. Now listen to me—are you not as aiger to make convarts as either M'Slime or Lucre?"

"You will have it again, you scoundrel," said the curate, approaching him with uplifted whip.

"Stand back," said Darby, "I've jist got all I wanted—stand back, or by all the vestments ever you wore, if your whip only touches my body, as light as if it wouldn't bend a feather, I'll have you in heaven, or purgatory, before you can cry 'God forgive me.'"

The other still advanced, and was about to let the whip fall, when Darby stretched his right hand before him, holding a cocked and loaded pistol presented to the curate's breast.

"Now," said he, "let your whip fall if you like; but if you do, I'll lodge this bullet," touching the pistol with his left forefinger, "in your heart, and your last mass is said. You blame Lucre and

M'Slime for makin' convarts; but aren't you every bit as anxious to bring over the Protestants as they are to bring over *us*? Aren't you paradin' them Sunday afther Sunday, and boastin' that you are taking more from the heretics, than they are takin' from you? Wasn't your last convert Bob Beatty, that you brought over because he had the fallin' sickness, and you left it upon him never to enter a church door, or taste bacon; and now you have him that was a rank Orangeman and a blood-hound six weeks ago, a sound Catholic to-day? Why, your reverence, with regard to convart makin', divil the laist taste o' differ I see between you on either side, only that they are able to give betther value in this world for the change than you are—that's all. You're surprized at seein' my pistols, but of late I don't go any where unprovided; for, to tell you the thruth, either as a bailiff or a convert, it's not likely I'd be safe widout them; and I think that you yourself are a very good proof of it."

"Very well, my good, fine, pious convert; I'll keep my eye on you. I understand your piety."

"And I can tell you, my good, meek, pious priest, I'll keep mine on you; and now pass on, if you're wise—and so *banath lath*."

Each then passed on, pursuing his respective des-

tion. They had not gone far, however, when both chanced to look back at the same moment—M'Cabe shook his whip, with a frown, at Darby, who, on the other side, significantly touched the pocket in which he carried his fire-arms, and nodded his head in return.

Now, it is an undeniable fact, that characters similar to that of Darby, were too common in the country; and, indeed, it is to be regretted that they were employed at all, inasmuch as the insolence of their conduct, on the one hand, did nearly as much harm as the neglect of the hard-hearted landlord himself, on the other. Be this as it may, however, we are bound to say that Darby deserved much more at M'Cabe's hands than either that Rev. gentleman was aware of then, or our readers now. The truth was, that no sooner had M'Slime's paragraph, touching Darby's conversion gone abroad, than he became highly unpopular among the Catholics of the parish. Father M'Cabe, in consequence of Darby's conduct, and taking him as a specimen, uttered some lively prophecies, touching the ultimate fate of the new Reformation. He even admonished his flock against Darby:—

“I have warned you all now,” he said, “and if after

• this I hear of a single perversion, woe be unto that pervert, for it is better for his miserable soul that he had never been born. Is there a man here base enough to sell his birth right for a mess of Mr. Lucre's pottage? Is there a man here, who is not too strongly imbued with a hatred of heresy, to laugh to scorn their bribes and their Bibles. Not a man, or, if there is, let him go out from amongst us, in order that we may know him—that we may avoid his out-goings and his incomings—that we may flee from him as a pestilence—a plague—a famine. No, there is none here so base and unprincipled as all that—and I here prophesy that from this day forth, this Reformation has got its death blow—and that time will prove it. Now, remember, I warn you against their arts, their bribes, and their temptations—and, if, as I said, any one of this flock shall prove so wicked as to join them—then, I say again, better for his unfortunate soul that he had never come into existence, than to come in contact with this leperous and polluted heresy.”

Darby having heard—for he never went to mass—that he was denounced by the priest, and feeling that his carrying into execution the heartless and oppressive proceedings of M'Clutchy had, taken

together, certainly made him as unpopular a man as any individual of his contemptible standing in life could be, resolved, in the first place, to carry arms for his own protection, and, in the next, to take a step which he knew would vex the curate sorely. Accordingly he lost no time in circulating, and having it circulated by others, that the great Reformation Society would give, in a private way, five guineas a head to every convert, taking them either by the individual or the family, although the conversion of the latter he said, was far more coveted, than even a greater number of individuals, when they were ~~not~~ bound by the same ties of blood, in as much, as the bringing them over by families was an outpouring of grace which could not be withstood. The consequence was, that all the profligate and unprincipled who had cold, and nakedness, and famine, in addition to their own utter want of all moral feeling to stimulate them, looked upon the new Reformation and its liberal promises, as a complete windfall blown into their way by some unexpected piece of good fortune. Five guineas a head! And all for only going to church, and gaining for ever more the heart and affections of the good and kind Lord —. There was also another

class, the simple and honest poor, who had no other way of avoiding all the rigours and privations of that terrible season, than a painful compliance with the only principle which could rescue themselves and their children from a state of things worse than death itself—and, which, might probably have terminated in death—we mean the principle of the new Reformation. There was, still, a third class—which consisted of a set of thorough Irish wags, who looked upon the whole thing as an excellent joke—and who, while they had not a rag to their backs, nor a morsel for their mouths, enjoyed the whole ceremony of reading their recantation, renouncing Popery, and all that, as a capital spree while it lasted, and a thing that ought by all means to be encouraged, until better times came.

In vain, therefore, did Father M'Cabe denounce and prophecy—in vain did he launch all the dogmas of the church—in vain did he warn, lecture, and threaten—Darby's private hint had gone abroad precisely a day or two before their encounter, and the consequence was what might be expected. Darby in fact, over reached him, a circumstance of which, at the period of their meeting, he was ignorant; but he had just learned how "the word" had spread as it was

called, in so extraordinary a manner, maugre all his opposition a short time before they met ; and our readers need not feel surprized at the tone and temper with which, after having heard such intelligence he addressed Darby, nor at the treatment which that worthy personage received at his hands. Had he known that it was Darby's " word" which in point of fact had occasioned " the spread" we speak of, he would have made that worthy missionary exhibit a much greater degree of alacrity than he did.

Before Darby arrives at Mr. Lucre's, however, we must take the liberty of anticipating him a little, in order to be present at a conversation which occurred on this very subject between the worthy Rector and the Rev. Mr. Clement, his Curate. Mr. Clement like the pious and excellent Father Roche, was one of those clergymen who feel that these unbecoming and useless exhibitions called religious discussions, instead of promoting a liberal or enlarged view of religion, are only calculated to envenom the feelings, to extinguish charity, and to contract the heart. Nay, more, there never was a discussion, they said—and we join them—since the days of Ussher and the Jesuit, that

did not terminate in a tumult of angry and unchristian recrimination, in which all the common courtesies of life, not to mention the professed duties of Christian men, were trampled on, and violated without scruple. In the preparations for the forth coming discussion, therefore, neither of these worthy men took any part whatsoever. The severe duties of so large a parish, the calls of the sick, the poor, and the dying, together with the varied phases of human misery that pressed upon their notice as they toiled through the obscure and neglected paths of life, all in their opinion, and, in ours, too, constituted a sufficiently ample code of duty, without embroiling themselves in these loud and turbulent rencounters.

Mr. Clement, who, on this same day, had received a message from Mr. Lucre, found that gentleman in remarkably good spirits. He had just received a present of a fine haunch of venison from a fox-hunting nobleman in the neighbourhood, and was gloating over it, ere its descent into the larder, with the ruddy fire of epicurism blazing in his eyes.

"Clement," said he, with a grave, subdued grunt of enjoyment, "come this way—turn up the venison, Francis—eh, what say you now, Clement? Look

at the depth of the fat!—what a prime fellow that was!—see the flank he had!—six inches on the ribs at least! As our countryman, Goldsmith says, ‘the lean was so white, and the fat was so ruddy.’”

Clement had often before witnessed this hot spirit of luxury, which becomes doubly carnal and gross in a minister of God. On this occasion he did not even smile, but replied gravely, “I am not a judge of venison, Mr. Lucre; but, I believe you have misquoted the poet, who, I think, says, ‘the fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.’”

“Well, that’s not much, Clement; but, if you were a judge, this would both delight and astonish you. Now, Francis, I charge you, as you value your place, your reputation, your future welfare, to be cautious in dressing it. You know how I wish it done, and, besides, Lord Mountmorgage, Sir Harry Beever, Lord —, and a few clerical friends, are to dine with me. Come in Clement—Francis, you have heard what I said! If that haunch is spoiled, I shall discharge you without a character most positively, so look to it.”

When they entered the library, the table of which was covered with religious magazines, missionary papers, and reports of religious societies, both at

home and abroad, Mr. Lucre, after throwing himself into a rich cushioned arm-chair, motioned to his curate to take a seat.

"I have sent for you, Clement," said he, "to have your advice and assistance on a subject, in which, I feel confident, that as a sincere and zealous Protestant, you will take a warm interest. You have heard of the establishment of our New Reformation Society, of course."

"I believe it is pretty generally known," replied Clement.

"It is now," replied Lucre; "but our objects are admirable. We propose to carry controversy into all the strongholds of Popery—to enlighten both priests and people, and, if possible, to transfer the whole popish population—*per satiram*—by the lump as it were—"

"*Per saturum*, I believe," observed Clement, bowing, "if I may take the liberty."

"Sati, satu—well, you may be right; my memory, Clement, retains large passages best, and ever did—to transfer the whole Popish population to the Established Church. It is a noble, a glorious speculation, if it only can be accomplished. Think of the advantages it would confer upon us! What stability would it not give the Church."

"I cannot exactly see what peculiar stability it would give the church," replied Clement, "with the exception of mere numbers alone."

"How so—what do you mean?"

"Why, Sir," replied Clement, "if we had the numbers you speak of to-morrow, we would be certainly worse off than we are to-day. They could only pay us our tithes, and that they do as it is; if they formed a portion, and the largest portion they would form, of our church, think of the immense number of clergy they would require to look to their religious wants—the number of churches and chapels of ease that must be built—the number of livings that must be divided—nay, my dear Sir, in addition to this, you may easily see, that for every one bishop now, we should have at least four then, and that the incomes would diminish in proportion. As it is now, Sir, we have the tithes without the trouble of labouring for them, but it would be a different case in your new position of affairs."

Mr. Lucre, who, in the heat of his zeal, had neither permitted himself to see matters in this light, nor to perceive that Clement's arguments concealed under a grave aspect something of irony and satire, looked upon his curate with dismay—the smooth and

rosy cheek got pale, as did the whole purple face down to the third chin, each of which reminded one of the diminished rainbows in the sky, if we may be allowed to except that they were not so heavenly.

"Clement," said he, "you amaze me—that is a most exceedingly clear view of the matter. Transfer them! no such thing, it would be a most dreadful calamity, unless church property were proportionably increased; but, could not that be done, Clement? Yes," said he, exulting at the idea, as one of which he ought to feel proud, "that could and would be done—besides I relish the multiplication of the bishoprics, under any circumstances, and therefore we will proceed with the Reformation. At all events, it would be a great blessing to get rid of popery, which we would do, if we could accomplish this glorious project."

"I must confess, Sir," replied Mr. Clement gravely, "that I have never been anxious for a mere change of speculative opinions in any man, unless when accompanied by a corresponding improvement in his life and morals. With respect to the Reformation Society, I beg leave to observe that I think the plan for the present is unseasonable, and only calculated to fill the kingdom with religious dissention."

and hatred. The people, Sir, are not prepared to have their religion taken by storm ; they are too shrewd for that ; and I really think we have no just cause to feel anxious for the conversion of those who cannot appreciate the principles upon which they embrace our faith, as must be the case with ninety-nine out of every hundred of them. I have ever been of opinion that the policy pursued by England towards this country has been the bane of its happiness. She deprived the Irish Roman Catholics of the means of acquiring education, and then punished them for the crimes which proceeded from their ignorance. They were dissatisfied, a tumultuous, and an impracticable, because they were an oppressed, people ; and where, by the way, is there a people, worthy to be named such, who will or ought to rest contented under penal and oppressive laws. But there was a day when they would have been grateful for the relaxation of such laws. Oppression, however, has its traditions, and so has revenge, and these can descend from father to son, without education. If Roman Catholic disabilities had been removed at a proper time, they would long since have been forgotten, but they were not, and now they are remembered, and will be remembered. The prejudices of the Roman Catholics,

however, and their enmity towards those who oppressed them, increased with their numbers and their knowledge. The religion of those who kept them down was Protestant; and think you, Sir, that, be it what it may, the merits of that religion what they may, these are the people to come over in large masses, without esteem for us, reflection, or any knowledge of its principles and embrace the creed of the very men whom they look upon as their oppressors. Sir, there is but one way of converting the Irish, and it is this;—let them find the best arguments for Protestantism in the lives of its ministers, and of all who profess it. If the higher Protestant clergy move more among the humbler classes even of their own flocks—let them be found more frequently where the Roman Catholic priest always is—at the sick bed—in the house of mourning, of death, and of sin—let them abandon the unbecoming pursuits of an ungodly ambition, cast from them the crooked and dishonest manoeuvres of political negotiation and intrigue—let them live more humbly, and more in accordance with the gospel which they preach—let them not set their hearts upon the church, merely because it is a wealthy corporation, calculated rather to gratify their own worldly ambition or cupidity, than to

spiritual exigencies of their flocks—let them not draw their revenues from the pockets of a poor people who disclaim their faith, whilst they denounce and revile that faith as a thing not to be tolerated. Let them do this, Sir—free Protestantism from the golden shackles which make it the slave of Mammon, that it may be able to work—do this, and depend upon it, that it will then flourish as it ought ; but, in my humble opinion, until such a reform first takes place with ourselves, it is idle to expect that Roman Catholics will come over to us, unless, indeed, a few from sordid and dishonest motives—and these we were better without. I think, therefore, that the present Reformation Society is unseasonable and ill advised, nor do I hesitate to predict that the event will prove it so. In conclusion, Sir, I am sorry to say, that I've seldom seen one of those very zealous clergymen who would not rather convert one individual from popery than ten from sin."

"Why, Clement, you are a liberal !"

"I trust, Sir, I am a Christian. As for liberalism, as it is generally understood, no man scorns the cant of it more than I do. But I cannot think that a Roman Catholic man sincerely worshipping God—even with many obvious errors in his forms, or, with

what we consider absurdities in his very creed—I cannot think, I say, that such a man, worshipping the Almighty according to his knowledge, will be damned. To think so is precisely the doctrine of exclusive salvation, with which we charge popery itself.”

Mr. Lucre's face, during the annunciation of these sentiments, glowed like a furnace thrice heated—he turned up his eyes—groaned aloud—struck the arm of his chair with his open hand—then commenced fanning his breast, as if the act were necessary to cool that evangelical indignation, in which there is said to be no sin.

“Clement,” said he “this—this”—here he kept fanning down his choler for half a minute—“this is—astonishing—awful—monstrous—monstrous doctrine to come from the lips of a clergyman—man’—another fanning—“of the Established Church but what is still worse, from—from—the lips of my Curate!—my Curate! I’ll trouble you to touch the bell—thank you, Sir. But, Mr. Clement, the circumstance of giving utterance to such opinions, so abruptly, and as if you were merely stating some common-place fact—without evincing the slightest consideration for me—without reflecting upon who

and what I am—without remembering my position—my influence—the purity and orthodoxy of my doctrine—the services I have rendered to religion, and to a Protestant government—(John, a glass of water; quickly)—You forget, Sir, that I have proved the Romish Church to be both damnable and idolatrous—that she is without the means of salvation—that her light is out—her candlesticks removed—and that she is nothing now but darkness, and abomination, and blasphemy. Yes, Sir; knowing all this, you could openly express such doctrines, without giving me a moment's notice, or any thing to prepare me for such a shock!—Sir, I am very much distressed indeed; but I thank my God that this excitement—(bring it here John; quick)—that this excitement is Christian excitement—Christian excitement, Mr. Clement; for I am not, I trust, without that zeal for the interests of my Church, of my King, and of Protestantism at large, which becomes a man who has laboured for them as I have done.”

Here, notwithstanding the excessive thirst which seemed to have fastened on him, he put the glass to his lips; but, sooth to say, like the widow's cruise, it seemed to have been gifted with the miraculous property of going from his lips as full as when it came to them.

"I assure you, Mr. Lucre," replied Clement, "uttering my sentiments I most certainly had not the slightest intention of giving you offence. I spoke calmly, and candidly, and truly, what I think and feel—and I regret that I should have offended you so much; for I only expressed the common charity of our religion, which hopeth all things—is slow to condemn, and forbids us to judge, lest we be judged."

"Clement," said Mr. Lucre, who, to speak truth, had ascribed his excitement—what a base, servile, dishonest, hypocritical scoundrel of a word is that excitement—ready to adopt any meaning, to conceal any failing, to disguise any fact, to run any lying message whatsoever at the beck and service of falsehood or hypocrisy. If a man is drunk, in step with excitement—Lord, Sir, he was only excited, a little excited;—if a man is in a rage, like Mr. Lucre, he is only excited, moved by Christian excitement—out upon it!—but, like every other slavish instrument we must use it—had ascribed his excitement, we say, to causes that had nothing whatsoever to do with occasioning it—the *bona fide* one being the indirect rebuke, to him, and the class to which he belonged, that was contained in Clement's observations upon the Established Church and her ecclesiastics. "Clement," said he, "I must be plain."

with you. For some time past I have really suspected the soundness of your views—I had doubts of your orthodoxy; but out of consideration for your large family, I did not press you for an explanation."

"Then, Sir," replied Clement, "allow me to say, that as an orthodox clergyman, jealous of the purity of your creed, and anxious for the spiritual welfare of your flock, it was your duty to have done so. As for me, I shall be at all times both ready and willing to render an account of the faith that is in me. I neither fear nor deprecate investigation, Sir, I assure you."

"I certainly knew not, however, that you were so far gone in latitudinarianism, as I find, unfortunately, to be the case. I hold a responsible—a sacred situation, as a Protestant minister, Mr. Clement, and consequently cannot suffer such doctrines to spread through my flock. Besides, had you taken an active part in promoting this Reformation, as, with your learning and talents I know you could have done—I make no allusion now to your unhappy principles—had you done so, it was my fixed intention to have increased your salary ten pounds per annum, out of my own pocket, notwithstanding the great claims that are upon me."

“My legal salary, I believe, Mr. Lucre, is seventy-five pounds per annum, and the value of your benefice is one thousand four hundred. I may say the whole duty is performed by me. Out of that one thousand four hundred, I receive sixty but I shall add nothing more—for indeed I have yet several visits to make before I go home. As to my orthodoxy, Sir, you will take your own course. To my bishop I am ready to explain my opinions; they are in accordance with the word of God; and if for entertaining them I am deprived of the slender support for which I labour, as your curate, my trust in God will not be the less.”

Mr. Lucre declined any reply, but bowed very politely, and rang the bell, to order his carriage, and gave a hint to Mr. Clement that the conversation was closed. The latter bowed, bade him good morning and departed.

When Mr. Clement said he had some visits to make, we must, lest the reader might suppose that they are visits of ceremony, follow his steps in order to learn the nature of these visits.

About half a mile from the Glebe house of Castle Cumber, the meek and unassuming curate entered into an abode of misery and sorrow, which would require a far more touching pen than ours to de-

scribe. A poor widow sat upon the edge of a little truckle bed with the head of one of her children on her lap; another lay in the same bed silent and feeble, and looking evidently ill. Mr. Clement remembered to have seen the boy whom she supported, not long before playing about the cottage, his rosy cheeks heightened into a glow of health and beauty by the exercise, and his fair thick-clustered hair blown about by the breeze. The child was dying, and the tender power of a mother's love prompted her to keep him as near her breaking heart as she could, during the short space that remained of his brief existence. When Mr. Clement entered, the lonely mother looked upon him with an aspect of such utter sorrow, of such helpless supplication in her misery, as if she said, am I left to the affliction of my own heart! Am I cut off from the piety and comfort, which distress like mine ought to derive from Christian sympathy and fellowship! Have I not even a human face to look upon, but those of my dying children! Such in similar circumstances are the questions which the heart *will* ask. She could not immediately speak, but with the head of her dying boy upon her heart she sat in mute and unbroken agony, every pang of her departing orphan throwing a deeper shade of afflic-

tion over her countenance, and a keener barb of sorrow into her heart.

The champion of God, however, was at his post. He advanced to the bed-side, and in tones which proclaimed the fullness of his sympathy in her sufferings, and with a countenance lit up by that trust in heaven which long trials of his own and similar bereavements had given him, he addressed her in words of comfort and consolation, and raised her heart to better hopes than any which this world of care and trial can bestow. It is difficult, however, to give comfort in such moments, nor is it prudent to enforce it too strongly. The widow looked upon her boy's face, which was sweetly marked with the graces of innocence even in the throes of death. The light of life was nearly withdrawn from his dim blue eye; but he felt from time to time for the mother's hands, and the mother's bosom. He was striving, too, to utter his little complaints; attempting probably to describe his sufferings and to beg relief from his unhappy parent; but the dissolving power of death was on all his faculties; his words lapsed into each other indistinctly, and were consequently unintelligible. Mrs. Vincent, for such was the widow's name, heard the words addressed to her by Mr. Clement; she raised her eyes to heaven for a

moment, and then turned them, heavy with misery, upon her dying boy. Her heart—her hopes—almost her whole being were peculiarly centered in the object before her; and though she had imagined that sympathy might support her, she now felt that no human power could give her consolation. The tears were falling fast from Mr. Clement's cheeks, who felt, that until the agonies of the boy were over, it would be vain to offer her any kind of support. At length she exclaimed—

“Oh! Saviour, who suffered the agony of the cross, and who loved little children like him, let your mercy descend upon my beloved! Suffer him to come to you *soon*. Oh! Saviour—hear a mother's prayer, for I loved him above all, and he was our life! Core of my heart, you are striving to tell your mother what you suffer, but the weight of death is upon your tongue, and you cannot do it! I am here, my beloved sufferer—I am here—you struggle to find my hands to tell me—to tell me—but I cannot help you.”

“Mrs. Vincent,” said the curate, “we have reason to believe that what appears to us to be the agony of death is not felt so severely as we imagine; strive to moderate your grief—and reflect that he will soon be in peace, and joy, and happiness, that will never

end. His little sorrows and sufferings will soon be over, and the bosom of a merciful God will receive him into life and glory."

"But, Sir," replied the widow, the tears fast streaming down her cheeks, "do you not see what he suffers? Look at the moisture that is on his little brow, and see how he writhes with the pain. He thinks that I can stop it, and it is for that he presses my hands. During his whole illness that was still his cry—oh, mother, take away this pain! why don't you take away the pain!"

Mr. Clement was a father, and an affectionate one, and this allusion to the innocence of the little sufferer touched his heart, and he was silent.

The widow proceeded, "there he lies, my only—only son—his departed father's image, and I looked up to him to be one day my support, my pride, and my happiness—but see what he is now! Oh! James, James, wouldn't I lay down my life to save yours!"

"You look at the dark side of the picture, Mrs. Vincent," said the curate. "Think upon what he may escape by his early and his happy death. You know not, but that there was crime, and sin, and affliction before him. Consider how many parents there are now in the world, who would feel happy

that their children who bring shame, and distress, and misery upon them, had been taken to God in their childhood. And surely, there is still a God to provide for yourself and your other little ones; for remember, you have still those who have tender claims upon your heart."

"I know you are right, Sir," she replied, "but in cases like this, nature must have its way. Death, death, but you're cruel! Oh—blessed father, what is this!"

One last convulsive spasm, one low agonizing groan, accompanied by a relaxation of the little fingers which had pressed her hands, closed the sufferings of the widow's pride. She stooped wildly over him and pressed him to her heart, as if by doing so, she could draw his pains into her own frame as they were already in her spirit; but his murmurings were silent, and on looking closely into his countenance, she perceived that his Redeemer had, indeed, suffered her little one to go unto him; that all his little pains and agonies were over for ever.

"His sufferings are past," she exclaimed, "James, your sufferings are over!" As she uttered the words, the curate was astonished by hearing her burst out into one or two wild hysteric laughs, which happily ended in tears.

"No more," she continued, "you'll feel no more pain now, my precious boy; your voice will never sound in my ears again; you'll never call on me to say 'mother take away my pain;' the Sunday morning will never come when I will take pride in dressing you. My morning and evening kiss will never more be given—all my heart was fixed on is gone, and I care not now what becomes of me."

What could the good curate do? He strove to soothe, sustain, and comfort her, but in vain; the poor widow heard him not.

"Jenny," said she, at length turning to the other sick child, "your brother is at rest! James is at rest; he will disturb your sleep now no more—nor will you disturb his."

"Oh! but he couldn't help it, mammy; it was the pain that made him."

As the child uttered these words, the widow put her hand to her heart, gave two or three rapid sobs—her bosom heaved, and her head fell back over a chair that was accidentally beside her. Mr. Clement caught her in time to prevent her from falling; he placed her upright on the chair, which he carried to the little dresser, where he found a jug of water, the only drink she had to give her sick children. With this he bathed her temples and wet

her lips, after which he looked upon the scene of death and affliction by which he was surrounded.

"Gracious Father," he exclaimed, "let your mercy reach this most pitiable family! Look with eyes of pity and compassion, upon this afflicted and bereaved woman! Oh, support her—she is poor and nearly heart-broken, and the world has abandoned her! Oh, do not thou abandon her, Father of all mercy, and God of all consolation!"

As he concluded the widow recovered, and felt his tears falling upon her face. On looking she perceived how deeply he was affected. Her lips opened unconsciously with a blessing on him who shared in, and soothed her sorrows—her voice was feeble, for she had not yet recovered her strength; but the low murmur of her prayers and blessings rose like the sounds of sweet but melancholy music to heaven, and was heard there.

Mr. Clement then went over to the bed, and with his own hands smoothed it down for the little sick sister of the departed boy, adjusting the bed clothes about her as well as he could, for the other children were too young to do any thing. He then divided the hair upon the lifeless child's forehead—contemplated his beautiful features for a moment—caught his little hand in his—let it fall—oh! how lifelessly!

he then shook his head, raised his eyes, and pointing to heaven, exclaimed—

“ *There—Mrs. Vincent, let our hopes lie there.* ”

He then departed, with a promise of seeing her soon.

CHAPTER XII.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN DARBY AND MR. LUCRE—DARBY FEELS SCRIPTURAL, AND WAS AS SCRIPTURALLY TREATED—MR. LUCRE'S CHRISTIAN DISPOSITION TOWARDS FATHER M'CABE—A FEW BRANDS OFFER THEMSELVES TO BE PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING—THEIR QUALIFICATIONS FOR CONVERSION, AS STATED BY THEMSELVES.

MR. LUCRE, like almost every Protestant rector of the day, was a magistrate, a circumstance which prevented Mr. Clement from feeling any surprize at seeing a considerable number of persons, of both sexes, approaching the glebe. He imagined, naturally enough, that they were going upon law business, as it is termed—for he knew that Mr. Lucre, during his angel visits to Castle Cumber, took much more delight in administering the law than the gospel, unless, when ready made, in the shape of bibles. When Darby, also, arrived, he found a considerable number of these persons standing among a little clump of trees in the lawn, apparently waiting for

some person to break the ice, and go in first—a fear which each felt anxious to decline himself, whilst he pressed it very strongly upon his neighbour. No sooner had Darby made his appearance than a communication took place between him and them, in which it was settled that he was to have the first interview, and afterwards direct the conduct and motions of the rest. There was, indeed, a dry knowing look about him, which seemed to imply in fact, that they were not there without some suggestion from himself."

Darby was very well known to Mr. Lucre for whom he had frequently acted in the capacity of bailiff, he accordingly entered with something like an appearance of business, but so admirably balanced was his conduct on this occasion between his usual sneaking and servile manner, and his privileges as a Christian, that it would be difficult to witness anything so inimitably well managed as his deportment. One circumstance was certainly strongly in his favour; Father M'Cabe had taken care to imprint with his whip a *prima facie* testimony of sincerity upon his countenance, which was black and swollen into large welts by the exposition of doctrinal truth which he had received at that gentleman's hands. Lucre on seeing him, very naturally imagined that he was

coming to lodge informations for some outrage committed on him either in the discharge of his duty as bailiff; or, for having become a convert, a fact with which he had become acquainted from the True Blue.

"Well, O'Drive," said he, "what is the matter now? you are sadly abused—how came this to pass?"

Darby first looked upwards, very like a man who was conscientiously soliciting some especial grace or gift from above; his lips moved as if in prayer, but he was otherwise motionless—at length he ceased—drew a long breath, and assumed the serenity of one whose prayer had been granted. The only word he uttered that could possibly be at all understood, was *amen*; which he pronounced lowly, but still distinctly, and in as unpopish a manner as he could.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he replied, "but now my heart's aisier—I hope I have overcome that feeling that was an me—I can now forgive him for the sake of the spread o' the gospel, and I do."

"What has happened your face?—you are sadly abused!"

"A small taste o' parsecution, Sir, which the Lord put into Fäther M'Cabe's horsewhip—heart I mane—to give me, bekaise I renounced his hathenism, and came into the light o' thruth—may He be praised

for it!" Here followed an upturning of the eyes after the manner of M'Slime.

"Do you mean to tell me, O'Drive, that this outrage has been committed on you by that savage priest, M'Cabe?"

"It was he left me as you see, Sir—but it's good to suffer in this world, especially for the thruth. Indeed I am proud of this face," he continued blinking with a visage so comically disastrous at Mr Lucre, that had that gentleman had the slightest possible perception of the ludicrous in his composition not all the gifts and graces that ever were poured down upon the whole staff of the Reformation Society together, would have prevented him from laughing outright.

"Of course you are come," pursued Lucre, "to swear informations against this man?"

"I have prayed for it," said Darby in a soliloquy, "and I feel that it has been granted. Swear informations, Sir?—I'll strive and do better than that, I hope; I must now take my stand by the bible, Sir; that will be the colour I'll hoist while I live. In that blessed book I read these words this mornin', 'love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' Sir, when I read

these words, I felt them sinkin' into my heart, and I couldn't help repatin' them to myself ever since—and, even when Father M'Cabe was playin' his whip about my ears, I was as hard at work prayin' for his sowl."

This, we have no doubt, was perfectly true, only we fear that our blessed convert forgot to state the precise nature and object of the prayer in question, and to mention whether it was to the upper or lower settlement he consigned the soul alluded to. This Christian spirit of Darby's, however, was by no means in keeping with that of Mr. Lucre, who never was of opinion, in his most charitable of moods, that the gospel should altogether supersede the law. On this occasion, especially, he felt an acuteness of anxiety to get the priest within his power, which the spirit of no gospel that ever was written could repress. M'Cabe and he had never met, or, at least, never spoke; but the priest had, since the commencement of the new movement, sent him a number of the most ludicrous messages, and transmitted to him, for selection, a large assortment of the most comical and degrading epithets. Here, then, was an opportunity of gratifying his resentment in a Christian and constitutional spirit, and with no obstacle in his way but Darby's inveterate piety.

This, however, *for the sake of truth*, he hoped to remove, or so modify, that it would not prevent him from punishing that very disloyal and idolatrous delinquent.

“Those feelings, O'Drive, are all very good and creditable to you, and I am delighted indeed that you entertain them—but, in the mean time, you owe a duty to society greater than that which you owe to yourself. This man, this priest—a huge, ferocious person I understand he is—has latterly been going about the parish foaming and raging, and seeking whom he can horsewhip.”

“That's thruth, Sir, poor dark hathen—an', Sir—jist beggin' your pardon for one minute, half minute, Sir—you know we're desired when an inimic strikes us upon one cheek to turn the other to him well, as I said, Sir, I found myself very scriptural this whole day, so when he hot me the first welt on this cheek, I turns round the other, an' now look at the state it's in, Sir—but that's not all, Sir, he tuck the hint at once, and gave it to me on both sides, till he left me as you see me. Still, Sir, I can forgive him, ay, and I have done it.”

“That, as I said, reflects great credit on your principles—but, in the mean time, you can still retain these principles and prosecute him. Your lodging

informations against him does not interfere with your own personal forgiveness of him at all—because it is in behalf of, and for the safety of society that you come forward to prosecute now.”

Darby, who in point of fact had his course already taken, shook his head and replied, falling back upon the form of M'Slime's language as much as he could—

“I feel, Sir,” he replied, “that I'm not permitted.”

“Permitted!” repeated the other. “What do you mean?”

“I'm not permitted from above, Sir, to prosecute this man. I'm not justified in it.”

“Quite ridiculous, O'Drive, where did you pick up this jargon of the conventicle—but that reminds me, by the by—you are not a convert to the Established Church. You belong to the Dissenters, and owe your change of opinions to Mr. M'Slime.”

“If I don't belong to the Established Church now, Sir,” replied Darby, “I wont be long so.”

“Why,” inquired the other, “are you not satisfied with the denomination of Christians you have joined?”

“M'Slime, Sir, converted me—as you say—but I've great objections—and between you and me, I

fear it's not altogher *safe* for any man to take his religion from an Attorney."

A smile, as much as he could condescend to passed over the haughty, but dignified features of Mr. Lucre.

"O'Drive," said he, "I did not think you possessed so much simplicity of character as I perceive you do—but touching the prosecution of this man—you must lodge informations forthwith. You shall bring the warrant to Mr. M'Clutchy who will back it, and put it into the hands of those who will lose little time in having it executed."

"I am sorry, Sir, that my conscience doesn't justify me in doin' what you wish."

"What do you mean by conscience, Sir," asked the other getting warm, "if you have a conscience you will have no scruple in punishing a man who is an open enemy to truth, to the gospel, and to the spread of it through a benighted land. How can you reconcile it to your conscience to let such a man escape?"

"Simply by forgiving him, Sir—by lettin' the great, big, ignorant hathen, have the full benefit of a gospel forgiveness. That's what I mean, Sir, and surely it stands to sense that I couldn't prosecute him wid these feelins, barrin' I'd go against the word."

"O'Drive," said Lucre, evidently mortified at Darby's obstinacy, "one of two things is true; either you are utterly ignorant, perhaps, with every disposition to know them, of the sanctions and obligations of religion, or you are still a papist at heart, and an impostor. I tell you, Sir, once more, that it is upon religious grounds you ought to prosecute this wild priest; because in doing so, you render a most important service to religion and morality, both of which are outraged in his person. You ought to know this. Again, Sir, if you are a Protestant, and have thoroughly cast Popery from your heart, you must necessarily be a loyal man and a good subject; but if you refuse to prosecute him, you can be neither the one nor the other, but a papist and an impostor, and I've done with you. If Mr. M'Clutchy knew, Sir, that you refused to prosecute a priest for such a violent outrage upon your person, I imagine you would not long hold the situation of bailiff under him."

Darby looked into the floor like a philosopher solving a problem. "I see, Sir," said he, "I see—well—you have made that clear enough sartinly; but you know, Sir, how could you expect such deep reasoning upon these subjects from a man like me. I see the duty of it now clearly; but, then, Sir, on

rests as it is. If what you say is true, and I believe it is, your own safety depends upon your silence.

"Not a breath," replied Darby; "and now, I want to say about what brought me here—I wanted to say that I'd wish *"to read"* upon Sunday next."

"What do you mean?" asked Lucre.

"Why, Sir, as I said, I don't like to take religion from an Attorney—and I'm afeard, besides, that he's not altogether orthybox, in regard that he hinted once that God was——; but, indeed, I remember his words, for it wasn't aisey to forget them when you got them."

"He, of course, is a Fatalist and Predestinarian," said Lucre; "but what is this you were about saying?"

"Why, Sir, that I'd wish publickly to read recompensation in your church on Sunday next."

"And why in my church?" asked the proud parson who felt his vanity touched, not by any thing Darby had yet said, but by the indescribable expression of flattery which appeared in his face.

"Why, Sir," he replied, "bekase it's given out to all hands that there's no end to your larnin'—that it's wondherful the books you wrote—and as for your preachin', that it 'ud make one think themselves heaven, hell, or purgatory, accordin' as you wished."

"Very well, O'Drive, very well indeed," exclaimed Lucre, caught on his weakest side by this artful compliment; "but you must forget purgatory—however I can conceive that it was the mere force of habit that prompted you to utter it. Well, then, you shall read your recantation on Sunday, since you wish it—there will be about a dozen or two others, and you had better attend early. Good day, O'Drive!"

"Praise your honour," said Darby, who never could be honest to both parties, "there's a batch o' converts outside waitin' to see you, but between you and me, I think you had as well be on your guard wid some o' them, I know what they want."

"And pray what is that, O'Drive?"

"Why, thin, for fraid I may be doin' the crathurs injustice, Sir, I won't say; only jist take my hint, any how. Good mornin' kindly, Sir!"

As Darby passed the group we have alluded to, he winked at them very knowingly, "go up," said he, "go up I say:—may be I didn't give yez a lift since, and mark me, hould to the five guineas a head, and to be provided for aftherwards. Paddy Cummins do you go up, I say—*bannath lath!*"

Paddy went up, and in a few minutes a ragged, famine-wasted creature entered with his old caubeen between *his hands*, and after having ducked down

his head, and shrugged his shoulders alternately stood with an abashed look before Mr. Lucre.

"Well, my good man, what is your business with me?"

To this the countryman prepared to reply,—first by two or three additional shrugs; secondly, by raising his right elbow, and pulling up all that remained of the collar of his tattered cothamore, or great coat, after which he gave a hem.

"Have you no tongue, my good fellow?"

A shrug—"hem—why, Sir, but that was a great sermon you preached on last Sunda, please your honour. Faitha, Sir, there was mighty fine discourses in it about religion."

"Oh! the sermon—did you hear it, my good man?"

"Faitha, Sir, I was there sure enough, in spite of Father M'Cabe, an' all."

"Sit down, my good friend, sit down—well, you attended the sermon, you say—pray how did you like it?"

Faitha, Sir, sure nobody could dislike it; bedad, Sir, we're all greatly disappointed with the priests after hearin' it—it was wonderful to hear the deep learnin' you brought forrard, Sir, against them, an' our church in general. Begad myself was mightily improved by it."

"Don't swear, though—well, you were improved by it, you say—pray what is your name?"

"I'm one Paddy Cummins, Sir, a shister's son of—"

"Well, Cummins, I'm very happy to hear that you were edified, and happier still that you had sense to perceive the side upon which truth lay."

"Faitha, thin, your reverence, I seen *that* widout much throuble; but, sure they say, Sir, there's to be a power of us turnin' over to yez."

"I hope so, Cummins—we are anxious that you should see the errors of the creed you so ignorantly profess, and abandon them."

"Sure enough, Sir—dad, Sir, you ministhers is fine men, so you are—then you're so rich, Sir, plaise your honour—they do be sayin', Sir, that the reverend gintlemen of your church have got a great deal of money among them somehow, in regard that it 'ud be needful to help poor crathurs that 'ud *turn*, and to keep them from the parsecution, Sir."

"Cummins, my good friend, allow me to set you right. We never give a penny of money to any one for the sake of bringing him over to our church; if converts come to us it must be from conviction, not from interest."

"I see, Sir—but sure I'm not wantin' the *promise*

at all, your honour—sure I know you must ke-
yourselves clear any way—only the five guineas
head that I'm tould is to be given."

"Five guineas a head!—pray who told you so

"Faitha, Sir, I couldn't exactly say, but eve-
one says it. It's said we're to get five guineas
head, Sir, and be provided for, afther ; I have ni-
o' them, Sir, eight crathurs and Biddy herself—sh
can't spake English, but, wid the help o' God, I coul-
consthre it for her ; Faith, she'd make a choic
Prodestan, Sir, for wanst she takes a thing into he
head the devil wouldn't get it out. As for me,
don't want a promise at all, your reverence, barrin
that if it 'ud be plaisin' to you, jist to lay your for-
finger along your nose—merely to show that w
undherstand one another—it 'ud be as good to me a
the bank. The crathur on the breast, your reverence
we'd throw in as a luck penny, or *dhuragh*, and littl
Paddy we'd give at half price."

"Did you hear all this ?"

"Faitha, then we did, Sir—and, sure, as you don
like to have the thing known, I can keep my tongu
atween my teeth as well as e'er a convart livin'—a-
as for Biddy, by only keepin' her from the dhrin'
she's as close as the gate of heaven to a hereti
Bedad, Sir, this new light bates every thing "

"My good friend, Cummins, I tell you I have no money to give,—neither is there any to be given,—for the sake of conversion—but, if your notions of your own religion are unsettled, put yourself under Lord ——'s chaplain; and, if, in the due course of time, he thinks you sufficiently improved to embrace our faith, you and your family may be aided by some comforts suitable to your condition."

Cummins's face lengthened visibly at an intimation which threw him so far from his expectations; the truth being, that he calculated upon receiving the money the moment he read his recantation. He looked at Mr. Lucre again as significantly as he could—gave his head a scratch of remonstrance—shrugged himself as before—rubbed his elbow—turned round his hat slowly, examined its shape, and gave it a smarter set, after which he gave a dry hem, and prepared to speak.

"I'll hear nothing further on the subject," said the other, "withdraw."

Without more ado Cummins slunk out of the room, highly disappointed, but still not without hopes from Lord ——, to whom, or his chaplain, he resolved to apply. In the mean time he made the best of his way home to his starving wife and children, without having communicated the result of

"Well, Nickey, or Nick, or whatever it may be, I am sorry to say that you won't do. You are too great an ornament to your own creed, ever to shine in ours. I happen to know your character—lost gone."

"Is Misthre Lucre widin?" asked a third candidate, whose wife accompanied him—"if he is, maybe you'd tell him that one Barney Grattan wishes to have a thrifle o' speech wid his honour."

"Come in," said the servant, with a smile, after having acquainted his master.

The man and his wife accordingly entered, having first wiped their feet as they had been ordered.

"Well, my good man, what's your business?"

"Rosha, will you let his honour know what we're spakin' about? She'll tell you Sir."

"Plaise your honour," said she, "we're converted."

"Well," said Mr. Lucre, "that at least is coming to the point. And pray, my good woman, when converted you?"

"Faix, the accounts that's abroad, Sir, about gentlemen from Dublin, that's so full of larnin', your Reverence, and so rich, they say."

"Then it was the mere accounts that wrought the change in you?"

"*Dhamnu orth a Rosha, go dhe shin dher thu*

said the husband, "in Irish; for he felt that the wife was more explicit than was necessary. "Never heed her, Sir; the crathur, your Reverence, is so through other, that she doesn't know what she's sayin', especially spakin' to so honourable a gentleman as your Reverence."

"Then let us hear your version, or rather your conversion."

"Myself, Sir, does be thinkin' a great deal about these docthrines and jinnyologies that people is now all runnin' upon. I can tell a story, Sir, at a wake, or an my kailee wid a neighbour, as well as e'er a man in the five parishes. The people say I'm very long headed all out, and can see far into a thing. They do, indeed, plaise your reverence."

"Very good."

"Did you ever hear about one Fin M'Cool, who was a great buffer in his day, and how his wife put the trick upon a big bosthoon of a giant that came down from Munster to bother Fin? Did you ever hear that, Sir?"

"No; neither do I wish to hear it just now."

"Nor the song of Beal Derg O'Donnel, Sir, nor the Fairy River, nor 'the Life and Adventures of Larry Dorneen's Ass,' plaise your reverence."

"No—but I wish you would allow your wife to relate your business here."

"Well, Sir, the people says I'm very long headed an' can see far into a thing—"

"But, my good man, I care not what the people say—tell your story briefly."

"—An' can see far into a thing, your reverence bekaise I'm long headed. All long headed people, Sir, is cute, an' do you know why they're cute, Sir? No you don't, but I'll tell you—bekaise they're long headed. Now, Sir, what 'ud you think to be a Roman Catholic awhile, till I'd malivogue you an' arguin' Scripthur?—I want to prove to you, that I'm the boy that undherstands things."

"What's your business with me?"

"Will you thry it, Sir, and you'll see how I'll sober you to your heart's delight."

"What brought your husband to me, my good woman?"

"*Bhe'dha hush; fag a rogarah lumsa.*"

"He's comin' to it, please your reverence," said the wife.

"Well, Sir, so you see, bein' given to deep thought of thinkin' o' my own, I had many bouts at arguin' Scripthur—as every long headed man has, of course—an yestherday meetin' wid Brian Broghan,

mealman—him that keeps it up on the poor, Sir—he challenged me, but, in three skips of a Scotch Gray, I sacked him claner than one of his own meal bags, and dusted him aftherwards :—‘so,’ says he, ‘Misther Grattan, see what it is to be long headed.’ ”

“ It’s worse,” observed Lucre, “ to be long winded. Come to an end, Sir.”

“ ‘Long headed,’ says he, ‘an’ of còorse you’ll be takin’ the money,’ says Broghan ; ‘ what money?’ says I. ‘ Why, the five guineas,’ says he, ‘ that the Biblemen is givin’ to every one that will turn wid them, if he happens to be long headed—but otherwise, not a penny.’ So, Sir, myself, you see, havin’ the intention to come over long afore that, I thought it ’ud be best to do it now, for fraid yez might think it was for the money I am doin’ it. But is there sich a thing, Sir ?”

“ Not a penny, and so you may tell your friends.”

“ Well, but, Sir, grantin’ that, still you’ll acknowledge that I’m long headed.”

“ No, only long winded.”

“ Not long headed, then ?”

“ No, certainly not.”

“ *Damnu orth a veehone bradagh !* come Rosha. Not long headed ! troth it’s a poor religion to

depend on—an' I'll make a show of it yet, if spared. Come, woman alive."

Honest Barney was the last but one who honoured by a hearing, though not the last by a s of those who expected it, and, sooth to say, appearance of that one threw the whole proceed into such exquisite ridicule, that we cannot resist temptation of giving his claims and argumer place among the rest. The convert in question no other than our old friend *Raymond-na-ha* or Raymond of the hats; who, moved by the exa of others, and only possessed of a dim notion o cause that brought them together, came among t from that vague motive of action which pro almost every creature like him to make one crowd, wherever it may assemble. The min poor Raymond was of a very anomalous char: indeed; for his memory, which was wonde accumulated in one heterogeneous mass, all incidents in which he had ever taken any part, these were called out of the confusion, precisel some chord of association happened to be struc any conversation which he held. For this reaso sometimes uttered sentiments that would have c with more propriety from the lips of a philosop

than a fool, and again fell to the level of pure idiotism, so singular were his alternations from sense to nonsense. Lucre's porter, himself a wag, knew perfectly well what was going forward, and, indeed, took very considerable delight in the movement. When Raymond presented himself, the porter, to whom he was very well known, determined, for the joke's sake, that he should have the honour of an interview as well as the rest. Lucre, as we said, being but seldom at Castle Cumber, was ignorant of Raymond's person and character, and, indeed, we may add, that he stood in a position precisely similar with respect to almost every one of his own flock. When Raymond entered, then, he was addressed in much the same terms as the others.

"Well, friend, what is your business?—John, admit no more, and let the carriage come round—are you a convert also?"

"Yes, I am; what have you to give me?"

"A pure and peaceful religion, my friend."

"Where is it?"

"In this book—this is the word of God, that preacheth peace and salvation to all."

"Has Val M'Clutchy this book?"

"Of course he has—it is not to be supposed that so able and staunch a friend of Protestantism, of the

religion of the state, could be without this book ignorant of it."

Raymond put it up to his nose, and after seen to smell it, said, with a strong shudder, "how you do this among you?—how did you do it?—at it—see, see, it's dripping wid blood—he murder on this page, there's starvation on the there's the blood-hounds huntin'—look, Sir, loo the poor creature amost worn down, makin' his to hide, but he can't; they have him, they have him see how they drag him, as if he was a—ay, d drag, he's yours now, he's yours—whip and scour whip and scourge—more blood, more blood—and is it, *this*—don't you see it, Sir, comin' down in d when I hould it up that way!"

"My good friend, you are certainly in liquor your language is that of a man strongly affected drink."

"And this is it," Raymond proceeded;—"loo this page, that's not the one the blood is on; no, there's nothing here but madness. Ah!" said lowering his voice to a tone of deep compassion "sure she's mad; they killed Hugh O'Regan, they killed the two sons, and then she went mad—you see, there it is now—on that page there's blood and, on this one, with the big letter on it, the

madness. Then agin comes the Turnin' out. How would you like to walk three long, dreary miles, inleet, and frost, and snow, havin' no house to go to—wid thin breeches to your bottom, an' maybe a hole a them—widout shoe or stockin' on your hooves—wid a couple of shiverin', half starved, sick childhre, ied by an ould praskeen to your back, an' you inkin' wid hunger all the time?—ay, an' the tail o' your ould coat blown up behind every minute, like a sparrow before the wind!—Eh, how would you ke it?

Lucre still stuck to the hypothesis of liquor, and accordingly went and rang the porter's bell, who immediately appeared.

"John," said his master, "I desire you will immediately show this man out—he is so scandalously flected with liquor, that he knows not the purport f his own language."

John approached his master with a face of awful error:—"for God's sake, Sir," said he, "don't ay a word that might cross him—sure he's the great madman, *Raymond-a-hattha*. Just sit still, and let him take his own way, and he'll do no harm in life; appear to listen to him, and he'll be like a child—but, if you go to harshness, he'd tear you, and me, and all that's in the house, into minced meat."

Once more did Lucre's countenance lose its accustomed hue; but, on this occasion, it assumed the colour of a duck egg, or something between a white, and a bad blue:—"my good friend," said "will you please to take a seat—John, stay in room." This he said in a whisper.

"There," proceeded Raymond, who had been busily engaged in examining the pages of the bill "there is the page where that's on—the Puttin' in the clouds and storm of heaven—there it is *that* page. Look at the ould man and the ould woman there—see them tremblin'. Don't cry, don't cry; but they are—see the widow there and her orphans—there's a sick boy in that house, and a poor sick girl in that other house—see, they're cryin'—all cryin'—for they must go out, and on a day! All that, now, is upon these two other pages bekaise, you see, no one page would hould all that. But see here—here's a page wid only one side covered—let us see what's on it. Oh ay—the poor crathur's childre, wid the poor father and the poor mother; but they have the one cow to get milk to moisten their bit. Ha—ha—look again there she goes off to the pound! Don't cry, poor helpless crathurs; but how can you help cryin' wid your poor mother's cryin'. That's a bitter th

too, and it's on this page—see—that—that—that's it I've between my fingers—look at it—how wet it is wid the poor cratur's tears; but there's no blood here—no, no—nothing but tears. Oh here—see here—a lafe as big as the rest, but wid nothing on it. Ay, I know that—that's an empty farm that nobody dare take, or woe be to them. But here—I seen him"—here he shuddered strongly—"I seen him! His father and mother were both standin' undher him—that was the worst of all. It's in this page. He was only one and twenty, and the eyes he had; but how did it happen, that although they hanged him, every one loved him? I seen his father and the poor mother looking up to the gallows where he stood, and then she fainted, and she then got sick, and poor ould Brian has nobody now but himself; and all that's on this page." Here poor Raymond shed tears, so completely was he overpowered by the force of his own imaginings. He again proceeded—"And the poor white-headed son. What wouldn't the poor mother give to have his white head to look at? but he will never waken—he will never waken more. What's the name o' this book?" he inquired of Mr. Lucre.

"My excellent and most intelligent friend," replied that gentleman, in a tone of meekness and humility that would have shamed an apostle; "my

most interesting friend, the name of that book is the Bible."

The Bible! oh yes; but am I doin' it right?" he inquired; "am I puttin' the explanations to it as I ought? Sure they all explain it, and it's only fair that Raymond should show his larnin' as well as any o' them. Let us see, then—Murder and bloodshed, hangin' and starvin', huntin', purshuin', whippin', could and nakedness, hunger and sickness, death and then madness, and then death agin, and then damnation! Did I explain it?"

"Perfectly, my friend—nothing can be better."

"Well, then, think of it; but these aren't my explanations—but I know who puts them to that bad book! Don't they take all I said out of it? They do; and, sure, don't you see the poor people's blood, and tears, and every thing upon it; sure all I said is in it. Here," he exclaimed, shuddering, "take it away, or may be it'll make me as wicked as the rest of you. But afther all, may be it's not the fault of the book, but of the people."

It would indeed be difficult to find a more frightful comment upon the crimes and atrocities which have been perpetrated in this divided country, in the name, and under the character of religion, than that which issued, with a kind of methodical incoherency from the lips of Raymond-na-hattha. When he

had concluded, Mr. Lucre, having first wiped the big drops of perspiration from his forehead, politely asked him if there was any thing he could do for him?

"Oh ay," said he; "but first bring me a lump of good mate, and a quart of porther."

"You shall have it, my excellent friend. John, ring the bell. You are a very interesting person, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Raymond-na-hattha, Sir."

"Mr. Raiment—very interesting, indeed. (Good God! am I to run the risk of being strangled in my own house by a madman!) Oh—here, Alick; bring up some cold meat and a bottle of porter. Any thing to make you comfortable, my good Sir."

"I only want to see if all's right, Sir," said Raymond, "and I'll tell you by and bye." This was followed by a look of most pitiable distress from Lucre to his servant, John.

Raymond no sooner saw the cold beef and bread laid down, together with a bottle of porter, than he commenced an exhibition, which first awoke Mr. Lucre's astonishment, next his admiration, and lastly his envy. Raymond's performance, however, was of that rare description which loses by too frequent practice, and is only seen to advantage when the

opportunities for exhibition are few. Three more pounds having at length disappeared, together with the greater part of a quartern loaf, and two bottles of porter, for Raymond had made bold to call for a second, he now wiped his mouth with the cuff of his coat first, and afterwards, by way of a more delicate touch, with the gathered palm of his hand; then looking at Mr. Lucre, who sat perspiring with terror in his gorgeous easy chair, our readers may judge of the ease it just then communicated to that reverend gentleman, when he said, "it's all right enough, Sir."

"I'm delighted to hear it," replied Mr. Lucre, applying the *sudariolum* once more with a very nervous and quivering hand to his forehead.

"Is there anything else in which I can serve you, my good Sir?"

"Yes, there is—all's right, I've now made the trial, and it will do—I want to borrow the loan of your religion till the new praties comes in."

"You shall have it, my worthy Sir—you shall have it, with very great pleasure."

"The reason why I came [to you for it," said Raymond, who, evidently in this joke, had been prompted up by some one, "was because I was told that it is as good as new with you—'*seldom used lasts long*,' you know—but, such as it is, I'll borrow it for—a

there now, that's one ; all right, all right," pointing to the fragments of the meat and bread—"I wouldn't ar betther; so, till the praties comes in, mind I'll take care of it; and, if I don't bring it back safe, I'll bring you a betther one in its place." He then nodded familiarly to Mr. Lucre, and left the house. The latter felt as if he breathed new life once more, but he could not so readily pardon the man for admitting him.

"What is the reason, Sir," he asked, his face reddening, "that you suffered that formidable mad-man to get into the house?"

"Why, Sir," replied the porter, "when I opened the hall door, he shot in like a bolt; and, as for preventing him after that, if I had attempted it, he'd have had me in fragments long ago. When he's not opposed, Sir, or crossed, he's quiet as a lamb, and wouldn't hurt a child; but, if he's vexed, and won't get his own way, why ten men wouldn't stand him."

"Take care that he shall never be admitted here again," said his master; "I really am quite disturbed and nervous by his conduct and language, which are perfectly unintelligible. Indeed, I am absolutely unwell—the shock was awful, and to occur on such a day, too—I fear my appetite will be very much affected by it—a circumstance which would be dis-

tressing beyond belief. Stop—perhaps it is not too late—ask Francis is the venison down, and not, desire him not to dress it to-day—I am on appetite, say.”

John went, and in a couple of minutes returned. “Francis says it’s down, Sir, for some time,” replied the man, “and that it must be dressed to-day, or else it will be spoiled.

“And this is owing to you, you scoundrel,” said his master in a rage, “owing to your neglect and carelessness—but there is no placing depend upon one of you. See, you rascal, the position which I am—here is a delicious haunch of venison for dinner, and now I am so much agitated and out of order that my appetite will be quite gone, and it will be eaten by others before my face, while I cannot touch it. For a very trifle I would this moment discharge you from my service, and without a character too.”

“I am very sorry, Sir, but the truth—”

“Begone you scoundrel, and leave the room. I shall use the horse-whip to you.”

John disappeared, and this great and zealous champion of Protestantism walked to and fro his study, all gnashing his teeth from the apprehension of having an appetite for the haunch of venison.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CONTROVERSIAL DISCUSSION, TOGETHER WITH THE
VIRTUES IT PRODUCED—DARBY'S BRIEF RETIREMENT
FROM PUBLIC LIFE.

Our readers may recollect that Darby in his pleasant dialogue with Father M'Cabe, alluded to a man named Bob Beatty, as a person afflicted with epilepsy. It was then reported that the priest had miraculously cured him of that complaint; but, whether he had or not, one thing, at least, was certain, that he became a Roman Catholic, and went regularly to mass. He had been, in fact, exceedingly notorious for his violence as an Orangeman, and was what the people then termed a blood hound, and the son of a man who had earned an unenviable reputation as a Tory hunter; which means a person who devoted the whole energies of his life, and brought all the rancour of religious hatred to the task of pursuing and capturing such unfortunate Catholics as came

within grasp of the penal laws. Beatty, like all converts, the moment he embraced the Roman Catholic creed, became a most outrageous opponent to the principles of Protestantism. Every Orangeman and Protestant must be damned, and it stood to reason they should, for didn't they oppose the Pope? Bob, then, was an especial protegee of Father M'Cabe's, who, on his part, had very little to complain of his convert, unless it might be the difficulty of overcoming a habit of strong swearing which had brought itself so closely into his conversation, that he must either remain altogether silent, or let fly the oaths. Another slight weakness, which was rather annoying to the priest too, consisted in a habit Bob had, when any way affected with liquor, of drinking, in the very fervour of his new born zeal, that celebrated old toast, 'to hell with the Pope!' These, however, were but mere specks, and would be removed in time, by inducing better habits. Now, it so happened, that on the day in question, Bob was wending his way to Father M'Cabe's, to communicate some matter connected with his religious feelings, and to ask his advice and opinion.

"How confoundedly blind the world is," thought Bob, "not to see that Popery—" he never called it any thing else—"is the true faith! Curse me but

priest M'Cabe is a famous fellow!—zounds, what an Orangeman he would make!—he's just the cut for it, an' it's a thousand pities he's not one—hut! what the hell am I sayin' ? They say he's cross and ill tempered, but I deny it—isn't he patient, except when in a passion ? and never in a passion unless when he's provoked ; what the d—l more would they have ? I know I let fly an oath myself of an odd time, (every third word, good reader), but, then, sure the faith is never injured by the vessel that contains it. Begad, but I'm sorry for my father, though, for, as there's no salvation out o' Popery, the devil of it is, that he's lost beyond purchase."

In such eccentric speculations did Bob amuse himself, until, in consequence of the rapid pace at which he went, he overtook a fellow-traveller, who turned out to be no other than our friend Darby O'Drive. There was, in fact, considering the peculiar character of these two converts, something irresistibly comic in this encounter. Bob knew little or nothing of the Roman Catholic creed ; and, as for Darby, we need not say that he was thoroughly ignorant of Protestantism. Yet, nothing could be more certain—if one could judge by the fierce controversial cock of Bob's hat, and the sneering contemptuous expression of Darby's face, that a hard battle,

touching the safest way of salvation, was about to be fought between them.

Bob, indeed, had of late been anxious to see Darby, in order, as he said to make him "show cloven foot, the rascal;" but Darby's ire against the priest was now up; and besides, he reflected that a display of some kind would recommend him to the Reformationists, especially, he hoped, to Mr. Lucretius, who, he was resolved, should hear it. The converts looked at each other with no charitable aspect. Darby was about to speak, but Bob, thinking there was not a moment to be lost, put before him a controversial facer before he had time to say a word:—"How many articles in your church?"

"How many articles in my church! There's a bad one in *your* church more than ought to be in since they got *you*:—but can you tell me how many sins cry to heaven for vengeance on you, you lost hathen?"

"Don't hathen me, you had better; but answer my question, you rascally heretic."

"Heretic inagh! oh, thin, is it from a barefaced idolather like you that we hear heretic called to Faith, it's come to a purty time o' day wid us!"

"You're a blessed convart not to know the Faith and nine articles of your fat establishment!"

"And I'll hould a wager that you don't know this minute how many saikermements in your idolathry. Oh, what a swaggerin' Catholic you are, you poor hair-brained blackguard !"

"I believe you found some convincin' texts in the big purse of the bible blackguards—do you smell that, Darby ?"

"You have a full purse, they say, but, by the time Father M'Cabe takes the price of your transgressions out of it—as he won't fail to do—take my word for it, it'll be as lank as a stocking without a leg in it—do you smell that, Bob ahagur ?"

"Where was your church before the Reformation?"

"Where was your face before it was washed?"

"Do you know the four pillars that your Church rests upon? because if you don't, I'll tell you—it was Harry the aighth, Martin Luther, the Law, and the Devil. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. Ah, what a purty boy you are, and what a deludin' face you've got!"

"So the priest's doin' you—he's the very man can pluck a fat goose, Bob."

"Don't talk of pluckin' geese—you have taken some feathers out o' the bible blades, by all accounts. How do you expect to be saved by joining an open heresy?"

"Whisht, you hathen, that has taken to idolathr bekase Father M'Cabe made an ass of you by thrick that every one knows. But I tell you to you brazen face, that you'll be worse yet than ever you were."

"You disgraced your family by turnin' apostat and we know what for. Little Solomon, the greater rogue unhang'd, gave you the only grace you got or ever will get."

"Why, you poor turncoat, isn't the whole countr laughin' at you, and none more than your own friend The great fightin' Orangeman and blood-hound turned voteen!—oh, are we alive afther that!"

"The blagard bailiff and swindler turned swadde hopin to get a fatter cut from the bible blades, oh"

"Have you your bades about you? if you have I'll throuble you to give us a touch of your Padareen Partha. Orange Bob at his Padareen Partha! ha, ha, ha."

"You know much about Protestantism. Blame me, but it's a sin to see such a knavish scoundrel professing it."

"It's a greater sin, you orange omadhawn, to see the likes o' you disgracin' the bades an' the blessed religion you tuck an you."

"You were no disgrace, then, to the one you let"

but you are a burnin' scandal to the one you joined, and they ought to kick you out of it."

In fact, both converts, in the bitterness of their hatred, were beginning to forget the new characters they had to support, and to glide back unconsciously or we should rather say, by the force of conscience, to their original creeds.

"If Father M'Cabe was wise he'd send you to the heretics again."

"If the Protestants regarded their own character, and the decency of their religion, they'd send you back to your cursed Popery again."

"It's no beef atin' creed, any way," said Darby, who had, without knowing it, become once more a staunch Papist, "ours isn't."

"It's one of knavery and roguery," replied Bob, "sure devil a thing one of you knows only to believe in your Pope."

"You had betther not abuse the Pope," said Darby, "for fraid I'd give you a touch o' your ould complaint, the fallin' sickness, you know, wid my fist."

"Two could play at that game, Darby, and I say, to hell with him—and the priests are all knaves and rogues, every one of them."

"Are they, faith," said Darby, "here's an answer for that, any how."

“Text for text, you Popish rascal.”

A fierce battle took place on the open highway, which was fought with intense bitterness on both sides. The contest, which was pretty equal, might, however, have been terminated by the defeat of one of them, had they been permitted to fight without support on either side ; this, however, was not to be. A tolerably large crowd, composed of an equal number of Catholics and Protestants, collected from the adjoining fields, where they had been at labour, immediately joined them. Their appearance, unhappily, had only the effect of renewing the battle. The Catholics, ignorant of the turn which the controversy had taken, supported Bob and Protestantism ; whilst the Protestants, owing to a similar mistake, fought like devils for Darby and the Pope. A pretty smart skirmish, in fact, which lasted more than twenty minutes, took place between the parties, and were it not that their wives, sisters, daughters, and mothers, assisted by many who were more peaceably disposed, threw themselves between them, it might have been much more serious than it was. If the weapons of warfare ceased, however, so did not their tongues ; there was abundance of rustic controversy exchanged between them, that is to say, polemical scurrility much of the same enlightened character, as that in

the preceding dialogue. The fact of the two parties, too, that came to their assistance, having mistaken the proper grounds of the quarrel, reduced Darby and Bob to the necessity of retracing their steps, and hoisting once more their new colours, otherwise their respective friends, had they discovered the blunder they had committed, would, unquestionably, have fought the battle a second time on its proper merits. Bob, escorted by his Catholic friends, who shouted and hurra'd as they went along, proceeded to Father M'Cabe's; whilst Darby and his adherents, following their example, went towards M'Clutchy's, and having left him within sight of Constitution Cottage, they returned to their labour.

We have already said, that neither M'Clutchy nor M'Slime, was at all a favourite with Darby. Darby was naturally as avaricious, and griping, and oppressive as either of them; and as he was the principal instrument of their rapacity and extortion, he deemed it but fair and just that they should leave him at least, a reasonable share of their iniquitous gains. They were not, however, the gentlemen to leave much behind them, and the upshot was, that Darby became not only highly dissatisfied at their conduct towards him, but jealous and vigilant of all their movements, and determined to watch an

opportunity of getting them both into his hands. Mr. Slime's trick about M'Clutchy's letter awoke his suspicions, and the reader is already acquainted with the dexterous piece of pie-trick which he secured it. Both letters now were in his possession, or at least in a safe place; but as he had not yet read them, he did not exactly know what line of conduct or deportment to assume. How to face M'Clutchy without M'Slime's assistance, Darby, however, was fertile, and precisely the kind of man who could, as they say, kill two birds with the one stone. He had it;—just the very thing that would serve every purpose. Accordingly, instead of going to M'Clutchy's at all, he turned his back to his own house; tied an old stocking round his head, got his face bandaged, and deliberately lay down to his bed in a very severe state of illness. Indeed, to tell the truth, a day or two in bed was not calculated to do him the least harm, but a great deal of good; for, what, between the united contributions of Father M'Cabe and Bob Beatty, he was by no means an unfit subject for the enjoyment of a few days retirement from public life.

CHAPTER XIV.

POLL DOOLIN'S HONESTY, AND PHIL'S GALLANTRY—A BEAUTIFUL BUT COWARDLY METHOD OF DESTROYING FEMALE REPUTATION—A DOMICILIARY VISIT FROM THE BLOOD-HOUNDS—IRRESPONSIBLE POWER.

At length the hour of Mary M'Loughlin's appointment with Phil arrived, and the poor girl found herself so completely divided between the contending principles of love for Harman, and aversion towards Phil, that she scarcely knew the purport of her thoughts or actions. Harman's safety, however, was the predominant idea in her soul, and in order to effect that, or at least to leave nothing undone to effect it, she resolved, as pure and disinterested attachment always will do—to sacrifice her detestation for young M'Clutchy, so far as to give him an opportunity of satisfying her that he was sincere in wishing to save her lover. This setting aside her invincible and instinctive hatred of that worthy gentleman, was she thought, not at least, unreason-

able, and with her mind thus regulated she accordingly awaited the appointed time. On reaching the back of her father's garden she found that Phil had not arrived, but somewhat to her relief she was accosted by Poll Doolin, who approached from a clump of trees that stood in deep and impenetrable shadow, whilst she and Poll were easily visible under the dim light of what is called a watery and cloudy moon.

Poll, as she addressed her, spoke eagerly, and her voice trembled with what appeared to Mary to be deep and earnest agitation.

"Miss M'Loughlin," she exclaimed in a low, but tremulous voice, "I now forgive your father all—I forgive him and his—you I need not forgive, for I never bore you ill will—but I am bound to tell you that there's danger over your father's house and hearth this night. There is but one can save them, and he will. You must go in to your own room, raise the window, and he will soon be there."

"What is that Poll," said Mary seriously alarmed, "I thought I heard the sound of low voices among the trees there. Who are they, or what is it?"

"Make haste," said Poll leading the way, "go round to your room and come to the window. It's an awful business—there is people there in the

imp—be quick, and when you come to the window, use it—and I'll tell you more through it."

Mary, in a state of great terror, felt that ignorant as she was of the dangers and difficulties by which she was surrounded, she had no other alternative than to be guided by Poll, who seemed to know the full extent of the mysterious circumstances to which she made such wild and startling allusion.

Poll immediately proceeded to Miss M'Loughlin's bed-room, the window of which was soon opened by Mary herself, who with trembling hands raised it no higher than merely to allow the necessary communication between them.

"You don't know, nor could you never suspect," said Poll, "the struggles that Mither Phil is makin' for you and yours. This night, may be this hour, will show his friendship for your family. And now, Mary M'Loughlin, if you wish to have yourself and them safe—safe, I say, from his own father's blood-hounds," and this she hissed into her ear, squeezing her hand at the same time, until it became painful—in a voice so low, earnest, and condensed, that it was scarcely in human nature to question the woman's sincerity;—"if," she continued, "you wish to have them safe—and Harman safe, be guided by him, and let him manage it his

own way. He will ask you to do nothing that is wrong or improper in itself; but as you love your own family—as you value Harman's life—let him act according to his own way, for he knows them he has to deal wid best.”

“Wo—wo—heavy and bitter betide you, Poll Doolin, if you are now deceiving me, or prompting me to do any thing that is improper! I will not act in this business blind-fold—neither I nor my family are conscious of evil, and I shall certainly acquaint them this moment with the danger that is over them.”

“By the souls of the dead,” replied Poll, uttering the oath in Irish, “if you do what you say, there will be blood shed this night—the blood, too, of the nearest and dearest to you! Do not be mad, I say, do not be mad!”

“May God guide me!” exclaimed the distressed girl bursting into tears; “for of myself I know not how to act.”

“Be guided by Mr. Phil,” said she; “he is the only man living that can prevent the damnable work that is designed against your family *this night*.”

She had scarcely uttered the words, when Phil came breathless to the window, and, as if moved by a sense of alarm, and an apprehension of danger still

greater than that expressed by Poll herself, he exclaimed—

“Miss M'Loughlin, it's no time for ceremony—*my* father's blood-hounds are at *your* father's door; and there is but one way of saving your family from violence and outrage. Excuse me—but I must pass in by this window. You don't know what I risk by it; but for your sake and theirs it must be done.”

Even as he spake, the trampling of horses' feet, and the jingling of arms, were distinctly heard at M'Loughlin's door—a circumstance which so completely paralyzed the distracted girl, that she became perfectly powerless with affright. Phil availed himself of the moment, put his hand to the window, which he raised up, and deliberately entered, after which he shut it down. Poll, while he did so, coughed aloud, as if giving a signal; and in an instant, a number of individuals mostly females, approached the window, near enough to see young M'Clutchy enter, and shut the window after him.

“Now,” said Poll to the spectators, “I hope you're all satisfied; and you, James Harman, will believe your own eyes, if you don't believe Poll Doolin. Is that girl a fit wife for your cousain, do you think? Well, you're satisfied, are you? Go home now, and help

forrid the match if you can. You're a good witness of her conduct, at any rate."

"I did *not* believe you, Poll," replied the young man whom she addressed; "but unfortunately I am now satisfied, sure enough. My own eyes cannot deceive me. Lost and unhappy girl! what will become of her? But that's not all—for she has proved herself treacherous, and deceitful, and worthless."

"Ay," said the crones whom Poll had brought to witness what certainly seemed to them to be the innocent girl's shame and degradation,—“ay,” they observed, “there's now an end to her character, at any rate. The pride of the M'Loughlins has got a fall at last—and indeed they deserved it; for they held their heads as upsettin' as if they were dacent Protestants, and them nothing but Papishes afther all.”

“Go home now,” said Poll; “go home all of yez. You've seen enough, and too much. Throth I'm sorry for the girl, and did all I could to persuade her against the step she tuck; but it was no use—she was more like one that tuck love powdhers from him, than a reasonable bein'.”

Harman's cousin had already departed, but in such a state of amazement, indignation, and disgust

that he felt himself incapable of continuing a conversation with any one, or of bestowing his attention upon any other topic whatsoever. He was thunderstruck—his very faculties were nearly paralyzed, and his whole mind literally clouded in one dark chaos of confusion and distress.

"Now," said Poll to the females who accompanied her—"go home every one of yez; but, for goodness sake, don't be spakin' of what you seen this night. The poor girl's correcther's gone, sure enough; but for all that, let us have nothing to say to her or Mr. Phil. It'll all come out time enough, and more than time enough, widout our help; so, as I said, hould a hard cheek about it. Indeed it's the safest way to do so—for the same M'Loughlins is a dangerous and bittther faction to make or meddle wid. Go off now, in the name of goodness, and say nothin' to nobody—barrin' indeed, to some one that won't carry it farther."

Whilst this dialogue, which did not occupy more than a couple of minutes was proceeding, a scene of a different character took place in M'Loughlin's parlour, upon a topic which, at that period, was a very plausible pretext for much brutal outrage and violence on the part of the Orange yeomanry—we mean the possession, or the imputed possession, of

fire-arms. Indeed the state of society in a great part of Ireland—shortly after the rebellion of ninety-eight—was then such as a modern Conservative would blush for. An Orangeman, who may have happened to entertain a pique against a Roman Catholic, or to sustain an injury from one, had nothing more to do than send abroad, or get some one to send abroad for him, a report that he had fire-arms in his possession. No sooner had this rumour spread, than the party of these yeomanry assembled in their regiments, and with loaded fire-arms, proceeded, generally in the middle of the night or about day-break, to the residence of the suspected person. The door, if not immediately opened, was broken in—whole house ransacked—the men frequently beaten severely, and the ears of females insulted by the coarsest and most indecent language. These scenes, which in nineteen cases out of twenty, the Orangemen got up to gratify private hatred and malignant passions, were very frequent, and may show us the danger of any government entrusting power, in what shape, or arms and ammunition, to irresponsible hands, or subjecting one party to the fierce passions and bigotted impulses of another.

The noise of their horses' feet as they approached M'Loughlin's house in a gallop, alarmed that far

ho knew at once that it was a domiciliary visit from I'Clutchy's cavalry.

"Raise the window," said M'Loughlin himself, "and ask them what they want—or stay, open the door," he added at the same time to another, "and do not let us give them an excuse for breaking it in. It's the blood-hounds, sure enough," observed he, "and here they are."

In a moment they were dismounted, and having found the hall-door open, the parlour was crowded with armed men, who manifested all the overbearing insolence and wanton insult of those who know that they can do so with impunity.

"Come, M'Loughlin," said Cochrane, now their leader, "you ribelly Papish rascal, produce your arms—for we've been informed that you have arms consaled in the house."

"Pray who informed you, Mr. Cochrane?"

"That's not your business, my man," replied Cochrane, "out with them before we search."

"I'll tell you what, Cochrane," replied M'Loughlin, "whoever informed you that we have arms is a liar—we have no arms."

"And right well they know that," said his son, "it's not for arms they come, but it's a good excuse insult the family."

His father, (who, on looking more closely at the now perceived that they were tipsy, and some of them quite drunk), though a man of singular courage and intrepidity, deemed it the wisest and safest course to speak to them as civilly as possible.

"I didn't think, Tom Cochrane," said he, "that either I, or any of my family, deserved such a visit as this from, I may say, my own door neighbour. It's not over civil, I think, to come in this manner disturbing a quiet and inoffensive family."

"What's the ribbly rascal sayin'?" asked the drunken fellow, who lurched across the floor, and would have fallen, had he not come in contact with a chest of drawers, "what, wha-at's he say-ayin but I sa-say, here's to hell with the Po-po-pope-hurra!"

"Ah!" said young M'Loughlin, "you have the ball at your own foot now, but, if we were man to man, with equal weapons, there would be none of this swagger."

"What's tha—that the young rible says," said the drunken fellow, deliberately covering him with his cavalry pistol—"another word, and I'll let day light through you."

"Come, Burke," said a man named Irwin, throwing up the muzzle of the pistol, "none o' this wor"

you drunken brute. Don't be alarmed, M'Loughlin, you shan't be injured."

"Go to h—l, George, I'll do what I—I li—like; sure all these ribbles ha—hate King William that sa—saved us from brass money a—and wooden noggins—eh, stay, shoes it is; no matter, they ought to be brogues I think, for it—it's brogues—ay brogues, the papish—it is, by hell, 'brogues and broghans an' a'—the Pa—papishes wear—that saved us from bra—brass money, an—and wooden brogues, that's it—for dam—damme if ever the Papishers was da—dacent enough to wear brass shoes, never, by jingo; so, boys, it's brass brogues—ay do they ha—hate King William, that put us in the pil—pillory, the pillilory in hell, and the devils pel—peltin' us with priests—hurra boys, recov—er arms—stand at aise—ha—ram down Catholics—hurra!"

"Mr. M'Loughlin—"

"*Misthre* M'Loughlin! ay, there's respect for a Pa—pish, an' from a purple man, too!"

"You had better be quiet, Burke," retorted Irwin, who was a determined and powerful man.

"For God's sake, gentlemen," said Mrs. M'Loughlin, "do not disturb or alarm our family—you are at liberty to search the house, but, as God

is above us, we have no arms of any kind, and consequently there can be none in the house."

"Don't believe her," said Burke, "she's a Papist —" He had not time to add the offensive epithet whatever it might have been, for Irwin—who, in truth, accompanied the party with the special intention of repressing outrage against the M'Loughlin's, whom he very much respected—having caught him by the neck, shook the word back again, as he were, into his very throat.

"You ill tongued drunken ruffian," said he, "if you don't hold your scoundrelly tongue, I'll pitch your head foremost out of the house. We must search, Mrs. M'Loughlin," said Irwin, "but it will be done as quietly as possible."

They then proceeded through all the rooms, into which, singular as it may appear, they scarcely looked, until they came into that in which we left Mary M'Loughlin and Phil. The moment this worthy young gentlemen heard their approach, he immediately shut the door, and, with all the seeming trepidation and anxiety of a man who feared discovery, bustled about, and made a show of preparing to resist their entrance. On coming to the door, therefore, they found it shut, and every thing apparently silent within.

"Open the door," said Irwin, "we want to search for arms."

"Ah! boys," said Phil in a whisper through the key-hole, "pass on if you love me—I give you my word of honour that there's no arms here but a brace that its worth any money to be locked in."

"We must open, Mr. Phil," said Sharpe, "you know our ordhers. By Japurs," said he, in a side voice to the rest, "the fellow wasn't poastin' at all; it's true enough—I'll hould goold he was right, and that we'll find her inside with him."

"When I see it, I'll believe it," said Irwin, "but not till then. Open, Sir," said he, "open, if all's right."

"Oh, d—n it, boys," said Phil again, "this is too bad—honour bright:—surely you wouldn't expose us, especially the girl." At the same time he withdrew his shoulder from the door, which flew open, and discovered him striving to soothe and console Miss M'Loughlin, who had not yet recovered her alarm and agitation, so as to understand the circumstances which took place about her. In fact, she had been in that description of excitement which, without taking away animation, leaves the female (for it is peculiar to the sex) utterly incapable of taking any thing more than a vague cognizance of that which

occurs before her eyes. The moment she and P. were discovered together, not all Irwin's influence could prevent the party from indulging in a shout of triumph. This startled her, and was, indeed, the means of restoring her to perfect consciousness, and a full perception of her situation.

"What is this," she inquired, "and why is it that a peaceable house is filled with armed men? and you Mr. M'Clutchy, for what treacherous purpose do you intrude into my private room?"

M'Loughlin himself, from a natural dread of collision between his sons and the licentious yeomanry and trusting to the friendship and steadiness of Irwin, literally stood sentinel at the parlour door and prevented them from accompanying the others in the search.

"My darling Mary," said Phil, "it's too late now, you see, to speak in this tone—we're caught that's all, found out, and be cursed to these fellows. If they had found us any where else but in your bed-room, I didn't so much care; however, it can't be helped now."

As he spoke he raised his eye-brows from time to time at his companions, and winked with an expression of triumph so cowardly and diabolical, that it is quite beyond our ability to describe it. They, in

the mean time, winked and nodded in return, laughed heartily, and poked one another in the ribs.

"Bravo, Mr. Phil!—success, Captain!—more power to you!"

"Come now, boys," said Phil, "let us go. Mary, my darling, I must leave you; but we'll meet again where they can't disturb us—stand round me, boys, for, upon my honour and soul, these hot-headed fellows of brothers of her's will knock my brains out, if you don't guard me well; here, put me in the middle of you—good by, Mary, never mind this, we'll meet again."

However anxious M'Loughlin had been to prevent the possibility of angry words or blows between his sons and these men, still the extraordinary yell which accompanied the discovery of young M'Clutchy in his daughter's bed-room, occasioned him to relax his vigilance, and rush to the spot, after having warned and urged them to remain where they were. Notwithstanding his remonstrances, they followed his footsteps, and the whole family, in fact, reached her door as Phil uttered the last words.

"Great God! what is this," exclaimed her father, "how came M'Clutchy, Val the Vulture's son, into my daughter's sleeping room? How came you here, Sir?" he added sternly, "explain it."

Not even a posse of eighteen armed men, stand in a circle about him, each with a cocked and loaded pistol in his hand, could prevent the cowardly and craven soul of him from quailing before the eye of her indignant father. His face became, like a sheet of paper, perfectly bloodless, and his eye sank as if it were never again to look from the earth, or in direction of the blessed light of heaven.

"Ah!" he proceeded, "you are, indeed, your treacherous, cowardly, and cruel father's son; you cannot raise your eye upon me, and neither could Mary," he proceeded, addressing his daughter, "how did this treacherous scoundrel get into your room? tell the truth—but that I need not add, I know you will."

His daughter had been standing for some time in a posture that betrayed neither terror nor apprehension. Raised to her full height, she looked up at M'Clutchy and his men alternately, but principally upon himself, with a smile which in truth was fearful. Her eyes brightened into clear and piercing fire, the roundness of her beautiful arm was extended by the coming forth of its muscles—her hand became firm—her cheek heightened in colour—and her temples were little less than scarlet. There she stood with a concentration of scorn, contempt, and hatred.

most intense, pouring upon the dastardly villain an unbroken stream of withering fury, that was enough to drive back his cowardly soul into the deepest and blackest recesses of its own satanic baseness. Her father, in fact, was obliged to address her twice, before he could arrest her attention; for such was the measureless indignation which her eye poured upon him, that she could scarcely look upon any other object.

"My child, did you hear me?" said her father. "How did this heartless and down-looking scoundrel get into your apartment?"

She looked quickly upon her father's features—

"How?" said she; "how but by treachery, falsehood, and fraud? Is he not Val M'Clutchy's son, my dear father?"

Her brothers had not yet uttered a syllable, but stood like their sister with flushed cheeks and burning indignation in their eyes. On hearing what their sister had just said, however, as if they had all been moved by the same impulse, thought, or determination—as in truth they were—their countenances became pale as death—they looked at each other significantly—then at Phil—and they appeared very calm, as if relieved—satisfied; but the expression of the eye darkened into a meaning that was dreadful to look upon.

"That is enough, my child," replied her father ;
"I suppose, my friends, you are now satisfied——."

"Yes, by h—l," shouted Burke, "we are now satisfied."

Irwin had him again by the neck—"Silence," said he, "or, as heaven's above me, I'll drive your brainless skull in with the but of my pistol."

"You are satisfied," continued M'Loughlin, "that there are no arms here. I hope you will now withdraw. As for you, treacherous and cowardly spawn of a treacherous and cowardly father, go home and tell him to do his worst—that I scorn and defy him—that I will live to see him—— ; but I am wrong—he is below our anger, and I will not waste words upon him."

"You will find you have used a thrifle too many, for all that," said another of them ; "when he hears them, you may be sure he'll put them in his pocket for you—as hear them he will."

"We don't care a d——n," said another, "what he does to blackguard Papishes, so long as he's a right good Orangeman, and a right good Protestant too."

"Come now," said Irwin, "our duty is over—let us start for home ; we have no further business here."

"Won't you give us something to drink?" asked a new voice; I think we deserve it for our civility. We neither broke doors nor furniture, nor stabbed either bed or bed-clothes. We treated you well, and if you're decent you'll treat us well."

"Confound him," said a fresh hand; "I'd not drink his cursed Papish whiskey. Sure the Papishes gets the priest to christen it for them. I wouldn't drink his cursed Papish whiskey."

"No—nor I," said several voices;—upon which a loud and angry dispute arose among them, as to whether it were consistent with true loyalty, and the duties of a staunch Protestant and Orangeman, to drink "Papish liquor," as they termed it, at all.

Irwin, who joined the negative party, insisted strongly that it would be disgraceful for any man who had drunk the glorious, pious, and immortal memory, ever to contaminate his loyal lips with whiskey that had been made a Papish of by the priest. This carried the argument, otherwise it is hard to say what mischief might have arisen, had they heightened their previous intoxication.

Phil, during this short dialogue, still retained his place in the centre of his friends; but from time to time he kept glancing from under his eye-brows at Loughlin and his sons, in that spaniel-like man-

ner, which betrays a consciousness of offence and a dread of punishment.

Irwin now caused them to move off; and, indeed, scarcely any thing could be more ludicrous than the utter prostration of all manly feeling upon the part of the chief offender. On separating, the same baleful and pallid glances were exchanged between the brothers, who clearly possessed an instinctive community of feeling upon the chief incident of the night—we mean that of finding M'Clutchy in their sister's bed-room. Irwin noticed their mute, motionless, but ghastly resentment, as did Phil himself, who, whether they looked at him or not, felt that their eyes were upon him, and that come what might, so long as he remained in the country he was marked as their victim. This consciousness of his deserts was not at all lessened by the observations of Irwin upon his conduct; for be it known, that although there subsisted a political bond that caused Phil and the violent spirits of the neighbourhood to come frequently together, yet nothing could exceed the contempt which they felt for him in his private and individual capacity.

“Brother M'Clutchy,” said Irwin, “I'm afraid you've made a bad night's work of it. By the moon above us, I wouldn't take the whole Castle Cumber

property and stand in your shoes from this night out."

"Why so?" said Phil, who was now safe, and beyond their immediate reach; "why so, Irwin? I'll tell you what, Irwin; d——n my honour, but I think you're cowardly. Did you see how steady I was to-night? Not a syllable escaped my lips; but, zounds, didn't you see how my eye told?"

"Faith, I certainly did, brother Phil, and a devilish bad tale it told too for yourself. Your father has promised me a new lease, with your life in it; but after this night, and after what I saw, I'll beg to have your name left out of *that* transaction."

"But didn't you see, George," returned Phil, "that a man of them durstn't look me in the face? They couldn't stand my eye; upon my honour, they couldn't."

"Ay," said Burke, "that's because they're Papishes. A rascally Papish can never look a Protestant in the face."

"Well but," said Phil, "you would not believe that the girl was so fond of me as she is, until you saw it. I knew very well they had no arms; so as I wished to give you an opportunity of judging for yourselves, I put the journey upon that footing."

"Well," said Irwin, "we shall see the upshot—that's all."

They then escorted Phil home, after which they dispersed.

When M'Loughlin's family assembled in the parlour, after their departure, a deep gloom brooded over them for some minutes. Mary herself, was the first to introduce the incident which gave them so much distress, and in which she herself had been so painfully involved. She lost not a moment, therefore, in relating fully and candidly the whole nature of her intercourse with Poll Doolin, and the hopes held out to her of Harman's safety, through Phil M'Clutchy. At the same time, she expressed in forcible language, the sacrifice of feeling which it had cost her, and the invincible disgust with which she heard his very name alluded to. She then simply related the circumstance of his entering her room through the open window, and her belief, in consequence of the representations of Poll Doolin, that he did so, out of his excessive anxiety to prevent bloodshed by the troopers—the trampling of whose horses' feet, and the ringing of whose arms had so completely overpowered her with the apprehension of violence, that she became incapable of preventing

[Clutchy's entrance, or even of uttering a word for two or three minutes.

"However," said she, "I now see their design, which was to ruin my reputation, and throw a stain upon my character and good name. So far, I fear, they have succeeded."

Tears then came to her relief, and she wept long and bitterly.

"Do not let it trouble you, my darling," said her father. "Your conscience and heart are innocent, and that is a satisfaction greater than any thing can deprive you of. You were merely wrong in not letting us know the conversation that took place between Poll Doolin and you ; because, although you did not know it, we could have told you, that Poll is a woman that no modest female ought to speak to in a private way. There was your error, Mary ; but the heart was right with you, and there's no one here going to blame you for a fault that you didn't know to be one."

Mary started on hearing this account of Poll Doolin, for she felt now that the interviews she had with her, were calculated to heighten her disgrace, when taken in connection with the occurrences of the night. Her brothers, however, who knew her truth

and many virtues, joined their parents in comforting and supporting her ; but without the success which they could have wished. The more she thought of the toils and snares that had been laid for her, the more her perception of the calamity began to gain strength, and her mind to darken. She became restless, perplexed, and feverish—her tears ceased to flow—she sighed deeply, and seemed to sink into that most withering of maladies, dry grief, which, in her case, was certainly the tearless anguish of the heart. In this state she went to bed, conscious of her own purity ; but, by no means, in its full extent, of the ruined reputation to which she must awake on the succeeding day.

Mary's brothers, with the exception of the words in which they joined their father and mother in consoling her, scarcely uttered a syllable that night—the same silent spirit, be it of good or evil, remained upon them. They looked at each other, however, from time to time, and seemed to need no other interpreter of what passed within them, but their own wild and deep-meaning glances. This did not escape their father, who was so much struck, perhaps alarmed, by it, that he very properly deemed it his duty to remonstrate with them on the subject.

“Boys,” said he, “I don’t understand your conduct this night, and, above all, I don’t understand your looks—or rather, I think I do, I’m afraid I do—but, listen to me, remember that revenge belongs to God. You know what the Scripture says, ‘Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it.’ Leave that bad son of a worse father to God.”

“He has destroyed Mary’s reputation,” said John, the eldest; “I might, possibly, forgive him if he had killed her like a common murderer, but, he has destroyed our pure hearted sister’s reputation, ha, ha, ha.” The laugh that followed these last words came out so unexpectedly, abruptly, and wildly, that his father and mother both started. He then took the poker in his hands, and, with a smile at his brothers, in which much might be read, he clenched his teeth, and wound it round his arm with apparent ease. “If I got ten thousand pounds,” said he, “I could not have done that two hours ago, but I can now—are you satisfied?” said he to his brothers.

“Yes, John,” they replied, “we are satisfied—that will do.”

“Yes,” he proceeded, “I could forgive anything but that. The father’s notice to us to quit the holding on which we and our forefathers lived so

long, and expended so much money—and his refusal to grant us a lease, are nothing:—now we could forgive all that; but this, this—oh, I have no name for it—the language has not words to express it—but—well, well, no matter for the present. If the cowardly scoundrel would fight?—but he won't, for the courage is not in him.”

CHAPTER XV.

INTRODUCTION OF A NEW CHARACTER—OBJECTS OF AN
ENGLISH TRAVELLER — CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN
EVORY EASEL, ESQ., AND SAM SPINAGEBERD ESQ.—
SUSANNA AND THE ELDER ; OR, THE CONVENTICLE IN
TROUBLE—PHIL'S GALLANTRY AND COURAGE.

It was about eleven o'clock the next day, that a person in the garb of a gentleman, that is, the garb was a plain one enough, but the air of the person who wore it was evidently that of a man who had seen and mingled in respectable life, was travelling towards Spring Field, the residence of Mr. Hickman, when he overtook two females, one of whom was dressed in such a way as made it clear that she wished to avoid the risk of being known. She was a little above the middle size, and there could be little doubt, from the outline of her figure, that, in the opinion of unsuspicious people, she had reached the dignity of a matron. Her companion was dressed in faded black, from top to toe, and from the expression

of her thin, sallow face, and piercing black eyes, there could be little doubt she had seen a good deal of the world, as it exists in rustic life. The person who overtook these two females carried a portfolio, and appeared to observe the country and its scenery, and he went along, with marked attention.

"Pray, ma'am," said he, "whose is that fine building to the right, which appears to be going to ruin? It is evidently not inhabited."

"You're a stranger in the place, then," replied the female, "or you surely might know Cumber House, where our old Tom Topertoe used to live before the union came. He was made a lord for sellin' our parliament, and now his son, the present lord, is leadin' a blessed life abroad, for he never shows his face here."

"He is an absentee, then?"

"To be sure he is, and so is every man of the name now, barrin' an odd one. The country's deserted, and although business is lookin' up a little—take your time, Susanna, we needn't be in such a hurry now—although, as I said, business is lookin' up a little, still it's nothing to what it was when the gentlemen lived at home wid us."

"Who is agent to this Lord Cumber, pray?"

"A blessed boy, by all accounts, but that's

I'll say about him—I know him too well to make him my enemy."

"Why, is he not popular—is he not liked by the tenantry?"

"Oh, Lord, to be sure—they doat upon him; and, indeed, no wondher, he's so kind and indulgent to the poor. To tell you the thruth, he's a great blessin' to the country."

"That, to be sure, is very satisfactory—and, pray, if I may take the liberty, who is his law agent, or has he one?"

"Why, another blessed—hem—a very pious, devout man, named Mr. Solomon M'Slime, an attorney—but, indeed, an attorney that almost shames the bible itself, he's so religious. Isn't he, Susanna?"

"He hath good gifts; if he doth not abuse them."

"Religion is certainly the best principle in life, if sincerely felt, and not prostituted or made a mask of."

"A mask! isn't that, Sir, a thing that people put on and off their face, according as it may suit them."

"Just so, Madam; you have exactly described it."

"Oh, the devil a mask ever he made of it, then, for he never lays it aside at all. He has kept it on so steadily, that, I'll take my oath, if he was to throw it off now, he wouldn't know himself in the

looking glass, it's so long since he got a glimpse of his own face."

"Lord Cumber must be a happy man to have two such valuable agents upon his property."

"Talkin' of Lord Cumber and his property, if you wish to know all about them, here's your chance. He's comin' over by the cross road here—he's goin' to M'Clutchy's, I suppose, and, as you appear to be goin' in the same direction, I'll hand you over to him. Good morrow, Darby!"

"Good morrow, kindly, Poll, and—eh—what's this you've got wid you?" he continued, eyeing Susanna, "a stranger to me, any how. Well, I don't know, and how are you?"

"There's no use in complainin', Darby; you're muddin'—and how is yourself?"

"Throth, Poll, I've a lump in my stomach, and I fear will settle me yet, if I don't get it removed somehow. But, sure, the hathens, I forgive them. In the mean time he slyly rubbed his nose and winked both eyes, as he looked towards Susanna much as to say, "I know all."

Poll, however, declined to notice the recognition, but renewed the discourse.

"Why, Darby, how did the lump come into your stomach? Faith, in these hard times, there's m

THE IRISH AGENT.

a poor devil would be glad to have such a complaint,—eh?”

“And, is it possible, you didn’t hear it?” he asked with surprise, “howandever, you shall. I was carrying a letther from Mr. M’Slime, that good, pious crature”—another shrewd look at Susanna, “Mr. M’Slime to Mr. M’Clutchy, another good gintleman, too, and who should attack me on the way but that turncoat hathen Bob Beatty, wid a whole posse of idolathers at his heels. They first abused me because I left them in their darkness, and then went to search me for writs, swearin’ that they’d make me ait every writ I happened to have about me. Now, I didn’t like to let Mr. M’Slime’s letther fall into their hands, and, accordingly I tore it up and swallowed it, jist in ordher to disappoint the hathens. Howandever, I’m sufferin’ for it, but sure you know, Poll, it’s our duty—I don’t mane your’s, for you’re a hathen and idolather still—but mine; it’s my duty to suffer for the thruth, any how.”

Poll’s laughter was loud and vehement on hearing these sentiments from a man she knew so well; but, to tell the truth, Darby, who felt that, in consequence of his last interview with Lucre, he was in for it, came to the resolution of doing it heavy, as they say, or, in other words, of going the whole hog.

"This appears to be a strange country," observed the traveller.

"Wait," said Poll, "till you come to know it, you'll say that."

"No but wait," observed Darby, "till *the spr* comes, and then you may say it."

"What do you mean by *the spread*?" asked stranger.

"Why, the spread o' the gospel—of religion be sure," replied Darby; "and in this counth he added, "a glorious spread it is, the Lord praised! Are you thravellin' far in this direct Sir, wid simmission?"

"I am going as far as Springfield, the residence of a Mr. Hickman, to whom I have a letter of introduction. Do you know him?"

"He was agent on this property," replied Darby "but Mr. M'Clutchy came afther him; and, indeed, the tenants is mighty well satisfied wid the character of Mr. Hickman, Sir, was next to a hathen—made no difference in life between an idolather and a loyal Protestant; but Mr. M'Clutchy, on the other hand, knows how to lean to his own, as he ought to do. And in regard o' that, I'd advise you, when you see Mr. Hickman, jist to be on your guard as to what he may say about the Castle Cumber property,"

them that's employed an it. Between you and me, he's not over scrupulous, and don't be surprized if he lays it hot and heavy on Mr. M'Clutchy, and others, not forgettin' your humble servant, merely in regard of our honesty and loyalty, for I'm a staunch Protestant myself, glory be to God, and will support the Castle Cumber inthrest through thick and thin. Now, Sir," he added, "there's two ways to Hickman's; and between you and me agin, Mr. Hickman is a real gentleman, exceptin' his little failings about M'Clutchy; but who is widout them? I dunna, but it would be as well if he had remained agent still; and when you see him, if you happen to say that Darby O'Drive tould you so, I think he'll undherstand you. Well—there's two ways, as I said, to his place—one is by this road, that turns to the right—which, indeed, is the shortest—the other is by Constitution Cottage, which is M'Clutchy's place, where I am goin' to."

The stranger, after thanking Darby for his information, took the shorter road, and in about an hour or so reached Springfield.

It is not our intention to detail his interview with Mr. Hickman. For the present it is sufficient to say, that he produced to that gentleman a letter of introduction from Lord Cumber himself, who re-

moved all mystery from about him, by stating that he was an English artist, who came over on a foolish professional tour, to see and take sketches of the country, as it appeared in its scenery, as well as in the features, character, and costume of its inhabitants. He had also introductions to M'Clutchy, M'Slime, Squire Deaker, Mr. Lucre, and several other prominent characters of the neighbourhood.

As this gentleman amused himself by keeping an accurate and regular journal of all events connected with the Castle Cumber property, or which occurred on it, we feel exceedingly happy in being able to lay these important chronicles before our readers, satisfied as we are, that they will be valued, at least on the other side of the channel, exactly in proportion to the scanty opportunities he had of becoming acquainted with our language, manners, and character. The MS. is now before us, and the only privilege we reserve to ourselves, is simply to give his dialogue an Irish turn, and to fill up an odd chasm here and there, occasioned by his ignorance of circumstances which have come to our knowledge through personal cognizance, and various other sources. The journal now in our possession is certainly the original one; but we know that copies of it were addressed successively, as the events oc-

urred, to a gentleman in London, named Spinageberd, under cover to Lord Cumber himself, who kindly gave them the benefit of his Frank, during the correspondence. Our friend the journalist, as the reader will perceive, does not merely confine himself to severe facts, but gives us all the hints, anecdotal, and rumours of the day, both personal, religious, and political. With these, our duty is simply to confirm or contradict them where we can, and where we cannot, to leave them just as we found them, resting upon their intrinsic claims to belief or otherwise. Having premised thus far, we beg leave to introduce to our readers' special acquaintance, Evory Easel, Esq., an English Artist and Savan, coming to do a portion of the country, ladies and gentlemen, as has been often done before.

BATCH No. I.

Evory Easel, Esq, to Sam Spinageberd, Esq.

"OLD SPINAGEBERD,

"Here I am, at last, in the land of fun and fighting—mirth and misery—orange and green. I would have written to you a month ago, but, that such a course was altogether out of my calculation. The moment I arrived, I came to the determination

of sauntering quietly about, but confining myself to a certain locality, listening to, and treasuring up whatever I could see or hear, without yet availing myself of Lord Cumber's introductions, in order to form my first impressions of the country and the people, might result from personal observation, and not from the bias, which accounts heard here from one party, might be apt to produce. First, then, let me see the folly, not to say the injustice, which I might say, of a landlord placing his property under the management of a furious partizan, whose opinions, political and religious, are not merely at variance with, but totally opposed to, those whose interests are entrusted to his impartiality and honesty. In the management of a property circumstanced as that of Castle Cumber is, where the population is divided one half Roman Catholic, and the other half Protestant and Presbyterian, between us, any man, my dear Spinageberd, not a fool or a knave, might see the madness of employing a fellow who professes himself an enemy to the creed of one portion of the tenantry, and a staunch supporter of their opposite. Is this fair, or can justice originate in its pursuit from such a source? Is it reasonable to suppose that the Roman Catholic tenantry, who, whatever they may bear, are impatient of any insult or injustice?

to their creed, or, which is the same thing, to themselves on account of that creed,—is it reasonable, I say, to suppose that such a people could rest satisfied with a man who acts towards them only through the medium of his fierce and ungovernable prejudices? Is it not absurd to imagine for one moment that property can be fairly administered through such hands, and, if not property, how much less justice itself. You may judge of my astonishment, as an Englishman, when I find that the administration of justice is in complete keeping with that of property; for, I find it an indisputable fact, that nineteen magistrates, out of every twenty, are Orangemen, or party men of some description opposed to Roman Catholic principles. And, yet, the Roman Catholic party are expected to exhibit attachment to the government which not merely deprives them of their civil rights, but literally places the execution of the laws in the hands of their worst and bitterest enemies. I say so deliberately; for I find that nothing so strongly recommends a man to the office of magistrate, or, indeed, to any office under government, as the circumstance of being a strong, conspicuous anti-Catholic. In writing to you, my dear Spinageberd, you may rest assured that I will use no expression to nothing but truths which are too

well known to be contradicted. The subject of property in Ireland, is one, which, in as much as it is surrounded with great difficulties, is also entitled to great consideration.

“ If there be any one prejudice in the character of an Irish peasant stronger or more dangerous than another—and he has many, they say, that are both strong and dangerous—it is that which relates to property and the possession of it. This prejudice, is indeed, so conscious of its own strength, and imbued in this opinion with so deep a conviction of its justice, that, in ordinary circumstances, it scorns the aid of all collateral and subordinate principles, and even flings religion aside, as an unnecessary ally. Injustice, therefore, or oppression, or partiality in the administration of property, constitutes the greatest crime known to the agrarian law, and is consequently resisted by the most unmitigable and remorseless punishment. The peasant who feels, or believes himself to be treated with injustice, or cruelty, never pauses to reflect upon the religion of the man whom he looks upon as his oppressor. He will shoot a Catholic landlord or agent from behind a hedge, with as much good-will as he would a Protestant. Indeed, in general he will prefer a Protestant landlord to those of his own creed, knowing

well, as he does, that the latter, where they are possessed of property, constitute the very worst class of landlords in the kingdom. As religion, therefore, is not at all necessarily mixed up with the Irishman's prejudices on this subject—it is consequently both dangerous and wicked to force it to an adhesion with so dreadful a principle as that which resorts to noon-day or midnight murder. This is unfortunately what such fellows as this M'Clutchy do. They find the Irish peasant with but one formidable prejudice, in relation to property, and by a course of neglect, oppression, and rapacity, joined to all the malignant rancour of religious bigotry, and party feeling, they leave him goaded by a hundred. I believe in my soul that there are many fire-brands like M'Clutchy in this country, who create the crime, in order to have the gratification of punishing it, and of wreaking a legal vengeance upon the unfortunate being who has been guilty of it, in order that they may recommend themselves as loyal men to the government of the day. If this be so, how can the country be peaceable? If it be peaceable, such men can have no opportunity of testing their loyalty, and if they do not test their loyalty, they can have no claim upon the government, and having no claim upon the government, they will get

nothing from it. The day will come, I hope, when the very existence of men like these, and of the system which encouraged them, will be looked upon with disgust and wonder—when the government of our country will make no invidious distinctions of creed or party, and will not base the administration of its principles upon the encouragement of hatred between man and man.

“ Hickman, the former agent, was the first to whom I presented Lord Cumber’s letter. He is a gentleman by birth, education, and property; a man of a large and liberal mind, well stored with information, and has the character of being highly, if not punctiliously honourable. His age is about fifty-five, but owing to his regular and temperate habits of life, and in this country temperance is a virtue indeed, he scarcely looks beyond forty. Indeed, I may observe by the way, that in this blessed year of —, the after dinner indulgences of the Irish squirearchy, who are the only class that remain in the country, resemble the drunken orgies of Silenus and his satyrs, more than any thing else to which I can compare them. The conversation is in general licentious, and the drinking beastly; and I don’t know after all, but the Irish are greater losers by their example than they would be by their absence.

“On making inquiries into the state and management of this property, I found Hickman actuated by that fine spirit of gentlemanly delicacy, which every one, rich and poor, attribute to him. M’Clutty having succeeded him, he very politely declined to enter into the subject at any length, but told me that I could be at no loss in receiving authentic information on a subject so much and so painfully evaded. I find it is a custom in this country for agents to lend money to their employers, especially when they happen to be in a state of considerable embarrassment, by which means the unfortunate landlord is seldom able to discharge or change his agent, should he misconduct himself; and is consequently saddled with a vampyre probably for life, or while there is any blood to be got out of him. Hickman, who has other agencies, makes it a point of principle never to lend money to a landlord, by which means he avoids those imputations which are frequently and justly brought against those who add upon the embarrassments of their employers, in order to get them into their power.

“May 13.—There are two newspapers in the town of Castle Cumber, conducted upon opposite principles; one of them is called *The Castle Cumber Free Blue*, and is the organ of the Orange Tory

party, and the High Church portion of the Establishment. The other advocates the cause of Presbyterians, Dissenters, and gives an occasional lift to the Catholics. There is also a small party here, which, however, is gaining ground every day, called the Evangelical, an epithet adopted for the purpose of distinguishing them from the more worldly and political High Churchmen, who, together with all the loyalty and wealth, have certainly all the indifference to religion and most of the secular and ecclesiastical corruptions that have disgraced the Church, and left it little better than a large mass of bribes in the hands of the English minister. In such a state of things, you may judge how that grace, piety, is rewarded. There is, besides, nothing such thing to be found in this country as an Irish bishop, nor, is a bishop ever appointed for his learning or his piety; on the contrary, the ruling principle of their elevation to the mitre, is either political, or family influence, or both. I wish I could stop here, but I cannot; there are, unfortunately, still more flagitious motives for their appointment. English ministers have been found, who were so strongly influenced by respect for the religion and Church Establishment of the Irish, they have not blushed to promote men,

were the convenient instruments of their own profligacy, to some of the richest Sees in the kingdom. But I am travelling out of my record ; so to return. The name of the second paper is the Genuine Patriot, and Castle Cumber Equivocal ; this last Journal is, indeed, sorely distressed between the Catholic and Evangelical parties. The fact is, that the Evangelicals entertain such a horror of Popery, as a spiritual abomination, that they feel highly offended that *their* advocate should also be the advocate of Old Broadbottom, as the Orangemen call the Pope ; in consequence, they say, of his sitting upon seven hills. The editors of these papers are too decidedly opposed in general, to be on bad terms with each other ; or, to speak more intelligibly, they are not on the same side, and consequently do not hate each other as they ought and would. The town of Castle Cumber, like every other country town, is one mass of active and incessant scandal ; and, it not unfrequently happens that the True Blue will generously defend an individual on the opposite side, and the Genuine Patriot fight for a High Churchman. The whole secret of this, however, is, that it is the High Churchman who writes in the Patriot, and the Evangelical in the True Blue, each well knowing that a defence by an opposing paper, is worth more

than one by his favourite organ. In the instance I am about to specify, however, the case was otherwise, each paper adhering to the individual of his own principles. On taking up the True Blue I read the following passage, to which I have fortunately obtained a key that will make the whole matter quite intelligible. The article was headed :—

“Susanna and the Elder ; or the Conventicle in trouble.

“ ‘ For some time past we regret, sincerely regret, as Christian men, that a rumour has, by degrees, been creeping into circulation, which, we trust, is like most rumours of the kind, without foundation. The reputation of a very pious professional gentleman, well known for his zeal and activity in the religious world, is said to be involved in it, but, we trust, untruly. The gentleman in question, has, we know, many enemies ; and, we would fain hope, that this is merely some evil device, fabricated by the adversaries of piety and religion. The circumstances alluded to are briefly these. Susanna, says the evil tongue of rumour, was a religious young person, residing in the character of children’s maid, in the family. She was of decided piety, and never known to be absent from morning and evening worship ; it seems, besides, that she is young, comely, and very agreeable, indeed, to the mere secular eye. Her symmetry

had been remarkable, but, indeed, female graces are seldom long lived; she is not now, it seems, in the respectable gentleman's family alluded to, and her friends are anxious to see her, but cannot. So the idle story goes, but we hesitate not to say that it originates in the vindictive malice of some concealed enemy, who envies the gentleman in question his pure and unsullied reputation. We would not, ourselves advert to it at all, but that we hope it may meet his eye, and prompt him to take the earliest measures to contradict and refute it, as we are certain he will and can do.'

"This was all exceedingly kind, and certainly so very charitable, that the Equivocal could not, with any claim to Christian principles, suffer itself to be outdone in that blessed spirit of brotherly love and forgiveness, which, it trusted, always characterized its pages.

" 'We are delighted,' it said, 'at the mild and benevolent tone in which, under the common misconception, a little anecdote, simple and harmless in itself, was uttered. Indeed we smiled—but we trust the smile was that of a Christian—on hearing our respected and respectable contemporary doling out the mistake of a child, with such an air of solemn interest in the reputation of a gentleman whose

name and character are beyond the reach of either calumny or envy. The harmless misconception on which, by a chance expression, the silly rumour was founded, is known to all the friends of the gentleman in question. He himself, however, being one of those deep feeling Christians, who are not insensible to the means which are often resorted to, for wise purposes, in order to try us, and prove our faith, is far from looking on the mistake—as, in the weakness of their own strength, many would do—as a thing to be despised and contemned. No; he receives it as a warning, it may be, for him to be more preciously alive to his privileges, and to take care when he stands lest he might fall. Altogether therefore, he receives this thing as an evidence that he is cared for, and that it is his duty to look upon it as an awakening of his perhaps too worldly and forgetful spirit, to higher and better duties; and so, then will it prove a blessing unto him, and will not have been given in vain. We would not, therefore, be outdone even in charity by our good friend of the True Blue; and we remember that what about six months ago, he was said to have been found in a state scarcely compatible with sobriety in the channel of Castle Cumber main street, opposite the office door of the Equivocal, on his way

home from an Orange Lodge, we not only aided him, as was our duty, but we placed the circumstance in its proper light—a mere giddiness in the head, accompanied by a total prostration of physical strength, to both of which even the most temperate and sober, are *occasionally* liable. The defect of speech, accompanied by a strong tendency to lethargy, we accounted for at the time, by a transient cessation or paralysis of the tongue, and a congestion of blood on the brain, all of which frequently attack persons of the soberest habits. Others might have said it was intoxication, or drunkenness, and so might his character have been injured ; but when his incapacity to stand was placed upon its proper footing, the matter was made perfectly clear, and there was, consequently, no doubt about it. So easy is it to distort a circumstance, that is harmless and indifferent in itself, into a grievous fault, especially where there is not Christian charity to throw a cloak over it.’

“Such is a specimen of two paragraphs—one from each paper ; and considering that the subject was a delicate one, and involving the character of a professor, we think it was as delicately handled on both sides as possible. I am told it is to be publicly alluded to to-morrow in the congregation of which the

subject of it, a Mr. Solomon M'Slime, an Attorney is an Elder—a circumstance which plainly account for the heading of the paragraph in the True Blue.

“There were, however, about a week or ten day ago, a couple of paragraphs in the True Blue—which, by the way, is Mr. M'Clutchy's favourite paper—of a very painful description. There is highly respectable man here, named M'Loughlin—and you will please to observe, my dear Spinageberd, that this M'Loughlin is respected and well spoken of by every class and party; remember that, I say. This man is a partner with a young fellow named Harman, who is also very popular with all parties. Harman, it seems, was present at some scene up in the mountains, where M'Clutchy's blood-hounds, as they are called from their ferocity when on duty, had gone to take a man suspected of murder. At all events, one of the blood-hounds in the struggle—for they were all armed, as they usually are—lost his life by the discharge—said to be accidental; but sworn to be otherwise, before Mr. Magistrate M'Clutchy—of a loaded carbine. He was to have been tried at the assizes which have just terminated; but his trial has been postponed until the next assizes, it is said, for want of sufficient

evidence. Be this as it may, it seems that M'Loughlin's beautiful daughter was soon to have been married to her father's young partner, now in prison. The unfortunate girl, however, manifested the frailty of her sex; for while her former lover was led to suppose that he possessed all the fulness of her affection, she was literally carrying on a private and guilty intrigue with one of the worst looking scoundrels that ever disgraced humanity—I mean Phil, as he is called, only son to Valentine M'Clutchy—who, by the way, goes among the people under the sobriquet of Val the Vulture. I need not say what the effects of this young woman's dishonour have produced upon her family. Young M'Clutchy was seen by several to go into her own apartment, and was actually found striving to conceal himself there, by his father's blood-hounds, who had received informations that M'Loughlin had fire arms in his house. The consequence is, that the girl's reputation is gone for ever. 'Tis true the verdict against her is not unanimous. There is a woman, named Poll Doolin, mentioned, who bears a most unrelenting enmity against M'Loughlin and his family, for having transported one of her sons. She is said to have been the go between on this occasion, and that the whole thing is a cowardly and diabolical plot

between this Phil—whom the girl, it seems, refused to marry before—and herself. I don't know how this may be; but the damning fact of this ugly scoundrel having been seen to go into her room, with her own consent, and being found there, attempting to conceal himself, by his father's cavalry, over-weighs, in my opinion, any thing that can be said, in her favour. As it is, the family are to be pitied, and she herself, it seems, is confined to her bed with either nervous or brain fever; I don't know which—but the disclosure of the intrigue has had such an effect upon her mind, that it is scarcely thought she will recover it. Every one who knew her is astonished at it; and what adds to the distress of her and her family is, that Harman, whose cousin was an eye-witness to the fact of her receiving Phil into her chamber, has written both to her and them, stating that he is aware of her perfidy, and that henceforth he renounces her for ever.

There have also been strong rumours touching the insolvency of the firm of M'Loughlin and Harman, and, it is to be feared, that this untoward exposure will injure them, even in a wordly point of view. In the *True Blue* there are two paragraphs of the following stamp—paragraphs that certainly deserve to get the ears of those who either wrote or published them, cropped off their heads.

‘*Unprecedented Feat of Gallantry and Courage !*

“Public rumour has already exonerated us from the delicacy which would otherwise have restrained our pen from alluding to a feat of gallantry and courage performed by a young gentleman who does not live a hundred miles from Constitution Cottage. It seems that a *laison* once subsisted between him and a young lady of great personal attractions, and, at that time, supposed (erroneously) to be entitled to a handsome dowry, considering that the fair creature worshipped at the Mallet Office, and bestows, in the exercise of her usual devotion, some soft blows upon her proud but not insensible bosom. Our readers will understand us. The young gentleman in question, however, finding that the lady had been recently betrothed to a partner of her father’s, prompted by that spirit of wanton mischief or dare devilism for which he is so remarkable, did, under very dangerous circumstances, usually renew his intimacy, and had several stolen, but consequently, sweet meetings with the charming creature. This, however, reached his father’s ears, who, on proper information, despatched a troop of his own cavalry to bring the young gentleman home—and so accurate was the intelligence received, that, on reaching her father’s house, they went directly to the young lady’s chamber, from

which they led out the object of their search, after several vain but resolute attempts to exclude them from his bower of love. This unfortunate discovery has occasioned a great deal of embarrassment in the family, and broken up the lady's intended marriage with her father's partner. But what strikes us, is the daring courage of the hero who thus gallantly risked life and limb, rather than that the lady of his love should pine in vain. Except Leander's, of old, we know of no such feat of love and gallantry in these degenerate days.'

" This other is equally malignant and vindictive.

" '*Messrs. Harman and M'Loughlin.*

" ' We shall be very happy, indeed exceedingly so, to contradict an unpleasing rumour, affecting the solvency of our respected fellow-townsmen, Messrs. Harman and M'Loughlin. We do not ourselves give any credit to such rumours; but how strange, by the way, that such an expression should drop from our pen on such a subject? No, we believe them to be perfectly solvent; or, if we err in supposing so, we certainly err in the company of those on whose opinions, we, in general, are disposed to rely. We are inclined to believe, and we think, that for the credit of so respectable a firm, it is our duty to state it, that the rumour affecting their solvency has been

mistaken for another of an almost equally painful character connected with domestic life, which, by the unhappy attachment of * * * * * to a young gentleman of a different creed and proverbially loyal principles, has thrown the whole family into confusion and distress.'

"These, my dear Spinageberd, are the two paragraphs, literally transcribed, from the True Blue, and I do not think it necessary to add any comment to them. On to-morrow I have resolved to attend the Dissenting Chapel, a place of worship where I have never yet been, and I am anxious, at all events, to see what the distinctions are between their mode of worship and that of Church of Englandism. Besides, to admit the truth, I am also anxious to see how this Solomon—this religious attorney, whose person I well know—will deport himself under circumstances which assuredly would test the firmness of most men, unless strongly and graciously sustained, as they say themselves."

CHAPTER XVI.

SOLOMON IN TROUBLE—IS PUBLICLY PRAYED FOR—HIS GRACIOUS DELIVERANCE, AND TRIUMPH—AN ORANGEMAN'S VIEW OF PROTESTANTISM, AND OF POPEERY—PHIL'S DISCRETION AND VALOUR.

“ Monday, half-past eleven o'clock.

“ MY DEAR SPINAGEBERD,

“ In pursuance of my intention, I attended the Castle Cumber Meeting-house yesterday, and must confess that I very much admire the earnest and unassuming simplicity of the dissenting ritual. They have neither the epileptical rant nor goatish impulses of the Methodists, nor the drowsy uniformity from which, not all the solemn beauty of the service, can redeem the Liturgy of the Church of England. In singing, the whole congregation generally take a part—a circumstance, which, however it may impress their worship with a proof of sincerity, certainly adds nothing to its melody.

“The paragraph of ‘Susanna and the Elder’ having taken wind, little Solomon, as they call him, attended his usual seat, with a most unusual manifestation of grace and unction beaming from his countenance. He was there early; and before the service commenced he sat with his hands locked in each other, their palms up, as was natural, but his eyes cast down, in peaceful self-communion, as was evident from the divine and ecstatic smile with which from time to time, he cast up his enraptured eyes to heaven, and sighed—sighed with an excess of happiness which was vouchsafed to but few, or, perhaps, to those depraved and uncharitable sinners who had not abroad such ungodly scandal against a champion of the faith. At all events, at the commencement of the service, the minister—a rather jolly looking man, with a good round belly apparently well lined, read out of a written paper, the following short address to those present:—

“‘The prayers of this congregation are requested from one of its most active and useful members, who is an Elder thereof. They are requested, to enable him to fight the good fight, under the sore trials of a wicked world, which have come upon him in the shape of scandal. But in as much as these dispensations are dealt out to us often for our soul’s good and

ultimate comfort, the individual in question doth not wish you to pray for a cessation of this, he trusts, benign punishment. He receives it as a token—a manifestation that out of the great congregation of the faithful that inherit the church, he—an erring individual—a frail unit, is not neglected, nor his spiritual concerns overlooked. He therefore doth not wish you to say, ‘cease Lord, this evil unto this man,’ but yea rather to beseech, that if it be for his good, it may be multiplied unto him, and that he may feel it is good for him to be afflicted. Pray, therefore, that he may be purged by this tribulation, and that like those who were placed in the furnace nine times heated, he may come out without a hair of his head singed—unhurt and rejoicing, ready again to fight the good fight, with much shouting, the rattling of chariots, and the noise of triumph and victory.’

“During the perusal of this all eyes were turned upon Solomon, whose face was now perfectly seraphic, and his soul wrapped up into the ninth heaven. Of those around him, it was quite clear that he was altogether incognizant. His eyelids were down, as before, but the smile on his face now was a perfect glory; it was unbroken, and the upturning of the eyes proceeded from, and could be, nothing less than a

of that happiness which no other eye ever had at that of Solomon's at that moment, and, which, equally certain, no heart but his could conceive. it was concluded, the psalm commenced, and, if there had been any doubt before, there could be now, that his triumph was great, and the victory over the world and his enemies obtained, whilst an accession of grace was added to that which had sustained him before. He led the psalm now with fervour of spirit and a fulness of lung which had never been heard in the chapel before; nay, he moved both head and foot to the time, as if he had wished it, and he could ascend at once to heaven. Indeed, was a victory, this was a moment of glory—here was the Christian soldier rattling in his triumphal chariot, to the sound of the drum, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer.

When the service was over, he shook hands with every one of his friends as he could, exclaiming, 'oh, what a blessed day has this been to me! what a time of trying; indeed it is good to be tried. Truly the resources of comfort were opened to my soul more abundantly than I dared to hope for, and I feel my privileges more strongly, and more of a new man within me—I am sustained and comforted, and feel that it was good for me to be here

this day—I did not hope for this, but it was graciously granted to me notwithstanding. He good, how heavenly a thing it is to be called up to suffer, especially when we are able to do so in faith and obedience. May He be praised for all. Amen Amen !'

“Now, my dear friend, who will say after all that the stage is the great school for actors? who ever saw on the boards of a theatre a more finished performance than that of Solomon M'Slime? It so happens that I am acquainted with the whole circumstances, and, consequently, can fully appreciate his talents. In the mean time, I am paying a visit to business to M'Clutchy to-morrow, that I may have an opportunity of a nearer inspection into his character. He is said to be an able, deep, vindictive and rapacious man—cowardly, but cruel—treacherous, but plausible; and without the slightest remorse of conscience to restrain him from accomplishment of any purpose, no matter how flagitious. And, yet, the cure for all this, in the eyes of his own party, is his boundless loyalty, his thorough Protestantism. No wonder the church should be no longer useful or respected, when supported only by such Protestants as Valer M'Clutchy, and his class.

“Thursday.—At a little after ten I waited upon this famous agent to the Castle Cumber property, and found him in his office, looking over an account book with his Son. He has a bad face—black, heavy, over-hanging eye-brows, and an upper lip that quivers and gets pale when engaged even in earnest conversation—his forehead is low, but broad and massive, indicating the minor accessories of intellect, together with great acuteness and cunning; altogether he has the head and face of a felon. For purposes which you shall know hereafter, I declined presenting Lord Cumber’s letter of introduction, which, I calculated, would put the fellow on his guard, deeming it more prudent to introduce myself as a stranger, anxious, if I could do so conveniently, to settle somewhere in the neighbourhood. The son’s back was towards me when I entered, and until he had finished the account at which he had been engaged, which he did by a good deal of altering and erasing, he did not deem it worth while to look about him, even at the entrance of a stranger. Having heard me express my intention of looking for a residence in the vicinity, he did me the honour of one of the most comical stares I ever saw. He is a tall fellow, above six feet, his shoulders are narrow, but round as the curve of a pot—his neck is, at least,

eighteen inches in length, on the top of which is a head, somewhat of a three cornered shape, country barber's wig block, only not so intellectual looking. His nose is short, and turned up a little to the top—his squint is awful, but then, it is peculiar to himself; for his eyes, instead of looking around as such eyes do, appear to keep a jealous and vigilant watch on each other across his nose—his chin is pointed and retreating, and from his wide mouth project immeasurable buck teeth, that lie together like a pair of tiles upon a dog kennel. Heavens! that beautiful girl—as it is said every where, Miss Loughlin is, and until now proverbially correct in her conduct and deportment—should admit such a shapen kraken as this into her apartment, at night too! After having stared at me for some time with a great deal of cunning and a great deal of interest in his countenance, he again began to pore over the blank pages of his book, as if he had been working out some difficult calculation.

“ ‘And,’ said the father, after we had been chattering for some time, ‘have you seen anything in the neighbourhood that you think would suit you?’ ”

“ ‘I am too much of a stranger, Sir,’ I replied, ‘to be able to answer in the affirmative—but I am familiar with the country and the scenery, both of which, I

immediate neighbourhood, are extremely beautiful and interesting.'

" 'They are so,' he replied, 'and the country is a fine one, certainly.'

" 'Ay,' said Phil, 'only for these cursed Papists.'

"As he spoke he looked at me very significantly, and drew three of his yellow fingers across his chin, but added nothing more. This, by the way, he did half a dozen times, and, on mentioning the circumstance, it has been suggested to me that it must have been the sign by which one Orangeman makes himself known to another.

" 'The Papists,' I replied, 'do not enter into any objection of mine against a residence in the neighbourhood; but, as you, Mr. M'Clutchy, as agent of this fine property, must be well acquainted with the state and circumstances of the country, you would really confer a favour by enabling me, as a stranger, to form correct impressions of the place and people.'

" 'Then,' said he, 'in the first place allow me to ask what are your politics? As an Englishman, which I perceive you are by your accent—I take it for granted that you are a Protestant.'

" 'I am a Protestant certainly,' I replied, 'and a Church of England one.'

“ ‘Ay, but that’s not enough,’ said Phil, ‘that won’t do, my good Sir ; d—n my honour if it would be worth a fig in this country.’

“ ‘I am very ignorant of Irish politics, I admit,’ said I, ‘but, I trust, I am in good hands for the receipt of sound information on the subject.’

“ ‘No, no,’ continued Phil, ‘that’s nothing—to be a mere Church of England man, or a Church of Ireland man either, would never do here, I tell you. Upon my honour, but that’s doctrine !’

“ ‘Well, but what *would* do,’ I inquired ; for I certainly felt a good deal of curiosity to know what he was coming to.

“ ‘The great principle here,’ said the son, ‘is to hate and keep down the Papists, and you can’t do that properly unless you’re an Orangeman. Hate and keep down the Papists, that’s the true religion. I pledge you my honour and reputation it is.’

“ ‘You put the principle too strong, and rather naked, Phil,’ observed the father ; ‘but the truth is, Sir,’ he added, turning to me, ‘that you may perceive that fine spirit of Protestant enthusiasm in the young man, which is just now so much wanted in, and so beneficial to, the country and the government. We must, Sir, make allowance for this in the high-spirited, and young, and ardent ; but, still, after

deducting a little for zeal and enthusiasm, he has expressed nothing but truth—with the exception, indeed, that we are not bound to hate them, Phil; on the contrary, we are bound to love our enemies.’

“‘Begging your pardon, father, I say we are bound to hate them.’

“‘Why so, Sir, may I ask,’ said I.

“‘Why so—why because—because—they—because as—aren’t they Papists, and is not that sufficient—and, again, here’s another reason still stronger, aren’t we Orangemen? Now, Sir, did you, or any one, ever hear of such a thing as a good, sound, Orangeman loving a Papist—a bloody Papist. My word and honour, but that’s good!’

“‘The truth is,’ said the father, ‘that the turbulence of their principles has the country almost ripe for insurrection. I have myself received above half a dozen notices, and my son, there, as many; some threatening life, others property, and, I suppose the result will be, that I must reside for safety in the metropolis. My house is this moment in a state of barricade—look at my windows, literally checkered with stanchion bars—and, as for arms, let me see—we have six blunderbusses, eight cases of pistols, four muskets, two carbines, with a variety of side arms, amounting to a couple of dozen. Such,

Sir, is the state of the country, owing, certainly, as my son says, to the spirit of Popery, and to the fact of my discharging my duty towards Lord Cumber with fidelity and firmness.'

" 'In that case,' I observed, 'there is little to induce any man possessing some property to reside here?'

" 'Certainly nothing,' he replied; 'but a great many inducements to get out of it.'

" 'Does Lord Cumber ever visit his property here?' I asked.

" 'He has too much sense,' returned the agent; 'but now that parliament is dissolved, he will come over to the Election. We must return either him or his brother, the Hon. Dick Topertoe, who, I understand, has no fixed principles whatsoever.'

" 'But why return such a man? Why not put up and support one of your own way of thinking?'

" 'Why, because in the first place, we must keep out Hartley, who is a liberal, and also an advocate for emancipating Popery; and, in the second, if it be bad to have no principles, like Topertoe, it is worse to have bad ones like Hartley. He'll do to stop a gap until we get better, and then unless he comes round, we'll send him adrift.'

" 'Is he in Ireland? I mean, does he reside in the country?'

“Not he, Sir; it seems he’s a wayward devil, very different from the rest of the family—and with the dash and spirit of the Topertoe blood in him.”

“In that case, he will be no great loss; but Mr. Clutchy, notwithstanding all you have said, I am much charmed with the beauty of the country, that I would gladly settle in the neighbourhood, if I could procure a suitable residence, together with a good large farm, which I would rent. Is there any thing in that way vacant on the estate?”

“At present, Sir, nothing; but it is possible there may be, and if you should remain in the country, I shall feel great pleasure in acquainting you.”

“Because I was told,” I continued, “that there were two large farms, either of which would suit me admirably; but I dare say I have been misinformed. I allude to Mr. M’Loughlin’s and Harman’s holdings, which I understand are out of lease.”

“Yes,” said he, sighing, “I am sorry for those farms; but the truth is, my good Sir, that in this country I am not a free agent. Lord Cumber, in consequence of some very accurate information that reached him, has determined to put them out of his holdings, now that their leases have expired. I

am, you know, but his agent, and cannot set up my will against his.'

" 'But could you not take their part?—could you not remonstrate with him, and set him right, rather than see injustice done to innocent men?'

" 'You surely cannot imagine, Sir, that I have not done so. Earnestly, indeed, have I begged of him to re-consider his orders, and to withdraw them; but like all the Topertoos, he is as obstinate as a mule. The consequence is, however, that whilst the whole blame of the transaction is really his, the odium will fall upon me, as it always does.'

" Here Phil, the son, who had been for the last few minutes paring away the pen with his knife, gave a sudden yelp, not unlike what a hound will utter when he gets an unexpected cut of the whip. It was certainly meant for a laugh, as I could perceive by the frightful grin which drew back his lips from his yellow projecting tusks, as his face appeared to me in the looking glass—a fact which he seemed to forget.

" 'Then, Mr. McClutchy, the farms of these men, are they disposed of?'

" 'They are disposed of; and, indeed, in any event, I could not, in justice to the landlord's in-

ests, receive the offers which M'Loughlin and Harman made me. My son here, who, as underent, feels it necessary to reside on the property, and who is about to take unto himself a wife besides, has made me a very liberal offer for M'Loughlin's holding—one, indeed, which I did not feel myself at liberty to refuse. Mr. M'Slime, our respected law agent, I considered a very proper tenant for Harman's; and that matter is also closed—by which means I secured two respectable, safe, and unobjectionable tenants, on whose votes, at all events, we can reckon, which was more than we could do with either two—both of whom had expressed their determination to vote in favour of Hartley.'

"What are the religious opinions of those men, M'Clutchy?"

"M'Loughlin is a Papist——"

"But Harman is worse," interrupted Phil; "for he is a Protestant, and no Orangeman."

"I thought," I replied, "that nothing could be so bad as a Papist, much less worse."

"Oh yes," said Phil, "that's worse; because one always knows that a Papist's a Papist—but when I find a Protestant who is not an Orangeman, to my sacred honour, you don't know what to make of him. The Papists are all cowards too."

“ ‘Then,’ said I, ‘you have the less difficulty in keeping them down.’

“ ‘Upon my soul and honour, Sir, you don’t know how a naked Papist will run from a gun and bayonet. I have often seen it.’

“ At this moment a tap came to the door, and a servant man, in Orange livery, announced a gentleman to see Mr. Philip M’Clutchy. I rose to take my departure; but Phil insisted I should stop.

“ ‘Don’t go, Sir,’ said he; ‘I have something to propose to you by and by.’ I accordingly took my seat.

“ When the gentleman entered, he looked about, and selecting Phil, bowed to him, and then to us.

“ ‘Ah, Mr. Hartley! how do you do?’ said Val, shaking hands with him; ‘and how is your cousin, whom we hope to have the pleasure of beating soon? —ha, ha, ha. Take a seat.’

“ ‘Thank you,’ said the other; ‘but the fact is, that time’s just now precious, and I wish to have a few words with Mr. Philip here.’

“ ‘What is it, Hartley? How are you, Hartley? I’m glad to see you.’

“ ‘Quite well, Phil; but if you have no objection, I would rather speak to you in another room. It’s a matter of some importance, and of some delicacy too.’

“Oh, curse the delicacy, man ; out with it.”

“I really cannot, Phil, unless by ourselves.”

They both then withdrew to the back parlour, ere, after a period of about ten minutes, Phil came rushing in, with a face on him, and in a state of excitation, utterly indescribable ; Hartley, on the other hand, cool and serious, following him.

“Phil,” said he, “think of what you are about to

Don’t exclude yourself hereafter from the rank of the privileges of a gentleman. Pause, if you respect yourself, and regard your reputation as a man of courage.’

“D——d fine talk in you—who—who’s a fire-eater, Hartley. What do you think, father —— ?” Hartley put, or rather attempted to put, his hand over his mouth, to prevent his cowardly and degrading communication ; but in vain. ‘What do you think, father,’ he continued, ‘but there’s that scoundrel, young M’Loughlin, has sent me a challenge ? Isn’t the country come to a pretty pass, when a Papist durst do such a thing ?’

“Why not a Papist ?” said Hartley. ‘Has not a Papist flesh, and blood, and bones, like another man ? Is a Papist to be insensible to insult ? Is he to sit down tamely and meanly under disgrace and injury ? Has he no soul to feel the dignity of

just resentment? Is he not to defend his sister, when her character has been basely and treacherously ruined? Is he to see her stretched on her death-bed, by your villany, and not to avenge her? By heavens, if, under the circumstances of the provocation which you gave him, and his whole family, he would be as mean and cowardly a poltroon as I find you to be—if he suffered——'

" 'Do you call me a poltroon?' said Phil, so shivering and pale, that his very voice betrayed his cowardice.

" 'Yes,' said the other, 'as arrant a poltroon as ever I met. I tell you, you must either fight him, or publish a statement of your own unparalleled disgrace. Don't think you shall get out of it.'

" 'I tell you, Sir,' said Val, 'that he shall *not* fight him. I would not suffer a son of mine to put himself on a level with such a person as young M'Loughlin.'

" 'On a level with him he never will be; for no earthly advantage could raise him to it; but pray, Mr. M'Clutchy, who are you?'

" Val's brow fell, and his lip paled and quivered, as the fine young fellow looked him steadily in the face.

" 'Never mind, him father,' said Phil; 'you know he's a fire-eater.'

“ ‘There is no use in altercations of this sort,’ replied Val, calmly. ‘As for young M’Loughlin, or old M’Loughlin, if they think themselves injured, they have the laws of the land to appeal to for redress. As for us, we will fight them with other weapons besides pistols and fire-arms.’

“ ‘D——n my honour,’ said Phil, ‘if I’d stoop to fight any Papist. Aren’t they all rebels? And what gentleman would fight a rebel?’

“ ‘Honour!’ exclaimed Hartley; ‘don’t profane that sacred word—I can have no more patience with such a craven-hearted rascal, who could stoop to such base revenge against the unsullied reputation of a virtuous and admirable girl, because she spurned your scoundrelly addresses.’

“ ‘He never paid his addresses to her,’ said Val; —never.’

“ ‘No I didn’t,” said Phil. ‘At any rate I never had any notion of *marrying* her.’

“ ‘You are a dastardly liar, Sir,’ responded Hartley. You know you had. How can your father and you look each other in the face, when you say so?’

“ ‘Go on,’ said Phil, ‘*you’re a fire eater*: so you may say what you like.’

“ ‘Didn’t your father, in your name, propose for

her upon some former occasion, in the fair of Castle Cumber, and he remembers the answer he got."

" 'Go on,' said Phil, 'you're a fire eater; that's all I have to say to you.'

" 'And now, having ruined her reputation by a base and cowardly plot, concocted with a wicked old woman, who would blast the whole family if she could, because M'Loughlin transported her felon son; you, now, like a paltry clown as you are, skulk out of the consequences of your treachery, and refuse to give satisfaction for the diabolical injury you have inflicted on the whole family.'

" 'Go on,' said Phil, 'you're a fire eater.'

" 'You forget,' said Val, 'that I am a magistrate, and what the consequences may be to yourself for carrying a hostile message.'

" 'Ah,' said Hartley, 'you are a magistrate, and shame on the government that can stoop to the degradation of raising such rascals as you are to become dispensers of justice; it is you, and the like of you, that are a curse to the country. As for you, Phil M'Clutchy, I now know, and always suspected the stuff you are made of. You are a disgrace to the very Orangemen you associate with; for they are, in general, brave fellows, although too

often cruel and oppressive when hunted on and stimulated by such as you and your rascally upstart of a father.'

" 'Go on,' said Phil, 'you are a fire eater.'

" 'I now leave you both,' continued the young Hotspur, with a blazing eye and flushed cheek, 'with the greatest portion of scorn and contempt which one man can bestow upon another.'

" 'Go off,' said Phil, 'you are a fire eater.'

" 'Phil,' said the father, 'send for M'Murt, and let him get the ejectments from M'Slime—we shall not, at all events, be insulted and bearded by Papists, or their emissaries, so long as I can clear one of them off the estate.'

" 'But, good God, Mr. M'Clutchy, surely these other papists you speak of, have not participated in the offences, if such they are, of M'Loughlin and Harman.'

" 'Ay, but they're all of the same kidney,' said Phil; 'they hate us because we keep them down.'

" 'And what can be more natural than that?' I observed; 'just reverse the matter—suppose they were in your place, and kept *you* down, would you love them for it?'

" 'Why, what kind of talk is that,' said Phil, 'they keep us down! Are they not rebels?'

“ ‘ You observed,’ I replied, getting tired of this sickening and senseless bigotry, ‘ that you wished to make a proposal of some kind to me before I went.’

“ ‘ Yes,’ he replied, ‘ I wished, if it be a thing that you remain in the neighbourhood, to propose that you should become an Orangeman, and join my father’s lodge. You say you want a farm on the estate ; now, if you do, take my advice and become an Orangeman ; you will then have a stronger claim, for my father always gives them the preference.’

“ ‘ By Lord Cumber’s desire, Phil ; but I shall be very happy, indeed, Sir,’ proceeded Val, ‘ that is, provided you get an introduction—for, at present, you will pardon me for saying we are strangers.’

“ ‘ I should first wish to witness the proceedings of an Orange Lodge,’ I said, ‘ but I suppose that, of course, is impossible, unless to the initiated.’

“ ‘ Certainly, of course,’ said M’Clutchy.’

“ ‘ But, father,’ said Phil, ‘ couldn’t we admit him after the business of the lodge is concluded.’

“ ‘ It is not often done,’ replied the father ; ‘ but it sometimes is—however, we shall have the pleasure, Mr. Easel—(I forgot to say that I had sent in my card, so that he knew my name,)—we shall have the pleasure of a better acquaintance, I trust.’

“ ‘ I tell you what,’ said Phil, leaping off his chair,

'd——n my honour, but I was wrong to let young Hartley go without a thrashing. The cowardly scoundrel was exceedingly insolent.'

"'No, no, Phil,' said the father; 'you acted with admirable coolness and prudence.'

"'I tell you I ought to have kicked the rascal out,' said Phil, getting into a passion; 'I'll follow him, and teach the impudent vagabond a lesson he wants.'

"He seized his hat, and buttoned up his coat, as if for combat, whilst he spoke.

"Phil, be quiet,' said his father, rising up and putting his arms about him; 'be quiet now. There will be no taming him down, if his spirit gets up,' said Val, addressing me; 'for all our sakes, Phil, keep quiet and sit down. Good heaven! the strength of him! Phil, keep quiet, I say—you shan't go after him.'

"'Let me go,' shouted the other; 'let me go, I say. I will smash him to atoms. Upon my honour and reputation, he shall not escape me this way—I'll send him home a hoop—a triangle—a zoologist. I'll beat him into mustard, the cowardly scoundrel! And only you were a magistrate, father, I would have done it before you. Let me go, I say—the M'Clutchy blood is up in me! Father, you're a

scoundrel if you hold me! You know what I am—what a raging lion, when roused. Off, M'Clutchy, I say, when you know I'm a derbolt.'

"The tugging and pulling that took place between the father and son were extraordinary. I could not in common decency decline assisting the latter to hold him in. I consequently lent him a hand seriously; but this only made things worse. The more he was held, the more violent and outrageous he became. He foamed at the mouth—stormed and swore—and tore about with such vehemence that I really began to think the fellow was a dullard, which produced fire slowly, but that there was fire in him. The struggle still proceeded until we pulled and dragged each other through the middle part of the house:—chairs, and tables, and stools were all overturned—and Phil's cry was for war.

" 'It's all to no purpose, he shouted—I'll not let an unbroken bone in that scoundrel Hartley's back pass me.'

" 'I know you wouldn't, if you got at him, Val. ' He would certainly be the death of him if he added aside to me; 'he would give him some good blow, and that's what I'm afraid of.'

"Phil was now perfectly furious—in fact he

sembled a drunken man, and might have passed for such.

“ ‘Hartley, you scoundrel, where are you, till I make mummy of you?’ he shouted.

“ ‘Here I am,’ replied Hartley, entering the room, walking up to him, and looking him sternly in the face—‘here I am—what’s your will with me?’

So comic a paralysis was, perhaps, never witnessed. Phil stood motionless, helpless, speechless. The white cowardly froth rose to his lips, his colour became ashy, his jaw fell, he shook, shrunk, into himself, and gasped for breath—his eyes became hollow, his squint deepened, and such was his utter prostration of strength, that his very tongue lolled out with weakness, like that of a newly dropped calf, when attempting to stand for the first time. At length he got out—

“ ‘Hold ! I believe, I’ll restrain myself ; but only my father’s a magistrate——’

“ ‘Your father’s a scoundrel, and you are another,’ said Hartley ; ‘and here’s my respect for you.’

“ Whilst speaking, he caught Phil by the nose with one hand, and also by the collar of his coat with the other, and in this position led him, in a most comical way, round the room, after which he turned

him about, and inflicted a few vigorous kicks upon a part of him which must be nameless.

“ ‘I am not sorry,’ said he, ‘that I forgot my note-case in the other room, as it has given me an opportunity of taming a raging lion so easily.’

“ ‘Go on,’ said Phil, whose language, as well as valour, was fairly exhausted, ‘it’s well *you’re a fire-eater*; and my father a magistrate, or by my honour I’d know how to deal with you.’

“ Such, my dear Spinageberd, is a domestic sketch of the Agent and Under Agent of that exceedingly sapient nobleman, Lord Cumber; and if ever, excellent landlord that he is, he should by any possible chance come to see these lines, perhaps he might be disposed to think that an occasional peep at his own property, and an examination into the principles upon which it is managed, might open to him a new field of action worth cultivating, even as an experiment not likely to end in any injurious result to either him or it. In a day or two I shall call upon Mr. Solomon M'Slime, with whom I am anxious to have a conversation, as, indeed, I am with the leading characters on the property. You may accordingly expect an occasional batch of observations from me, made upon the spot, and fresh from my interviews with the individuals to whom they relate.”

CHAPTER XVII.

A MORAL SURVEY, OR A WISE MAN LED BY A FOOL—
MARKS OF UNJUST AGENCY—REFLECTIONS THEREON
—A MOUNTAIN WATER-SPOUT, AND RISING OF A
TORRENT—THE INSANE MOTHER OVER THE GRAVES
OF HER FAMILY—RAYMOND'S HUMANITY—HIS RESCUE
FROM DEATH.

“ Friday, * * *

“ I HAVE *amused* myself—you will see how appropriate the word is by and by—since my last communication, in going over the whole Castle Cumber Estate, and noting down the traces which this irresponsible and rapacious oppressor, aided by his constables, bailiffs, and blood-hounds, have left behind them. When I describe the guide into whose hands I have committed myself, I am inclined to think you will not feel much disposed to compliment me on my discretion;—the aforesaid guide being no other than a young fellow, named Raymond-na-Hattha, which means, they tell me, Raymond of the Hats—a sobriquet very properly bestowed

on him, in consequence of a habit he has of always wearing three or four hats at a time, one within the other—a circumstance which, joined to his extraordinary natural height, and great strength, gives him absolutely a gigantic appearance. This Raymond is the fool of the parish; but in selecting him for my conductor, I acted under the advice of those who know him better than I could. There is not, in fact, a field, a farm-house, or a cottage, within a circumference of miles, which he does not know, and where he is not also known. He has ever since his childhood evinced a most extraordinary fancy for game cocks—an attachment not at all surprising, when it is known that not only was his father, Morgan Monahan, the most celebrated breeder, and Handler of that courageous bird,—but his mother, Poll Doolin—married women here frequently preserve, or are called by, their maiden names through life—who learned it from her husband, was equally famous for this very feminine accomplishment. Poor Raymond, notwithstanding his privation, is, however, exceedingly shrewd in many things, especially where he can make himself understood. As he speaks, however, in unconnected sentences, in which there is put forth no more than one phase of the subject he alludes to, or the idea he entertains, it is unques-

tionably not an easy task to understand him without an interpreter. He is singularly fond of children—very benevolent—and consequently feels a degree of hatred and horror at any thing in the shape of cruelty or oppression, almost beyond belief, in a person deprived of reason. This morning he was with me by appointment, about half-past nine, and after getting his breakfast—but no matter—the manipulation he exhibited would have been death to a dispeptic patient, from sheer envy,—we sallied forth to trace this man, M'Clutchy, by the awful marks of ruin, and tyranny, and persecution; for these words convey the principles of what he hath left, and is leaving behind him.

“‘Now, Raymond,’ said I, ‘as you know the country well, I shall be guided by you. I wish to see a place called Drum Dhu. Can you conduct me there?’

“‘Ay!’ he replied with surprise; ‘*Why?* Sure here’s scarcely any body there *now*. When we go on further, we may look up, but we’ll see no smoke, as were used to be. ’Twas there young Torly Regan ed on that day—an’ her, poor Mary!—but they’re l gone from her—and Hugh the eldest is in England America—but *him*—the youngest—h^oll never ken—and what will the poor mother c^o for his

white head now that she hasn't it to look at? No, he wouldn't waken, although I brought him the cock.'

" 'Of whom are you speaking now, Raymond?'

" 'I'll tell you two things that's the same,' he replied; 'and I'll tell you the man that has them both.'

" 'Let me hear, Raymond.'

" 'The devil's blessin' and God's curse;—sure they're the same—ha, ha—there now—that's one. You didn't know that—no, no; you didn't.'

" 'And who is it that has them, Raymond?'

" 'M'Clutchy—Val the Vulture; sure 'twas he did *that* all, and is doin' it still. Poor Mary!—Bryan will never waken;—she'll never see his eyes again, 'tany rate—nor his white head—oh! his white head! God ought to kill Val, and I wondher he doesn't.'

" 'Raymond, my good friend,' said I, 'if you travel at this rate, I must give up the journey altogether.'

" The fact is, that when excited, as he was now by the topic in question, he gets into what is termed a sling trot, which carries him on at about six miles an hour, without ever feeling fatigued. He immediately slackened his pace, and looked towards me, with a consciousness of having forgotten himself, and acted wrongly.

“‘Well, no,’ said he, ‘I won’t ; but sure I hate *him*.’

“‘Hate whom?’

“‘M‘Clutchy—and *that was it*; for I always do it; it I won’t agin, for you couldn’t keep up wid me I spoke about him.

“We then turned towards the mountains ; and as we went along, the desolate impresses of the evil agent began here and there to become visible. On the roadside there were the humble traces of two or three cabins, whose little hearths had been extinguished, and whose walls were levelled to the earth. The black fungus, the burdock, the nettle, and all those offensive weeds that follow in the train of oppression and sin were here ; and as the dreary wind stirred them to sluggish motion, and piped its melancholy wail through these desolate little mounds, I could not help asking myself,—if those who do these things ever think that there is a reckoning in after life, where power, and insolence, and wealth misapplied, and uncour, and pride, and rapacity, and persecution, and revenge, and sensuality, and gluttony, will be placed face to face with those humble beings, on whose rights and privileges of simple existence they have trampled with such a selfish and exterminating tread. A host of thoughts and reflections began to crowd upon my mind ; but the subject was too pain-

ful—and after avoiding it as well as I could proceeded on our little tour of observation.

How easy it is for the commonest observer to recognise even the striking characters that are impressed on the physical features of an estate which is managed with care and kindness,—where general happiness and principles of active industry are diffused through the people! And, on the other hand, do not all the depressing symbols of neglect and mismanagement present equally obvious exponents of their operation upon properties like this of Castle Cumber? On this property it is not every tenant that is allowed to have an interest in the soil at all, since the decision of M'Clutchy. He has succeeded in inducing the head landlord to decline granting leases to any but those who are his political supporters—those, in other words, who will vote for him or his nominee at an election; or, in other words, who will enable him to retain both their political privileges and his own, to gratify his cupidity or ambition, without conferring a special advantage upon themselves. From those, therefore, who have too much honesty to prostitute their votes to his corrupt and selfish negotiations with the landlord, leases are withheld, in order that they may, under a more becoming and plausible oppression, be removed from the property, and the staunch political

porter brought in in their stead. This may be all very good policy, but it is certainly bad humanity, and worse religion. In fact it is the practice of that cruel dogma, which prompts us to sacrifice the principles of others to our own, and to deprive them of the very privilege which we ourselves claim—that of acting according to our conscientious impressions. ‘Do unto others,’ say Mr. M‘Clutchy and his class, ‘as you would *not* wish that others should do unto you.’ How beautifully here is the practice of the loud and headlong supporter of the Protestant Church, and its political ascendancy, made to harmonize with the principles of that neglected thing called the Gospel? In fact, as we went along, it was easy to mark, on the houses and farmsteads about us, the injustice of making this heartless distinction. The man who felt himself secure and fixed by a vested right in the possession of his tenement, had heart and motive to work and improve it, undepressed by the consciousness that his improvements to-day might be trafficked on by a wicked and unjust agent to-morrow. He knows, that in developing all the advantages and good qualities of the soil, he is not only discharging an important duty to himself and his landlord, but also to his children’s children after him; and the result is, that the comfort, contentment, and self-

respect which he gains by the consciousness of his security, are evident at a glance upon himself, his house, and his holding. On the other hand, reverse this picture, and what is the consequence? Just what is here visible. There is a man who may be sent adrift on the shortest notice, unless he is base enough to trade upon his principles, and vote against his conscience. What interest has *he* in the soil, or in the prosperity of his landlord? If he make improvements this year, he may see the landlord derive all the advantages of them the next; or, what is quite as likely, he may know that some Valentine M'Clutchy may put them in his own pocket, and keep the landlord in the dark regarding the whole transaction. What a bounty on dishonesty and knavery in an agent is this? How unjust to the interest of the tenant, in the first place—in the next to that of the landlord—and, finally, how destructive to the very nature and properties of the soil itself, which rapidly degenerates by bad and negligent culture, and consequently becomes impoverished and diminished in value. All this was evident as we went along. Here was warmth, and wealth, and independence staring us in the face: there were negligence, desponding struggle, and decline, conscious, as it were, of their unseemly appearance, and

nxious, one would think, to shrink away from the searching eye of observation.

“‘But here again, Raymond; what have we here? There is a fine looking farm-house, evidently untenanted. How is that?’

“‘Ha, ha,’ replied Raymond, with a bitter smile, ha, ha! Let them take it, and see what *Captain Whiteboy* will do? *He* has the possession—ha, ha—an’ who’ll get *him* to give it up? Who dare take that, or any of Captain Whiteboy’s farms? But sure it’s not much—only a coal, a rushlight, and a prod of a pike or a bagnet—but I know who might to have *them*.’

“The house in question was considerably dilapidated. Its doors were not visible, and its windows had all been shivered. Its smokeless chimnies, its old and desolate appearance, together with the still more ruinous condition of the out-houses, added to the utter silence which prevailed about it, and the absence of every symptom of life and motion—all told a tale which has left many a bloody moral to the country. The slaps, gates, and enclosures were down—the hedges broken or cut away—the fences trampled on and levelled to the earth—and nothing seemed to thrive—for the garden was overrun with them—but the rank weeds already alluded to, as

those which love to trace the footsteps of ruin and desolation, in order to show, as it were, what *they* leave behind them. As we advanced, other and more startling proofs of M'Clutchy came in our way—proofs which did not consist of ruined houses, desolate villages, or roofless cottages—but of those unfortunate persons, whose simple circle of domestic life—whose little cares, and struggles, and sorrows, and affections, formed the whole round of their humble existence, and its enjoyments, as given them by Almighty God himself. All these, however, like the feelings and affections of the manacled slave, were as completely overlooked by those who turned them adrift, as if in possessing such feelings, they had invaded a right which belonged only to their betters, and which the same betters, by the way, seldom exercise either in such strength or purity, as those whom they despise and oppress. Aged men we met, bent with years, and weighed down still more by that houseless sorrow, which is found accompanying them along the highways of life—through its rugged solitudes, and its dreariest paths—in the storm and in the tempest:—wherever they go—in want, nakedness, and destitution—still at their side is that houseless sorrow—pouring into their memories and their hearts the conviction, which is most terrible to old age, that it has no home here but the grave—

o pillow on which to forget its cares but the dust. The sight of these wretched old men, turned out from the little holdings that sheltered their helplessness, to beg a morsel, through utter charity, in the decrepitude of age, was enough to make a man wish that he had ever been born to witness such a wanton abuse of that power which was entrusted to man for the purpose of diffusing happiness, instead of misery. All these were known to Raymond, who, as far as he could, gave me their brief and unfortunate history. That which showed us, however, the heartless evils of the clearance system in its immediate operation upon the poorer classes, was the groups of squalid females who traversed the country, accompanied by their pale and sickly looking children, all in a state of mendicancy, and wofully destitute of clothing. The system in this case being to deny their husbands employment upon the property, in order to drive them, by the strong scourge of necessity, off it, the poor men were compelled to seek it elsewhere, whilst their sorrowing and heart-broken families were fain to remain and beg a morsel *from those who were best acquainted with the history of their expulsion*, and who, consequently, could yield to them and their little ones, a more cordial and liberal sympathy. After thus witnessing the conse-

quences of bad management, and worse feeling, in the shape of houses desolate, villages levelled, farms waste, old age homeless, and feeble mothers tottering under their weaker children—after witnessing, I say, all this, we came to the village called Drum Dhu, being one of those out of which these unhappy creatures were so mercilessly driven.

“ A village of this description is, to say the least of it, no credit to the landed proprietors of any country. It is the necessary result of a bad system. But we know that if a landlord paid the attention which he ought to pay, to both the rights and duties of his property, a bad system could never be established upon it. I am far from saying, indeed, my dear Spinageberd, that there are not cases in which the landlord finds himself in circumstances of great difficulty. Bad, unprincipled, vindictive, and idle tenants enough there are in this country—as I am given to understand from those who know it best—plotting scoundrels, who, like tainted sheep, are not only corrupt themselves, but infect others, whom they bring along with themselves to their proper destination, the gallows. Enough and too many of these there are to be found, who are cruel without cause, and treacherous without provocation; and this is evident, by the criminal records

f the country, from which it is clear that it is not in general the aggrieved man who takes justice into his own hands, but the idle profligate I speak of now. Many, indeed all of these, it is an act due to public peace and tranquillity to dislodge from any and from every estate ; but at the same time, it is not just that the many innocent should suffer as well as the guilty few. To return, however to the landlord. It often happens, that when portions of his property fall out of use, he finds it over-stocked with a swarm of paupers, who are not *his* tenants at all, and never were—but who in consequence of the vices of subletting, have multiplied in proportion to the rapacity and extortion of middle-men, and third-men, and fourth-men—and though last, not least, of the political exigencies of the landlord himself, to serve whose purposes they were laboriously subdivided off into tattered legions of fraud, corruption, and perjury. Having, therefore, either connived at, or encouraged the creation of these creatures upon his property for corrupt purposes, is he justified, when such a change in the elective franchise has occurred as renders them of no political importance to him, in turning them out of their little holdings, without aid or provision of some sort, and without reflecting besides, that they are in this, the moment of their

sorest distress, nothing else than the neglected tools and forgotten victims of his own ambition. Or can he be surprised, after hardening them into the iniquity of half a dozen elections, that he finds fellows in their number who would feel no more scruple in putting a bullet into him from behind a hedge, than they would into a dog? Verily, my dear Simon Spinageberd, the more I look into the political and civil education which the people of Ireland have received, I am only surprised that property in this country rests upon so firm and secure a basis as I find it does.

“ On arriving at Drum Dhu, the spectacle which presented itself to us was marked not merely by the vestiges of inhumanity and bad policy, but by the wanton insolence of sectarian spirit, and bitter party feeling. On some of the doors had been written with chalk or charcoal, ‘ Clear off—to hell or Connaught!’ ‘ Down with Popery!’ ‘ M’Clutchy’s cavalry and Ballyhack wreckers for ever!’ In accordance with these offensive principles, most of all the smaller cottages and cabins had been literally wrecked and left uninhabitable, in the violence of this bad impulse, although at the present moment they are about to be re-erected, to bear out the hollow promises that will be necessary for the forthcoming election. The village

was indeed a miserable and frightful scene. There it stood, between thirty and forty small and humble habitations, from which, with the exception of about five or six, all the inmates had been dispossessed, without any consideration for age, sex, poverty, or sickness. Nay, I am assured that a young man was carried out during the agonies of death, and expired in the street, under the fury of a stormy and tempestuous day. Of those who remained, four who are Protestants, and two Roman Catholics, have promised to vote with M'Clutchy, who is here the great representative of Lord Cumber and his property. If indeed you were now to look upon these two miserable lines of silent and tenantless walls, most of them unroofed, and tumbled into heaps of green ruin, that are fast melting out of shape, for they were mostly composed of mere peat—you would surely say, as the Eastern Vizier said in the apologue, 'God prosper Mr. Valentine M'Clutchy!—for so long as Lord Cumber has him for an agent, he will never want plenty of ruined villages!' My companion muttered many things to himself, but said nothing intelligible, until he came to one of the ruins pretty near the centre :—

“‘Ay,’ said he, ‘here is the place they said he died—here before the door—and in there is where

he lay during his long sickness. The wet thatch and the sods is lying there now. Many a time I was with him. Poor Torley !

“ ‘Of whom do you speak now, Raymond?’ I asked.

“ ‘Come away,’ he said, not noticing my question, — ‘come till I show you the other place that the neighbours built privately when he was dying—the father I mean—ay, and the other wid the white head, him that would’nt waken—come.’

“ I followed him, for truth to tell, I was sick at heart of all that I had witnessed that morning, and now felt anxious, if I could, to relieve my imagination of this melancholy imagery and its causes altogether. He went farther up towards the higher mountains, in rather a slanting direction, but not immediately into their darkest recesses, and after a walk of about two miles more, he stopped at the scattered turf walls of what must once have been a cold damp and most comfortless cabin.

“ ‘There’ said he, ‘I saw it all ; ’twas the blood hounds. He died, and her white-headed boy died ; him, you know, that would’nt waken—there is where they both died ; and see here’—there was at this moment a most revolting expression of ferocious triumph in his eye as he spoke—‘see, here the blood

hound dropped, for the bullet went through him!—
Ha, ha, that's one; the three dead—the three dead!
Come now, come, come.' He then seemed much
changed, for he shuddered as he spoke, and after a
little time, much to my astonishment, a spirit of
tenderness and humanity settled on his face, his
eyes filled with tears, and he exclaimed, 'Poor
Mary! they're all gone, and she will never see his
white head again; and his eyes wont open any
more; no, they're all gone, all gone: oh! come away!'

"I had heard as much of this brutal tragedy as
made his allusions barely intelligible, but on attempt-
ing to gain any further information from him, he
relapsed, as he generally did, into his usual abrupt-
ness of manner. He now passed down towards the
cultivated country, at a pace which I was once more
obliged to request him to moderate.

" 'Well,' said he, 'if *you* don't care, *I* needn't,
for we'll have it—I know by the roarin' of the river
and by the look of the mountains there above.'

" 'What shall we have, Raymond?' I inquired.

" 'No matther,' said he, rather to himself than to
me, 'we can cross the stick.* But I'll show you the
place, for I was there at the time, and his coffin
was on top of his father's. Ha, ha, I liked that, and

* In mountain rivers a "stick," or plank, is frequently a substi-
tute for a bridge.

they all cried but Mary, and she laughed and sung, and clapped her hands when the clay was makin' a noise upon them, and then the people cried more. *I cried for him* in the little coffin, for I loved him—I wondher God doesn't kill M'Clutchy—the curse o' God, an' the blessin' o' the divil on him! Ha, ha, there's one now ; let him take it.'

“ We still proceeded at a brisk pace for about a mile and a half, leaving the dark and savage hills behind us, when Raymond turning about, directed my attention to the mountains. These were over-hung by masses of black clouds, that were all charged with rain and the elements of a tempest. From one of these depended a phenomenon which I had never witnessed before—I mean a water spout, wavering in its black and terrible beauty over this savage scenery, thus adding its gloomy grandeur to the sublimity of the thunderstorm, which now deepened, peal after peal, among the mountains. To such as are unacquainted with mountain scenery, and have never witnessed an inland water spout, it is only necessary to say, that it resembles a long inverted cone, that hangs from a bank of clouds whose blackness is impenetrable. It appears immoveable at the upper part, where it joins the clouds ; but, as it gradually tapers to a long and delicate point, it waves to and fro with a beautiful and gentle motion, which blends a sense of grace with the

very terror it excites. It seldom lasts more than a few minutes, for, as soon as the clouds are dispersed by the thunder, it disappears so quickly, that, having once taken your eye off it when it begins to diminish, it is gone before you can catch it again—a fact which adds something of a wild and supernatural character to its life-like motion and appearance. The storm in which we saw it, was altogether confined to the mountains, where it raged for a long time, evidently pouring down deluges of rain, whilst on the hill side which we traversed, there was nothing but calmness and sunshine.

“ ‘ It will be before us,’ said Raymond, pointing to a dry torrent bed close beside us; ‘ whisht, here it is—ha, ha, I like that—see it, see it!’

“ I looked in the direction of his hand, and was entranced in a kind of wild and novel delight, by witnessing a large bursting body of water, something between a dark and a yellow hue, tumbling down the bed of the river, with a roaring noise and impetuosity of which had never formed any conception before. From the spot we stood on, up to its formation among the mountains, the river was literally a furious mountain torrent, foaming over its very banks, whilst from the place down to the cultivated country, it was already, with merely an odd pool, connected here and

there by a stream too shallow to cover the round worn stones in its channel. So rapid, and, indeed, dangerous, is the rise of a mountain flood, that many a life of man and beast have fallen victims to the fatal speed of its progress. Raymond now bent his steps over to the left, and, in a few minutes, we entered a graveyard, so closely surrounded by majestic whitethorns, that it came upon me by surprise.

“ ‘Whisht,’ said he, ‘she’s often here—behind this ould chapel, for ’tis there *they* are, the two big coffins and the little one—but I liked the little one best.’

“He conducted me to an old mullioned window in the gable, through which a single glance discovered to me the female of whose insanity, and the dreadful cause of it, I had before heard. Whilst pointing her out to me, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and, heavy as it was, I could feel the more distinctly by its vibrations, that he trembled; and, on looking into his face, I perceived that he had got deadly pale, and that the same spirit of humanity and compassion, to which I have alluded, had returned to it once more. There was not reason in his face, to be sure, but there certainly was an expression there, trembling, and mild, and beautiful, as is the light of

morning star, before the glory of the sun has led itself in heaven. To Raymond's mind that herald had indeed come, but that was all—to have never arisen the light of perfect day.

'There she is,' said he, 'look at her, but don't go.'

I looked at her with deep and melancholy interest. She sat on a broken tombstone that lay beside the grave of those in whom her whole happiness in this life had centred. Her dress was wholly neglected, her hair loose, that is, it escaped her cap, her white bosom was bare, and her feet without shoe or stocking. I could easily perceive, great as her privations had been, God had now, perhaps in mercy, taken away her consciousness of them, for she often smiled whilst talking to herself, and occasionally seemed to feel that fullness of happiness which, whether real or not, appears so frequently in the insane. At length she stooped down, and kissed the clay of their graves, exclaiming—

'There is something here that I love; but nobody will tell me what it is—no, not one. No matter, I know I love something—I know I love somebody—somebody—and *they* love me—but now no one tell me where they are? Wouldn't they have come to me if I called him; but, sure I did,

and he won't come—and Torly, too, won't come, and my own poor white-head, even he won't come to me. But whisht, may be they're asleep; ay, asleep, and ah, sure if ever any creatures wanted sleep, they do—sleep, darlins, sleep—I'll not make a noise to waken one of you—but what's that?"

"Here she clasped her hands, and looked with such a gaze of affright and horror around her, as I never saw on a human face before.

"‘What's that? It's them, it's them,’ she exclaimed—‘I hear their horses' feet, I hear them cursin' and swearin'—but no matther, I'm not to be frightened. Amn't I Hugh Roe's wife?—Isn't here God on my side, an are ye a match for him?—Here—here's my breast, my heart, and through that you must go before you touch him. But then,’ she added with a sigh, ‘where's them that I love, an' am waitin' for, an' why don't they come?’

"She once more stooped down, and kissing the grave, whispered, but loud enough to be heard, ‘are ye here? If ye are, ye may spake to *me*—it's not them, they don't know where ye are yet—but sure ye may speak to me. It's Mary, Hugh—your mother, Torly—your own mother, Brian dear with the fair locks.’

"‘Ay,’ said Raymond, ‘that's the white head she misses—that's him that I loved—but sure she

needn't call him for he won't waken. I'll spake to her.' As he uttered the words he passed rapidly out of a broken portion of the wall, and, before she was aware of his approach, stood beside her. I thought he would have been startled by his unexpected appearance, but I was mistaken; she surveyed him not only without alarm, but benignly; and after having examined him for some moments, she said, there are three of them, but they will not come—lon't you know how I loved somebody?"

"Which o' them?" said Raymond.

"It's a long sleep,' she said, without noticing the question, 'a long sleep—well, they want it, poor things, for there was little for them but care, and sorrow, and hardship. Sure we had sickness—Torly left us first; but,—let me see,—where did poor Brian go? Well, no matter, we had sickness, as I said, and sometimes we had little or nothing to eat, but, sure still wasn't my hand tendher about them. I felt my heart in my fingers when I touched them, and, if I gave them a drink didn't my heart burn, and oh! it was then I knew how I loved them! Whisht, then, poor things—och sure I'll do my best—I'll struggle for you as well as I can—you have none but me to do it—it's not the black wather I'd give my darlin' child if I had betther; but gruel is what I can't get, for the poorra one grain of mail is undher the roof wid me;

but I'll warm the cowl'd potatoe for my pet, and you can play wid it till you fall asleep, acushla. Yes, I will kiss you; for afther all, isn't that the richest little treat that your poor mother has to comfort you with in your poor cowl'd sick bed—one and all of ye.'

"Here she rocked herself to and fro, precisely as if she had been sitting by their sick bed, then stooping down a third time, she kissed the earth that contained them once more—

" 'Ah,' she exclaimed, 'how cowl'd their lips are! how cowl'd my white-haired boy's lips are! and their sleep is long—oh! but their sleep is long!'

"Raymond, during these incoherent expressions, stood mutely beside her, his lips, however, often moving, as if he were communing with himself, or endeavouring to shape some words of rude comfort in her sorrows; but ever and anon, as he seemed to go about it, his face moved with feelings which he could not utter, like the surface of a brook stirred by the breeze that passes over it. At length he laid his hand gently on her shoulder, and exclaimed in a tone of wild and thrilling compassion—

" 'Mary!'

"She then started for a moment, and looking around her with something like curiosity rather than alarm, replied—

“ ‘ Well.’

“ ‘ Mary,’ said he, ‘ make haste and go to heaven ; make haste and go to heaven—you’ll find them all there—Hugh Regan, and Torly, and little Brian. Don’t stop here, for there will be more blood, more blood-hounds, and more Val M’Clutchys.’

“ She did not seem to have noticed his particular words, but there appeared to have been some association awakened which gave a new impulse to her thoughts—

“ ‘ Come away,’ said she, ‘ come away !

“ Raymond turned, and looking towards where I stood, beckoned me to follow them ; and truly it was a touching sight to see this unregulated attempt of the poor innocent to soothe the heavy sorrows—if such they were now—of one whose malady could appreciate no sympathy, and whose stricken heart was apparently beyond the reach of consolation for ever.

Both now proceeded in silence, Raymond still holding her by the hand, and affording her every assistance, as we crossed the fields, in order to shorten the path which led us to the Castle Cumber road. On coming to a ditch, for instance, he would lift her, but still with care and gentleness, in his powerful arms, and place her, with scarcely any effort

of her own strength, which, indeed, was nearly gone, safely and easily upon the other side.

We had now crossed that part of the sloping upland which led us out upon a bridle road, that passed close by M'Loughlin's house and manufactory, and which slanted across a ford in the river, a little above their flax mill. Having got out upon this little road, Raymond, who, as well as his companion, had for some time past proceeded in silence, stopped suddenly, and said—'Where is heaven, Mary?'

"She involuntarily looked up towards the sky, with a quick but more significant glance than any I had yet seen her give; but this immediately passed away, and she said in a low voice, very full of the usual tones of sorrow:—'Heaven—it's there,' she replied, pointing behind her, towards the burying place, 'in *their* graves!'

"Raymond looked at me, and smiled, as if much pleased with the answer. 'Ay,' said he, 'so it is—wherever *his* white head lies is heaven.'

"I cannot tell how it happened, but I know that I felt every source of tenderness and compassion in my heart moved and opened more by these simple words on both sides, than by all that had passed since we met her.

"In a few minutes more we reached that part of

the road immediately adjoining M'Loughlin's house, and which expanded itself as it reached the river, that here became a ford, being crossed in ordinary cases by stone steps. As is usual in the case of such floods, which fall as rapidly as they rise, we found about a dozen persons of both sexes, some sitting, others standing, but all waiting until the river should subside so as to be passed with safety—the little wooden bridge alluded to having been literally swept away. Among these was Poll Doolin, the mother of Raymond, who, however, did not appear to take any particular notice of her, but kept close by, and directed all his attention to, unhappy Mary O'Regan. About half an hour had elapsed, when Raymond casting his eye upon the decreasing torrent, said :—

“ ‘It is now low enough—come Mary, I will carry you safe over—Raymond has often crossed it higher, ay, when it was over the rock there to our right—come.’ He lifted her in his arms without another word, and, with firm and confident steps, proceeded to ford the still powerful and angry stream.

“ ‘Raymond, are you mad?’ shouted his mother; ‘ten times your strength couldn’t stand that flood—come back, you headstrong crature, or you’ll both be lost, as sure as you attempt it.’

" Her remonstrances, however, were in vain. Raymond did not even look back, nor pay the slightest attention to what she said.

" ' Never mind them,' said he ; ' I know best—I often I crossed it.'

" On reaching the centre of the stream, however, he appeared to feel as if he had miscalculated the strength of either it or himself. He stood for a moment literally shaking like a reed in its strong current—the passive maniac still in his arms, uncertain whether to advance with her, or go back. Experience, however had often told him, that if the fording it were at all practicable, the danger was tenfold to return ; for by the very act of changing the position, a man must necessarily lose the firmness of his opposition to the stream, and consequently be borne away without the power of resisting it. Raymond, therefore, balanced himself steadily as possible, and by feeling and making sure his footing in the most cautious manner—the slightest possible slip or stumble being at that moment fatal—he, with surprising strength and courage, had just succeeded in placing her safely on the rock he had before alluded to, when a stone turned under him—his footing gave way—and the poor creature whose reason was veiled to almost every impulse

that of a wild and touching humanity, tumbled down the boiling torrent, helpless and unresisting as a child, and utterly beyond the reach of assistance. My own sensations and feelings I really cannot describe, because, in point of fact, such was the tumult—the horror—of my mind at that moment, that I have no distinct recollection of my impressions. I think for a short space I must have lost both my sight and hearing, for I now distinctly remember to have heard, only for the first time, the piercing screams of his mother rising above the wild and alarming cries of the others—but not until he had gone down the stream, and disappeared round a sharp angle or bend, which it formed about eight or ten yards below where he fell.

“ There grew a little to the left of the spot where this shocking disaster occurred, a small clump of whitethorn trees, so closely matted together, that it was impossible to see through them. We all therefore ran round, as if by instinct, to watch the tumbling body of poor Raymond, when what was our surprize to see a powerful young man, about eight or ten yards below us, dashing into the stream ; where, although the current was narrower, it was less violent, and holding by a strong projecting branch of hazel that grew on the bank, stretch

across the flood, and, as the body of Raymond passed him, seize it with a vigorous grasp, which brought it close to where he stood. Feeling that both were now out of the force of the current, he caught it in his arms, and ere any of us had either time or presence of mind even to proffer assistance, he carried or rather dragged it out of the water, and laid it on the dry bank.

“ ‘Come,’ said he, ‘I am afraid there is little time to be lost—help me up with him to my father’s, till we see what can be done to recover life, if life is left.’ ”

“The fact is, however, that Raymond was not altogether insensible; for, as young M’Loughlin—the same, by the way, who sent the message to Phil—had concluded, he opened his eyes, breathed, and after gulping up some water, looked about him.

“ ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘poor Mary—she’s gone to the grave at last; but she’ll be happier with them. Take my hand,’ said he to M’Loughlin, ‘sure I thought I could do it. Poor Mary!’ ”

This instantly directed our attention to the unhappy woman, whom we all had overlooked and forgotten for the moment, and I need not say that our satisfaction was complete, on finding her sitting calmly on the rock where Raymond had placed her, at the risk of his life. Poll Doolin now seeing that

er idiot son was safe, and feeling that she was debted for his life to the son of that man on whom she is said by many to have wreaked such a fearful vengeance, through the ruined reputation of his only daughter, now approached the young man, and with her features deeply convulsed by a sense probably of her obligation to him, she stretched out her hand, 'John M'Loughlin,' said she, 'from this day out, may God prosper me here and hereafter, if I am not the friend of you and yours!'

"'Bad and vindictive woman,' replied the other indignantly, whilst he held back the hand she sought, 'our accounts are now settled—I have saved your name; you have murdered my sister. If you are capable of remorse I now leave you to the hell of your own conscience, which can be but little less in punishment than that of the damned.'

"Raymond, whose attention had been divided between them and Mary O'Regan, now said—

"'Ha, ha, mother—there—that's one—you'll sleep sound now I hope, for you didn't lately—that little thing that comes to your bedside at night won't trouble you any more, I suppose. No, no, the thing you say in your sleep that is black in the face, has its tongue out, and the handkerchief drawn tight

about its neck. You'd give back the money in your dhrame; but sorra a penny while you're waken, I'll engage.'

"Poll turned away rebuked, but not, if one could judge, either in resentment or revenge. Raymond's words she had not heard, and of course paid no attention to what he said; but the latter, now seeing that the river had fallen considerably, again dashed into the stream, and crossing over, lifted the poor insane widow off the rock, and setting her down in safety on the other side, they both proceeded onwards together.

" 'The ford, Sir, will not be passable for at least another hour,' said young M'Loughlin, addressing me, 'but if you will have the kindness to step up to my father's, and rest a little after your mountain journey, for I think you have been up the hills, you will find it at least more comfortable than standing here, and less fatiguing than going round by the bridge, which would make it at least five miles added to your journey.'

"I thanked him, said I felt obliged, and would gladly avail myself of his very civil invitation.'

" 'Perhaps,' he added, 'you might wish to see our flax and linen manufactory; if so, and that you

do not think it troublesome, I will feel great pleasure in showing it to you.'

"I expressed my obligations, but pleaded fatigue, which indeed I felt; and we consequently soon found ourselves in his father's parlour, where I met a very venerable old gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Roche, the Roman Catholic pastor of the parish."

We must here exercise the privilege, which, at the commencement of this correspondence, we assured our readers we should reserve to our ourselves—we allude to the ability which we possess, from ampler and clearer sources of information—to throw into Mr. Casel's correspondence, in their proper place, such incidents as he could not have possibly known, but which let in considerable light upon the progress of his narrative.

CHAPTER XVII.

CRUEL CONSEQUENCES OF PHIL'S PLOT AGAINST MARY
M'LOUGHLIN—DREADFUL DETERMINATION OF HER
BROTHERS—AN OATH OF BLOOD—FATHER ROCHE'S
KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE—INTERVIEW BETWEEN MARY
AND HER BROTHERS—INFLUENCE AND TRIUMPH OF
DOMESTIC AFFECTION—AN EXECUTION BY VAL'S
BLOOD-HOUNDS.

THE hellish and cowardly plot against Mary M'Loughlin's reputation, and which the reader knows has been already planned and perpetrated by Poll Doolin and Phil M'Clutchy, was, as such vile calumnies mostly are, generally successful with the public. On her own immediate relations and family, who knew her firmness, candour, purity of heart, and self-respect, the foul slander had no effect whatsoever, at least in shaking their confidence in her sense of honour and discretion. With the greedy and brutal public, however, it was otherwise; and the discovery of this fact, which reached them in a thousand ways, it was that filled their hearts with such unparalleled distress, terrible agony, and that expanding spirit of revenge which is never satisfied,

til it closes on him whose crime has given it birth. truth,—and it is not to be wondered at—as how most could it be otherwise?—the diabolical and cowardly crime of Phil M'Clutchy towards their sweet and unoffending sister, had changed her three brothers from men into so many savage and insatiable Frankensteins, resolved never to cease dogging his guilty steps, until their vengeance had slaked its burning thirst in his caitiff blood.

Immediately after the night of its occurrence, a change began to take place in the conduct and deportment of their general acquaintances. Visitors stopped off, some from actual delicacy, and an affected compassion, and others from that shrinking fear of moral contagion, which is always most readily and severely expressed by the private sinner and hypocrite. Their sister's conduct was, in fact, the topic of general discussion throughout the parish, and we need not say that such discussions usually were terminated—first in great compassion for the poor girl, and then as their virtue warmed, in as earnest denunciations of her guilt. To an indifferent person, however, without any prejudice either for or against her, it was really impossible, considering the satanic success with which the plot was managed, and the number of

witnesses actually present at its accomplishment, to consider Miss M'Loughlin as free at least from gross and indefensible levity, and a most unjustifiable relaxation of female prudence, at a period when it was known she was actually engaged to another. This certainly looked very suspicious, and we need scarcely say that a cessation of all visits, intimacy, and correspondence, immediately took place, on the part of her female friends and acquaintances. In fact the innocent victim of this dastardly plot was completely deserted, and the little party of her friends was by no means a match for the large and godly hosts who charitably combined to establish her guilt. Her father, with all his manliness of character, and sterling integrity, was not distressed on his daughter's account only. There was another cause of anxiety to him equally deep—we mean the mysterious change that had come over his sons, in consequence of this most blasting calamity. He saw clearly that they had come to the dark and stern determination of avenging their sister's disgrace upon its author, and that at whatever risk. This in truth to him was the greater affliction of the two, and he accordingly addressed himself with all his authority and influence over them, to the difficult task of plucking this frightful resolution out of their

arts. In his attempt to execute this task, he found himself baffled and obstructed by other circumstances of a very distracting nature. First, there were the rascally paragraphs alluding to his embarrassments on the one hand, and those which, while pretending to vindicate him and his partner from any risk of bankruptcy, levelled the assassin's blow at the reputation of his poor daughter, on the other. Both told; but the first with an effect which mere moral courage or consciousness of integrity, however high, could enable him to meet. Creditors were in, alarmed very naturally at the reports against solvency, and demanded the settlement of their accounts from the firm. These, in the first instances, were immediately made out and paid; but this would not do—other claimants came, equally pressing—one after another—and each so anxious in the early stage to secure himself, that ere long the instability which, in the beginning, had no existence, was gradually felt, and the firm of Harman and M'Loughlin tottered on the eve of actual bankruptcy. These matters all pressed heavily and bitterly on the father and sons. But we have yet omitted to mention that, which, amidst all the lights in which the daughter contemplated the ruin of her fair fame, with most desolating consequences upon her

heart—we mean her rejection by Harman, and the deliberate expression of his belief in her guilt. And, indeed, when our readers remember how artfully the web of iniquity was drawn around her, and the circumstances of mystery in which Harman himself had witnessed her connexion with Poll Doolin, whose character for conducting intrigues he knew too well, they need not be surprised that he threw her off as a deceitful and treacherous wanton, in whom no man of a generous or honourable nature could or ought to place confidence, and who was unworthy even of an explanation. Mary M'Loughlin could have borne every thing but this. Yes; the abandonment of friends—of acquaintances—of a fickle world itself; but here was where her moral courage failed her. The very hope to which her heart had clung from its first early and innocent impulses—the man to whom she looked up as the future guide, friend, and partner of her life, and for whose sake and safety she had suffered herself to be brought within the meshes of her enemies and his—this man, her betrothed husband, had openly expressed his conviction of her being unfit to become his wife, upon hearing from his cousin and namesake an account of what that young man had witnessed. Something between a nervous and brain fever had seized her

On the very night of this heinous stratagem; but from that she was gradually recovering, when at length she heard, by accident, of Harman's having unequivocally and finally withdrawn from the engagement. Under this she sank. It was now in vain to attempt giving her support, or cheering her spirits. Depression, debility, apathy, restlessness, and all the symptoms of a breaking constitution, and a broken heart, soon began to set in and mark her for an early, and what was worse, an ignominious grave. It was then that her brothers deemed it full time to act. Their father, on the night before the day on which poor Raymond was rescued from death, observing them secretly preparing fire-arms, for they had already, as the reader knows, satisfied themselves that M'Clutchy, junior, would not fight—took an opportunity of securing their weapons in a place where he knew they could not be found. His, however, was of little avail—they told him it must and should be done, and that neither he nor any other individual in existence should debar them from the execution of their just, calm, and reasonable vengeance—for such were their very words. In this situation matters were, when about eleven o'clock the next morning, Father Roche, who, from the beginning, had been there to aid and console, as

was his wont, whenever calamity or sorrow called upon him, made his appearance in the family, much to the relief of M'Loughlin's mind, who dreaded the gloomy deed which his sons had proposed to themselves to execute, and who knew besides, that in this good and pious priest he had a powerful and eloquent ally. After the first salutations had passed, M'Loughlin asked for a private interview with him; and when they had remained about a quarter of an hour together, the three sons were sent for, all of whom entered with silent and sullen resolution strongly impressed on their stern, pale, and immoveable features. Father Roche himself was startled even into something like terror, when he witnessed this most extraordinary change in the whole bearing and deportment of the young men, whom he had always known so buoyant and open hearted.

"My dear young friends," said he, calmly and affectionately, "your father has just disclosed to me a circumstance, to which, did it not proceed from his lips, I could not yield credit. Is it true that you have come to the most unchristian and frightful determination of shedding blood?"

"Call it just and righteous," said John calmly.

"Yes," followed the other two, "it is both."

"In his cowardly crime he has evaded the respon-

sibility of law," continued John, "and we care not if his punishment goes beyond law itself. We will answer for it with our lives—but, in the mean time, HE MUST DIE."

"You see, Father Roche," observed M'Loughlin, "to what a hardened state the strong temptations of the devil has brought them."

"It is not that," said John; "it is affection for our injured sister, whom he has doubly murdered—it is also hatred of himself, and of the oppression we are receiving in so many shapes at his hands. HE MUST DIE."

"Yes," repeated the two brothers, "*he must die*, it is now too late."

"Ha!" said the priest, "I understand you; there is an oath here."

The three brothers smiled, but spoke not.

"Are ye my sons?" said the father, in tears, "and will you, who were ever obedient and dutiful, disregard me now?"

"In this one thing we must," said John; "*we know you not now as our father*. Am I right?" said he, addressing his brothers.

"You are right," they replied, "in this thing he is *not* our father."

"Great God!" said the priest, trembling with

absolute dread at a scene so different from any he had ever witnessed, "Merciful Father, hear our prayers, and drive the evil spirits of vengeance and blood out of the hearts of these wicked men!"

"Amen!" said their father, "and rescue them from the strong temptations of the devil which are in them and upon them. Why do you not even pray to God—"

"—For strength to do it—we did, and we do," said John, interrupting him.

Father Roche looked at them, and there they stood, pale, silent, and with a smile upon their lips which filled him with a description of awe and fear that were new to him. Their father was little better; the perspiration stood on his brow, and as he looked at them, he at times began to doubt their very identity, and to believe that the whole interview might be a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

"You have sworn an oath," said the priest. "Rash and sinful men, you dared blasphemously to take, as it were, the Almighty into a league of blood! Do you not know that the creature you are about to slay is the work of your Creator, even as you are yourselves, and what power have you over his life? I see, I see," he added, "you have taken a sacrilegious oath of blood!"

"We have taken an oath of blood," said they, "and we will keep it."

“ But is this just to your sister ?” said the priest ; “ do you believe in the justice of an Almighty Providence ? Is there no probability that, if this man lives, circumstances may come to light by which her fair and spotless character may be vindicated to the world ? On the contrary, should you now take his life, you prevent any such possibility from ever happening ; and your own rashness and ungodly crime will be the means of sending her name down to posterity, foul and spotted with the imputation of a woman’s worst guilt. Is that love for your sister ?”

Father Roche now began to see that he must argue with their passions—or with that strong affection for their sister, upon which these fearful passions were founded—rather than with their reason or their prejudices, which, in point of fact were now immoveably set in the dark determination of crime.

“ Do you forget,” he added, “ that there are laws in the country to pursue and overtake the murderer ? Do you forget that you will die an ignominious death, and that, instead of acting an honourable part in life, as becomes your ancient and noble name, you will bequeath nothing to your parents but an inheritance of shame and infamy ?”

“ We have thought of all this before,” said John.

"No, not all," said the youngest; "not all, but nearly."

"Well, nearly," said the other.

"Then," said the priest, "you will not hesitate to renounce your most foul and diabolical intention?"

"We have sworn it," said John, "and it must be done." To this the others calmly assented.

"Well, then," said this earnest Christian, "since you fear neither disgrace, nor shame, nor the force of human laws, nor the dread of human punishment, you are not so hardened as to bid defiance to the Almighty, by whom you will be judged. Has he not said, 'thou shalt do no murder? and that who so sheddeth blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' I now ask you," said he, "as one of the humblest of his accredited messengers, do you believe in God and fear him?"

"We are sworn," said John; "the blood of him who has dishonoured our sister's name we will shed, and it is neither priest nor parent who will or shall prevent us."

"Is not a rash and unlawful oath a crime?" said Father Roche; "yes, and you know it is better broken than kept. I call upon you now, as your spiritual director and guide, to renounce that blasphemous oath of blood, and in the name of the

Almighty and all powerful God, I command you to do it."

"We deny your right to interfere," replied John, "we are not now at confession—keep within your limits ; for as sure as there is death and judgment, so sure as we will fulfil our oath in avenging the disgrace of our sister. That ends all, and we will speak no more."

The good old man began to fear that he should be put to the most painful necessity of lodging informations before a magistrate, and thus become the means of bringing disgrace and evil upon the family, when it occurred to him to ask them a last question. "My dear young men," said he, "I have forgotten in the agitation of mind, occasioned by the unprecedented disclosure of your evil and wilful intentions, to ask if you so far renounce God as to refuse to worship him. Kneel down, and let us pray." He himself and their father knelt, but the three brothers stood as sullen and immovable as before. The priest uttered a short prayer, but their conduct so completely perplexed and shocked him, that he rose up, and with tears in his eyes, exclaimed—

"I am now an old man, and have witnessed many instances of error, and sin, and deep crime, but never before have I seen in persons of your early years,

such instances—such awful, terrible instances—of *the* impenitence in which the heart, setting aside *God* and his sacred ordinances, is given over to the *hard* ness of final reprobation. I can do no more, as *the* ambassador of Christ, but I must not stand by and see a fellow-creature—oh! thank God,” he exclaimed “a thought recurs to my mind which had for a time passed out of it. My good friend,” he said, addressing old M'Loughlin, “will you bring Mary in, if she is able to come—say I request to see her here.”

“We will go now, then,” said the eldest, “you can want *us* no longer.”

“You shall *not* go,” replied Father Roche firmly, “if you are men, stay—or, if cowards, who are afraid to look into the depths of your own dark designs, you will and may go—we want you not.” This language perplexed them, but they stood as before, and moved not.

In a few minutes Mary came in, leaning on her father's arm; but, ah! what a change from the elegant outline, and clear healthy cheek—from the red plump lips, and dark mellow eyes, which carried fascination in every glance, and grace in every motion! Sweet, and beautiful, and interesting, she still unquestionably was, but her pale cheek, languid eye, and low tremulous voice, told a tale, which,

When the cause of it was reflected on, had literally scorched up out of her brothers' hearts every remaining vestige of humanity.

"Mary," said the priest, "we have requested your presence, my child, for a most important purpose—and, in communicating that purpose to you, we indeed give the strongest proof of our confidence in your firmness and good sense—nay, I will add, in the truth and fervour of your dependence on the sustaining power of religion."

"In my own strength or discretion I will never depend more," she replied, sighing deeply.

"You must exert great courage and firmness now, my child," rejoined Father Roche; "in the first place, you are about to have a disclosure made which will be apt to shock you; and, in the next place, I have only to say, that it is the absolute necessity of your knowing it, in order to prevent dreadful consequences from ensuing upon it, that forces us to make you cognizant of it at all."

"I trust I shall endeavour at least to bear it," she returned; "I am not strong, and I do not think that so much preparation will add to my strength."

"I agree with you, my child," said Father Roche, "and have only made such as I deemed indispensably necessary. The fact then is, my poor girl, that your

brothers meditate violence against that most base and wicked person who—”

“I know, Sir, the person to whom you allude; but I will thank you, if you can avoid it, not to name him.”

“I have no such intention,” replied the good man, “but bad and profligate as he is, it is still worse that your three brothers should propose such violence.”

“But what do you mean by violence—of course violence of any description is beneath them. Surely, John, you would not stoop—”

She looked at them as she spoke, and, as before, there was no mistaking the meaning of the cold and deadly smile which lay upon their lips, and contrasted so strongly and strangely with their kindling eyes.

“What fearful expression is this,” she asked, with evident terror and trepidation; “my dear brothers what does this mean?—that is, if you be my brothers, for I can scarcely recognize you—what is it, in the name of heaven?”

The brothers looked at her, but spoke not nor moved.

“They have taken an oath, Mary, to wipe out your shame in his blood,” added the priest.

She immediately rose up without aid, and approached them. “This is not true, my dear bro-

thers," said she, "this cannot be true—deny it for your sister."

"We *cannot* deny it, Mary," said John, "for it *is* true, and *must* be done—our vengeance is ripe, hot, burning, and will wait no longer."

"John," said she calmly, "recollect 'vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it.'"

"I told them so," said their father, "but I receive no attention at their hands."

"Vengeance is *ours*," said John, in a deeper and more determined voice than he had ever uttered, "vengeance is ours, and *we* shall repay it."

The others repeated his words as before.

"Obstinate and unhappy young men," said the priest, "you know not, or you forget, that this is blasphemy."

"This, my dear Sir," observed their sister, getting still more deadly pale than before, "is not blasphemy, it is insanity—my three brothers are insane; that is it. Relieve me, John," said she, recovering herself, "and say it is so."

"If we were insane, Mary," replied her brother calmly, "our words would go for nothing."

"But, is it not a dreadful thing," she continued, "that I should be glad of such an alternative?"

"Mary," said the priest, "ask them to pray;

they refused to join me and their father, perhaps you may be more successful."

"They will certainly pray," she said; "I never knew them to omit a night, much less refuse it. Surely they will join their poor sister Mary, who will not long—" She hesitated from motives which the reader can understand, but immediately knelt down to prayer.

During prayer the three brothers stood and knelt not, neither did they speak. When prayers were concluded, she arose, and with tears in her eyes, approached her eldest brother.

"John," said she, "can it be, that the brother of Mary M'Loughlin is an assassin? I will answer for you," she said. "Kiss me, for I am weak and feeble, and must go to bed."

"I cannot kiss you," he replied; "I can never kiss you more, Mary—for it must be done."

The tears still streamed copiously down her cheeks, as they did down those of her father and the amiable priest. The latter, who never took his eye off her, was praying incessantly, as might be seen by the motion of his lips.

"Alick," she proceeded, turning to her second brother, "surely won't refuse to kiss and embrace his only sister, before she withdraws for the day."

‘I cannot kiss you, Mary, my pure sister ; I can never kiss you more. We have sworn, and it must be done.’

‘I thought I had brothers,’ said she ; ‘but I find I am now brotherless ;—yet perhaps not altogether so. I had once a young, generous, innocent, and very affectionate playfellow. It was known that they loved *him*,—that *we all* loved him *best*. Will he desert his loving sister, now that the world has turned so ? or will he allow her to kiss him, and to say that the darkness of guilt may never overshadow his young and generous spirit. Bryan,” she added, “I am Mary, your sister, whom you loved—and surely you are my own dearest brother.” Whilst she uttered the words, the tears which flowed from her eyes fell upon his face. He looked at her pale features, so full of love and tenderness—his muscles of his face worked strongly ; but at length, with a loud cry, he threw himself over, caught her in his arms, and laying her head upon his bosom, wept aloud. The evil spell was now broken. Neither John nor Alick could resist the contagion of tenderness which their beloved sister shed into their hearts. Their tears flowed fast—their caresses were added to those of Bryan ; and as they penitently embraced her, they retracted their awful

oath, and promised never again to think of violence or revenge, or bloodshed.

Thus did the force and purity of domestic affection charm back into their hearts the very spirit which its own excess had before driven out of it;—and thus it is that many a triumph over crime is won by the tenderness and strength of that affection, when neither reason, nor religion, nor any other principle that we are acquainted with, can succeed in leading captive the fearful purposes of resentment and revenge.

“Now,” said Father Roche, “we have still a duty to perform, and that is, to return thanks to Almighty God for the dark and deadly crime, and the woful sorrow, which, by his grace and mercy, he has averted from this family; and I think we may take this blessing—for such surely it is—as an earnest hope that the same Divine hand, which has put aside this impending calamity from us, may, and will, in his own good time, remove the other afflictions which the enmity and wickedness of evil hearts, and evil councils have brought upon us; but especially let us kneel and return thanks for the great and happy change which, through the humility and affection of one of us, has been wrought upon the rest.

“He then knelt down, and on this occasion the

On sinews of these young men became soft, and were bent in remorse, sorrow, repentance. The pious priest prayed fervently and humbly, and as his tears fell fast in the trusting sincerity of his heart, and the meek earnestness of his spirit, it is most unnecessary to say, that those of his little flock accompanied him. The brothers wept bitterly, for the rocky heart of each had been touched, and religion compleated the triumph which affection had begun.

Such had been the situation of this family on the day alluded to by Mr. Easel, who could not, of course, have had any means of becoming acquainted with them, but as we felt that the incidents were necessary to give fulness to his narrative, we did not hesitate to introduce them here, where a knowledge of them was so necessary. We now allow Mr. Easel himself to resume his narrative.

"This venerable pastor," continues Mr. Easel, "is a thin pale man, but, evidently, in consequence of temperance and moderation in his general habits of living, a healthy one. He cannot be less than seventy, but the singular clearness of his complexion, and the steady lustre of his grey eyes, lead you to suppose that he is scarcely that. He is tall and without stoop, and, from the intel-

lectual character of his high and benevolent forehead, added to the mildness of his other features, and his whole face, he presented, I must say, a very striking combination of dignity and meekness. His dress is plain, and nothing can be more fine and impressive than the contrast between his simple black apparel, and the long flowing snow-white hair which falls over it. His holy zeal as a Christian minister, unobscured by secular feelings, or an unbecoming participation in the angry turmoils of political life, possessed all the simple beauty of pure and primitive piety. Father Roche received his education on the Continent in several parts of which he has held ecclesiastical appointments, one being the Presidency of an Irish College. He consequently speaks most, if not all, of the continental languages; but so utterly free from display, and so simple are his manners, that you would not on a first interview, no, nor on a second, ever suppose the man to be what he is—a most accomplished scholar and divine. In one thing, however, you never could be mistaken—that his manners with all their simplicity are those of a gentleman, possessing as they do all the ease, and when he chooses the elegance of a man who has moved in high and polished society. He has only been a few

ars in Ireland. After a glass of wine and some sultory conversation touching public events and the state of this unfortunate and unsettled country, upon all of which he spoke with singular good temper and moderation, we went to see the manufactory, now that I had recovered from my fatigue. This building is two or three hundred yards from the house, and as we were on our way there, it so happened that he and I found ourselves together, and at some distance from M'Loughlin and his sons.

"'You were introduced, Sir,' said he, 'to me as Mr. Easel.'

"I bowed.

"'I am not inquisitive,' he added with a smile, because in this case I do not find it necessary; but I am candid.'

"I began to feel slightly uneasy, so I only bowed again, but could say nothing.

"'I have met you on the continent.'

"'It is quite possible,' I replied, 'I have been here.'

"He laid his finger on my shoulder, and added with a gentle and significant smile, 'I am in possession of your secret, and I say so, to take you, merely so far as I am concerned, out of a false, and myself out of a somewhat painful position. It would

be embarrassing to me, for instance, to meet and treat you as that which you are not, knowing as I do what you are; and it will relieve you from the difficulty of sustaining a part that is not your own, at least so far as I am concerned.'

" 'I certainly perceive,' I replied, 'that you are in possession of that, which in this country, I thought known only to myself and another.'

" 'Your secret,' he said emphatically, 'shall be inviolable.'

" 'I feel it, my good Sir, I replied, 'and now, let me ask, on what part of the continent did we meet?'

" 'Let it suffice to say here, that he brought himself distinctly to my memory, through the medium of a very kind office performed for a friend of mine, who, at the time, stood in circumstances not only of difficulty, but of considerable personal danger.

" 'Having viewed the manufactory which is somewhat of a novelty in this immediate locality, we were about to take our leave, when four men evidently strangers, and each remarkable for that hardened and insolent look which begets suspicion at a glance, now entered the concern with an air of ruffian authority, and with all the offensive forms of

which the law is capable, laid on an execution, to the amount of fourteen hundred pounds.

“Old M'Loughlin received the intelligence, and witnessed the proceedings, with a smile, in which there was something that struck me as being peculiarly manly and independent.

“‘This,’ said he, ‘although coming from a quarter that I deemed to be friendly, is the heaviest blow, connected with our business, that we have received yet. Still, gentlemen,’ he proceeded, addressing Father Roche and myself, ‘I trust it won’t signify—a mere passing embarrassment. This manufactory, as you may perceive, complete through all its machinery, which is of the very best and costliest description, together with the property in it, is worth five times the amount of the execution.’

“‘Yes, but you forget,’ replied the leading ruffian, ‘that property under an execution isn’t to be judged by its real value. In general it doesn’t bring one tenth, no, nor one fifteenth of its true value, when auctioned out, as it will be, under a writ.’

“‘Ay, by Japers,’ said another of them, ‘an’ what’s better still, you forget that your Lease is expired, and that Lord Cumber has sent over word for you not to get a renewal—nor Harman either.’

“ ‘Is this true?’ I inquired of Father Roche; ‘do you imagine it to be possible?’

“ ‘That fellow is a bad authority for any thing,’ he replied, ‘but I fear that in this point, he is too correct. However, let us ask M'Loughlin himself, who, certainly, has the best right to know.’

“ This I resolved on, not because I was ignorant of the fact, which you know I had from M'Clutchy himself, but that I might ascertain that gentleman's mode of transacting business, and his fairness towards Lord Cumber's tenants.

“ ‘What this man says, Mr. M'Loughlin, surely cannot be possible—does he mean to assert that Lord Cumber refuses to renew your lease, although he must be aware that you have expended in the erection of this fine manufactory a sum not less, I should suppose, than five or six thousand pounds.’

“ ‘Seven thousand, six hundred,’ replied the old man, setting me right, ‘nearly four thousand between Harman and us.’

“ ‘But he does not refuse to renew your Leases certainly?’

“ ‘No,’ said M'Loughlin, ‘I cannot say that he does; but we have not been able to get anything like a distinct reply from him on the subject—and, as far as reports go, they are certainly not in our

favour. We have written to Lord Cumber himself, and the only reply we could obtain was, that he had placed the whole matter in the hands of M'Clutchy, in whose justice and integrity, he said, he had the highest confidence, and that consequently we must abide by his decision. My own impression is, that he is determined to ruin us, which he certainly will, should he refuse us a renewal.'

" 'There can be no doubt about it,' said the eldest son, 'nor that his management of the estate and his general administration of justice are wofully one sided.'

" 'I don't choose to hear Mr. M'Clutchy abused,' said the leading fellow, who, in truth, was one of his blood-hounds, as were all the rest, with one exception only, 'nor I won't hear him abused. You wouldn't have him show the same favour to Papists that he would show to good honest Protestants, that are staunch and loyal to Church and State—by Japers that would be nice work! Do you think a man's not to show favour to his own side, either as a magistrate or agent—eh?—faith that's good!'

" 'And I'll tell you more,' said another of them, addressing John M'Loughlin, 'do you think, that if he dared to put Papishes on a level with us, that

we'd suffer it? By Gog, you're out if you do—we know a horse of another colour, my buck.'

" 'To whom do you address such insolent language as this?' asked the young man, 'you are here in execution of your duty, and you had better confine yourself to that.'

" 'To you, my buck, I address it, and to an Papish that doesn't like it—and if I'm here to discharge my duty, I'll discharge it,' and he shook his head with insolence as he spoke; 'an' what's more I'm afeard of no man—and I'll discharge my duty as I like, that's another thing—as I like to discharge it. Ha! d—me, I'm not to be put down by a parcel of Priests and Papishes, if they were ten times bad as they are.'

" 'You are a low ruffian,' replied the young man 'far beneath my resentment or my notice; and it is precisely such scoundrels as you, ignorant and brutal who bring shame and infamy upon religion itself—and are a multiplied curse to the country.'

" 'Very well, my buck,' persisted this ferocious bigot, 'may be the day will come when we'll make you remember this treason, and swally it too. How would you like to get a touch of the wreckers, my buck?—an' by Japers, take care that you're not i

for a lick. A Lease ! d—me but it would be a nice thing to give the like o' you a lease ! None o' your sort, my buck, will get that trick, so long as loyal M'Clutchy's on the property."

"Father Roche having taken the young man's arm, led him away ; wishing to avoid any further altercation with such persons, and immediately afterwards they set about completing an inventory of all the property, machinery, &c., in the establishment.

" 'There was one expression used by that man,' I observed, when we got out again upon the Castle Cumber road, 'which I do not properly understand ; it was, 'how would you like to get a touch of the *wreckers* ?' "

" 'The wreckers, Sir,' replied old M'Loughlin, 'are a set of men such as that fellow we have just been speaking to—brimfull of venom and hatred against Catholics and their religion. Their creed consists of two principles, one of which I have just mentioned, that is, hatred of us ; the other is a blind attachment to the Orange system. These two combined, constitute a loyalist of the present day ; and with such impressions operating upon a large mass of men like the fellow inside, who belong to an ascendant party, and are permitted to carry arms and ammunition wherever they like, either to search

your house or mine, on the most frivolous pretences, it is not surprising that the country should be as it is; but *it is* surprising, that exposed as we are to such men, without adequate protection, we should possess any attachment at all to the throne and constitution of these realms; or to a government which not only suffers such a state of things to exist, but either connives at or encourages it. For instance, it was the exhibition of such principles as you have heard that man avow, that got him and those who accompany him, their appointments; for, I am sorry to say, that there is no such successful recommendation as this violent party spirit, even to situations of the very lowest class. The highest are generally held by Orangemen, and it is attachment to their system that constitutes the only passport now a days to every office in the country, from the secretary to the scavenger.'

" This, I fear, is rather an over true account of the state of things in the portion of Ireland from which I write; but, whilst I admit this, I am far from saying that the faults are all on one side. There are prejudices equally ferocious, and quite as senseless and ignorant, on the part of the Roman Catholic party—prejudices resulting sometimes from education, and sometimes from the want of it; but,

which certainly contribute their full share to the almost disorganized state of society by which I am surrounded."

From the same to the same in continuation.

"May 10, 18—. My dear Spinageberd—Feeling, as I did, exceedingly anxious to make myself acquainted with the true principles of the Orange institutions which have spread themselves so rapidly over the country, I need scarcely say to you that I left nothing that was fair and honourable undone, on my part, to accomplish that object; or, in other words, to ascertain whether their private principles, as a political body, harmonize with their public practices. It is but fair to render justice to every party, and consequently it is only right and equitable to inquire whether the violent outrages committed by the low and ignorant men who belong to their body, are defensible by the regulations which are laid down for their guidance.

"On looking over the general declaration of the objects of the institution, one is certainly struck by the fairness, and liberality, and moderation, joined to a becoming avowal of attachment to the Protestant religion and the throne, which it breathes. Here, however, it is, *verbatim et literatim*, in its authentic

shape, with all that is good or evil in it laid clearly before you. I deem it right, however, to preface it by the greater portion of a short but significant Report, to which are prefixed the following memorable names :—

“ At a meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, November, 20, 1798. Present :—Thomas Verner, Grand Master ; J. C. Beresford, grand secretary ; R. C. Smith, jun. deputy secretary ; H. A. Woodward ; J. S. Rochfort ; T. F. Knipe ; Samuel Montgomery ; Harding Giffard ; William Richardson ; John Fisher ; William Corbett ; W.G. Galway ; Francis Gregory. Harding Giffard, and S. Montgomery, Esqrs., reported as follows :—

““ Having been honoured by the Grand Lodge with instructions to revise and select a proper system of rules, for the government of Orange Lodges, we beg leave to make a report of our progress.

““ We are happy in being able to say, that in our duty upon this occasion, we received the greatest assistance from the experience of the Grand Master of Ireland, and his Deputy Grand Secretary, who did us the honour of imparting to us their sentiments.

““ Encouraged by their help, we have ventured very materially to alter the shape of the confused system which was referred to us, preserving the spirit, and,

as much as possible, the original words, except where we had to encounter gross violations of language and grammar.

“‘The general plan of our proceeding has been this, we have thrown what are, in our opinion, very improperly called the six first general rules, into one plain short declaration of the sentiments of the body.

“‘Next in order we have given the qualifications of an Orangeman, selected from the Antrim regulations, and the rather, as it breathes a spirit of piety which cannot be too generally diffused throughout an institution, *whose chief object*, whatever political shape it may assume, *is to preserve the Protestant religion.* * * * * *

“SAMUEL MONTGOMERY,
“HENRY GIFFARD.

“Nov. 20, 1798.’”

GENERAL DECLARATION OF THE OBJECTS OF THE ORANGE INSTITUTION.

“‘We associate, to the utmost of our power, to support and defend his Majesty King George the Third, the constitution, and laws of this country, and the succession to the Throne in his Majesty’s illustrious house, being Protestants; for the defence of our persons and properties; and to maintain the peace of the country : *and for these purposes we will*

be at all times ready to assist the civil and military powers in the just and lawful discharge of their duty. We also associate in honour of King William the Third, Prince of Orange, whose name we bear, as supporters of his glorious memory, and the true religion by him completely established in these kingdoms. And in order to prove our gratitude and affection for his name, we will annually celebrate the victory over James at the Boyne, on the first day of July, O. S., in every year, which day shall be our grand Era for ever.

“ ‘ We further declare that we are exclusively a Protestant Association ; yet, detesting as we do, any intolerant spirit, we solemnly pledge ourselves to each other, *that we will not persecute, injure, or upbraid any person on account of his religious opinions,* PROVIDED THE SAME BE NOT HOSTILE TO THE STATE ; but that we will, on the contrary, be aiding and assisting to every loyal subject, of every religious description, in protecting him from violence and oppression.’

Qualifications requisite for an Orangeman.

“ ‘ He should have a sincere love and veneration for his Almighty Maker, productive of those lively and happy fruits, righteousness and obedience to his commands ; a firm and stedfast faith in the Saviour

of the world, convinced that he is the only mediator between a sinful creature and an offended Creator—without these he cannot be a Christian; of a humane and compassionate disposition, and a courteous and affable behaviour. He should be an utter enemy to savage brutality and unchristian cruelty; a lover of society and improving company; and have a laudable regard for the Protestant religion, and a sincere desire to propagate its precepts; zealous in promoting the honour, happiness, and prosperity of his king and country; heartily desirous of victory and success in those pursuits, yet convinced and assured that God alone can grant them. He should have a hatred of cursing and swearing, and taking the name of God in vain, (a shameful practice) and he should use all opportunities of discouraging it among his brethren. Wisdom and prudence should guide his actions—honesty and integrity direct his conduct—and the honour and glory of his king and country be the motives of his endeavours—lastly, he should pay the strictest attention to a religious observance of the Sabbath, and also to temperance and sobriety.

Obligation of an Orangeman.

“I, A.B., do solemnly and sincerely swear, of my own free will and accord, that I will, to the utmost

of my power, support and defend the present king, George III., his heirs and successors, so long as he or they support the Protestant ascendancy, the constitution, and laws of these kingdoms; and that I will ever hold sacred the name of our glorious deliverer, William III., prince of Orange; and I do further swear, that I am not, nor ever was, a Roman Catholic or Papist; that I was not, am not, nor ever will be, a United Irishman, and that I never took the oath of secrecy to that, or any other treasonable society; and I do further swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will always conceal, and never will reveal, either part or parts of what is now to be privately communicated to me, until I shall be authorized so to do by the proper authorities of the Orange institution; that I will neither write it, nor indite it, stamp, stain, or engrave it, nor cause it so to be done, on paper, parchment, leaf, bark, stick, stone, or any thing, so that it may be known; and I do further swear, that I have not, to my knowledge or belief, been proposed and rejected in, or expelled from any other Orange Lodge; and that I now become an Orangeman without fear, bribery, or corruption.

“SO HELP ME GOD.”

Secret Articles.

“ 1st. That we will bear true allegiance to his majesty, king George III., his heirs and successors, so long as he or they support the Protestant ascendancy ; and that we will faithfully support and maintain the laws and constitution of these kingdoms.

“ 2nd. That we will be true to all Orangemen in all just actions, neither wronging one, nor seeing him wronged to our knowledge, without acquainting him thereof.

“ 3rd. That we are not to see a brother offended for six pence or one shilling, or more, if convenient, which must be returned next meeting if possible.

“ 4th. We must not give the first assault to any person whatever ; *that* may bring a brother into trouble.

“ 5th. We are not to carry away money, goods, or anything from any person whatever, except arms and ammunition, and those only from an enemy.

“ 6th. We are to appear in ten hours warning, or whatever time is required, if possible, (provided it is not hurtful to ourselves or families, and that we are served with a lawful summons from the master,) otherwise we are fined as the company think proper.

“ 7th. No man can be made an Orangeman without the unanimous approbation of the body.

" 8th. An Orangeman is to keep a brother's secrets as his own, unless in case of murder, treason, and perjury ; and that of his own free will.

" 9th. No Roman Catholic can be admitted on any account.

" 10th. Any Orangeman who acts contrary to these rules, shall be expelled, and the same reported to all the Lodges in the kingdom and elsewhere.

" GOD SAVE THE KING."

" Among the Secret Articles are the following, which, by the way, are pretty significant, when properly understood :—

" ' 4th.—We must not give the first assault to any person whatever ; that might bring a brother into trouble.'

" ' 5th.—We are not to carry away *money, goods*, or any thing from any person whatever, except *arms and ammunition*, and those only from an *enemy*.'

" ' 6th.—We are to appear in ten hours warning, or whatever time is required, if possible, (provided it is not hurtful to ourselves or families, and that we are served with a lawful summons from the master), otherwise we are fined as *the company* think proper.'

" The Marksman's obligation is merely a repetition of the same description of allegiance to the king, his

heirs and successors, so long as he or they maintain the Protestant ascendancy, &c. &c., together with such other obligations of secrecy, as are to be found either in Orange or Ribbon Lodges, with very slight difference in their form and expression.

“Now, my dear Spinageberd, I first call your attention to that portion which is headed “Qualifications necessary for an Orangeman;” and I think you will agree with me that it would be difficult, almost impossible, to find in any organized society, whether open or secret, a more admirable code of qualifications for such as may be anxious to enrol themselves amongst its members. And I have no doubt, that had the other portions of it been conceived and acted on in the same spirit, Orangeism would have become a very different system from that which under its name now influences the principles, and inflames the passions of the lower classes of Protestants, and stimulates them, too frequently to violence, and outrage, and persecution itself, under a conviction that they are only discharging their duties by a faithful adherence to its obligations. These obligations, however, admirable as they are and ably drawn up, possess neither power nor influence in the system, being nothing more nor less than an abstract series of religious and

moral duties *recommended* to practice, but stript of any force of obligation that might impress them on the heart and principles. They are not embodied at all in the code in any shape or form that might touch the conscience or regulate the conduct, but on the contrary stand there as a thing to look at and admire, but not as a matter of duty. If they had been even drawn up as a solemn declaration, asserting on the part of the newly made member a conviction that strict observance of their precepts was an indispensable and necessary part of his obligations, as an Orangeman, they might have been productive of good effect, and raised the practises of the institution from many of the low and gross atrocities which disgraced it. I cannot deny, however, that Orangeism with all its crimes and outrages has rendered very important services to the political Protestantism of the country. In fact, it was produced at the period of its formation by the almost utter absence of spiritual religion in the Established Church. Some principle was necessary to keep Protestantism from falling to pieces, and, as a good one could not be found in a church which is at this moment one mass of sordid and selfish secularity,* there was nothing

* Let the reader remember that this, and almost every thing that refers to the Irish Establishment, is supposed to have been written about forty years ago.

left for it but a combination such as this. Indeed, you could form no conception of the state of the *Protestant Church* here, even while I write, although you might form a very gorgeous one of *the Establishment*. The truth is, she is *all* Establishment and *no* Church; and is, to quote Swift's celebrated simile—

“Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That rots and stinks in state.”

“There was no purifying or restraining power in the Establishment to modify, improve, or elevate the principles of Orangeism at all. And what has been the consequence? Why, that in attempting to infuse her spirit into the new system she was over-matched herself, and instead of making Orangeism Christian, the institution has made her Orange. This is fact. The only thing we have here now in the shape of a Church is the Orange system, for if you take that away what remains?

“This, my dear Spinageberd, is not to be wondered at; for no effects are without their causes. In this country no body ever dreams of entering the Established Church from pure and pious motives. In such a Church piety may be corrupted, but it is seldom rewarded. No, the description of persons who now enter the Church are the younger sons of our

nobility, and gentry, of our squires, our dignitaries, and wealthy professional men; of our judges, generals, our deans, and our bishops. Among the sons of such men the Church is carved out, with the exception of the chines, and sirloins, and other *best joints*, all of which are devoured by a peculiar description of Englishmen, named Bishops, who are remarkable for excessive long claws and very shark-like teeth. In this, however, we do not blame England, but agree with Dean Swift who asserted, that in his day, she uniformly selected the most unassuming, learned, and pious individuals she could get; fitted them out as became such excellent Christian men, and sent them over with the best intentions imaginable, to instruct the Irish in all Christian truth and humility. It so happened, however, that as soon as they had reached Hounslow Heath, they were every man without exception stopped, stripped, and robbed, by the gentlemen who frequent that celebrated locality; who, thinking that robbery on the high Church was safer and more lucrative than robbery upon the high way; came over here instead of pious men, where they remained in their original capacity for the remainder of their lives.

“ It is impossible, in fact, that a church so deeply

infected with political corruption, so shamefully neglected in all that is spiritual and regenerative, and so openly prostituted to intrigue and ambition, can ever work with that high and holy efficacy which should characterize her. These, however, are not her purposes, nor are they aimed at. She exists here merely as an unholy bond between the political interests of the two countries, maintaining British authority by her wealth, and corrupting Irish honesty by her example. I have already enumerated the class of persons who enter her, and touched upon the motives by which they are influenced. In large families, for instance, if there happen to be a young fellow either too idle, or too stupid for the labour and duties of the other professions, there is no inconvenience or regret felt. No matter—he Dick, or Jack, or Tom, as the case may be, *will do very well for the church*. ‘You will make a very good parson, Tom—or a Dean—or a——no—hang it, there I must stop; I was about to say Bishop, but not being an Englishman, you cannot carve that dish, Dick. Never mind—you can feed upon a fat living—or if one wont do—why, we must see and get you a pair of them, Bill.’

“But this, my dear Spinageberd, is not all. You will be surprized, when I tell you, that there is no

system of education necessary for entering into orders. No system, I repeat—properly so called—either Scriptural or Ecclesiastical. Some few divinity lectures are to be attended, which in general are neither well attended—nor worth attending—and that, I believe, is all. One thing is certain, that the getting certificates of attendance for these lectures is a mere form, as is the examination for orders. The consequence is, that a young candidate for a living goes into the church, burthened with very little of that lore which might spoil his appetite for its enjoyment; so harmoniously does every thing here work together for the good of the pastors at the expense of the people.

“ I think, I have shown you that there is little in the Church of Ireland that is likely to regulate, or purify the spirit of Orangeism when coming in contact with itself. That it had little to gain from the church in a spiritual way, and that the church is not fulfilling the ends of her establishment here in any sense, is evident from the Report in the little work from which I have taken these extracts. In that passage it would appear that the very existence of a church is forgotten altogether; for Orangeism is termed “an institution, whose chief object—whatever political shape it may assume—is to *preserve the*

Protestant religion. I will now before I close this batch, direct your attention to one or two passages that prove most distinctly the fact, that there stand clear in the oath of an Orangeman, principles, founded on foregone practices and conclusions, which never should have existence in a country so situated as this is.

“The Orangemen, for instance, in the paper headed their ‘General Declaration,’ say, ‘We associate for the defence of our persons and properties, and to maintain the peace of the country; and for these purposes we will be at all times ready to *assist* the *civil and military powers* in the just and lawful discharge of their duty.’

“This, now, is all very plausible, but, perhaps, by looking a little more closely into the circumstances of the case, we may be able to perceive that in this passage, and one or two others of a similar character, the most objectionable part of the system lies disguised—if one can say disguised, because to me, my dear Spinageberd, the matter seems obvious enough. Who, then, are these men that come forward with arms in their hands, to proffer aid to the civil and military powers in the discharge of their duty? A self-constituted body without authority, who have certainly proved themselves to be brave men, and

rendered most important services to the state, at a time when such services were, no doubt, both necessary and acceptable. The crisis, however, in which this aid was given and received, being but of brief duration, soon passed away, leaving the party opposed to government—the rebels—broken, punished, flogged, banished, hanged ; in fact, completely discomfited, subdued, beaten down. In other words, the rebellion of '98 having been thoroughly suppressed, this self-elected body of men, tasting the sweets of authority, retain, under different circumstances, these obligations, which, we admit, the previous situation of the country had rendered necessary. They retain them in times of peace, and bring into operation against men who were no longer either in a disposition or capacity to resist, those strong prejudices, and that fierce spirit which originated in tumult and civil war. Why nobody complains of the conduct of Orangemen, as a body, in '98 ; it is of their outrages since, that the country, and such as were opposed to them, have a right to complain.

“ In another passage the declaration is still stronger and more significant : ‘ We further declare,’ say they, ‘ that we are exclusively a Protestant association ; yet, detesting as we do, any intolerant spirit, we solemnly pledge ourselves to each other,

that we will not *persecute, injure, nor upbraid* any person on account of his religious opinions, *provided the same be not hostile to the state.*'

"That is to say, they *will* persecute, injure, or upbraid such persons only, whose religious opinions *are* hostile to the state. But, now, let me ask any one man of common sense, if he could for a moment hesitate to declare on oath, what religion they have alluded to, as being hostile to the state? There is, in truth, but one answer to be given—the Roman Catholic. What else, then, is this excessive loyalty to the state, but a clause of justification for their own excesses, committed in the name, and on the behalf of religion itself? Did they not also constitute themselves the judges who were first to determine the nature of these opinions, and afterwards the authorities who should punish them? Here is one triumphant party with arms in their hands, who have only, if they wish, to mark out a victim, and declare his religion and principles as hostile to the state; and, lo! they are at liberty, by their own regulations, to '*persecute*' him!

"In the 5th secret article there occurs the following:—'We are not to carry away money, goods, or any thing, from any person whatever, except arms and ammunition, and these only from *an enemy.*'

“ This certainly shows the nature of the cruel and domiciliary tyranny which they subsequently to '98 carried to such excess in different parts of the country ; and here, as in the other instance, what was there to guide them in determining the crime which constituted an enemy ? Why their own fierce prejudices alone. Here, then, we find a body irresponsible and self-constituted, confederated together, and trained in the use of arms, (but literally unknown to the constitution,) sitting, without any legal authority, upon the religious opinions of a class that are hateful and obnoxious to them—and, in fact, combining within themselves the united offices of both judge and executioner. With the character of their loyalty I have no quarrel ; I perceive it is conditional ; but the doctrine of unconditional loyalty is so slavish and absurd, that the sooner such an unnecessary fetterlock is struck off the mind the better. To-morrow evening, however, I am to be introduced to an Orange Lodge, after the actual business of it shall have been transacted and closed. This is a privilege not conceded to many, but it is one of which I shall very gladly avail myself, in order that I may infer from their conduct some faint conception of what it generally is.”

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ORANGE LODGE AT FULL WORK—SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY—HE DEFINES DRINKING TO BE A RELIGIOUS EXERCISE—TRUE BLUE AND THE EQUIVOCAL—PHIL'S ELOQUENCE—A CHARTER TOAST.

From the same to the same.

“Friday, * * *

“THE order of business for each night of meeting is, I find, as follows ;—1. Lodge to open with prayer, members standing. 2. General rules read. 3. Members proposed. 4. Reports from committee. 5. Names of members called over. 6. Members ballotted for. 7. Members made. 8. Lodge to close with prayer, members standing.

It was about eight o'clock, when, accompanied by a young fellow named Graham, we reached the Lodge, which, in violation of one of its own rules, was held in what was formerly called the Topertoe Tavern, but which has since been changed to the Castle Cumber Arms—being a field *per pale*, on which is quartered a purse, and what seems to be an

inverted utensil of lead, hammered into a coronet. In the other is a large mouth grinning, opposite to which is a stuffed pocket, from which hangs the motto, "ne quid detrimenti res privata capiat." Under the foot of the gentleman is the neck of a famine struck woman, surrounded by naked and starving children, and it is by the convenient aid of her neck that he is enabled to reach the purse, *or*; and, indeed, such is his eagerness to catch it and the coronet, that he does not seem to care much whether he strangles her or not. On the leaden coronet is the motto, alluding to the head which fills it, "*similis simili gaudet.*"

I should mention, before proceeding further, that Mr. Valentine M'Clutchy, being master of the Lodge in question, was the individual from whom I had received permission to be present under the circumstances already specified. The ceremony of making a member is involved in that ridiculous mystery which is calculated to meet the vulgar prejudices of low and ignorant men. Sometimes they are made one by one, and occasionally, or, I believe, more frequently in batches of three or more, in order to save time and heighten the effect. The novice, then, before entering the Lodge, is taken into another room, where he is blindfolded,

and desired to denude himself of his shoes and stockings; his right arm is then taken out of his coat and shirt sleeves, in order to leave his right shoulder bare. He then enters the Lodge, where he is received in silence, with the exception of the master, who puts certain queries to him, which must be appropriately answered. After this he receives on the naked shoulder three smart slaps of the open hand, as a proof of his willingness to bear every kind of persecution for the sake of truth—of his steadfastness to the principles of Orangeism, and of his actual determination to bear violence, and, if necessary, death itself, rather than abandon it or betray his brethren.

About nine o'clock the business of the Lodge had been despatched, and in a few minutes I received an intimation to enter from the Deputy Master, who was no other than the redoubtable and heroic Phil himself; the father having been prevented from coming, it appeared, by sudden indisposition. As I entered, they were all seated, to the number of thirty-five or forty, about a long table, from which rose, reeking and warm, the powerful exhalations of strong punch. On paying my respects, I was received and presented to them by Phil, who, on this occasion, was in great feather, being rigged out in all

the paraphernalia of Deputy Master. The rest, also, were dressed in their orange robes, which certainly gave them a good deal of imposing effect.

"Gentlemen," said Phil,—“Bob Sparrow, I'll trouble you to touch the bell, and be d——d to you—gentlemen, this is a particular friend of mine and my father's—that is, we intend to take a good deal of interest in him, if it's not his own fault, and to push him on in a way that may serve him—but, then, he's in the dark yet; however, I hope he won't be long so. This, gentlemen, is Mr. Weasel from England, who has come over to see the country.”

“Your health, Mr. Weasel,” resounded from all sides; “you're welcome among us, and so is every friend of brother Captain Phil's.”

“Gentlemen,” said I, “I feel much obliged for the cordiality of your reception—but, allow me to say, that Mr. M'Clutchy has made a slight mistake in my name, which is Easel, not Weasel.”

“Never mind, Sir,” they replied, among a jingle of glasses, which almost prevented me from being heard, “never mind, Mr. Evil, we don't care a curse what your name is, provided you're a good Protestant. Your name may be Belzebub, instead of Evil, or Devil, for that matter—all we want to know is, whether you're *staunch*, and of the *right metal*.”

"That, gentlemen," I replied, "I trust time will tell."

"I shall be very proud—I speak it not, I hope, in a worldly sense," said a little thin man dressed in black—"no, not in a worldly sense—I shall be proud, Sir, of your acquaintance. To me it is quite sufficient that you are here as the friend of *my* excellent friend, Mr. Valentine M'Clutchy; a man, I trust, not without a deep and searching spirit of—"

"Come, Solomon," said a large broad shouldered man, with a face in which were singularly blended the almost incompatible principles of fun and ferocity, "come, Solomon, none of your preaching here so soon—you know you're not up to the praying point yet, nor within four tumblers of it. So, as you say yourself, wait for your gifts, my lad."

"Ah, Tom," replied Solomon with a smile, "always facetious—always fond of a harmless and edifying jest."

"My name, Sir," added he, "is M'Slime; I have the honour to be Law Agent to the Castle Cumber property, and occasionally to transact business with our friend M'Clutchy."

Here the waiter entered with a glass and tumbler, and Phil desired them to shove me up the decanter. This, however, I declined, as not being yet suffi-

ciently accustomed to whiskey punch to be able to drink it without indisposition. I begged, however, to be allowed to substitute a little cold sherry and water in its stead.

"I'm afeard, Sir," observed another strong looking man, "that you are likely to prove but a cool Orangeman on our hands. I never saw the man that shied his tumbler good for much."

"Sir," said Solomon, "you need not feel surprised at the tone of voice and familiarity in which these persons address you or me. They are, so to speak, sturdy and independent men, who, to the natural boldness of their character, add on such occasions as this, something of the equality and license that are necessarily to be found in a Orange Lodge. I am myself here, I trust, on different and higher principles. Indeed, it is from a purely religious motive that I come, as well as to give them the benefit of a frail, but not, I would hope, altogether unedifying example. Their language makes me often feel how much I stand in need of grace, and how good it is sometimes for me to be tempted within my strength. I also drink punch here, lest by declining it I might get into too strong a feeling of pride, in probably possessing greater gifts; and I need not say, Sir, that a watchful Christian will be

slow to miss any opportunity of keeping himself humble. It is, then, for this purpose that I sometimes, when among these men, make myself even as one of them, and humble myself, always with an eye to edification even to the fourth or fifth cup."

"But I trust, Sir, that these Christian descents from your vantage ground are generally rewarded."

"Without boasting, I trust I may say so. These little sacrifices of mine are not without their own appropriate compensations. Indeed, it is seldom that such stretches of duty on the right side, and for the improvement of others, are made altogether in vain. For instance after the humility—if I can call it so—of the third cup, I am rewarded with an easy uprising of the spiritual man—a greater sense of inward freedom—an elevation of the soul—a benign beatitude of spirit, that diffuses a calm serene happiness through my whole being."

"That, Sir, must be delightful."

"It *is* delightful, but it is what these men—carnal I do not wish to call them lest I fall—it is, however, what these men—or, indeed, any merely carnal man, cannot feel. This, however, I feel to be a communication made to me, that in this thing I should not for the time stop; and I feel that I am not free to pass

the fourth or fifth cup, knowing as how greater freedom and additional privileges will be granted."

"Are the stages marked, Sir, between the fourth and fifth tumblers?"

"Cups, my friend—there is a beauty, Sir, in the economy of this that is not to be concealed. For instance, the line between the third and fourth cup is much better marked, and no doubt for wiser purposes, than is that between the fourth and fifth. At the fourth my spirit is filled with strong devotional tendencies—and it is given to me to address the Lodge with something like unctional effect; but at the fifth this ecstatic spirit rises still higher, and assumes the form of praise, and psalms, spiritual songs, and political anthems. In this whole assembly, I am sorry to say, that there is but one other humble individual who, if I may so speak, is similarly gifted, and goes along with me, *pari passu*, as they say, step by step, and cup by cup, until we reach the highest order, which is praise. But, indeed, to persons so gifted in their liquor, drinking is decidedly a religious exercise. That person is the little fellow to the right of the red-faced man up yonder, the little fellow I mean, who is pale in the face and wants an eye. His name is Bob Spaight; he is grand cobbler, by appointment, to the Lodge, and attends

all the Popish executions in the province, from principle; for he is, between you and me, a Christian man of high privileges. As for our little touches of *melo-dia sacra* during the fifth cup, the only draw back is, that no matter what the measure of the psalm be, whether long or short, Bob is sure to sing it either to the tune of *Croppies lie Down*, or the *Boyne Water*, they being the only two he can manage; a circumstance which forces us, however otherwise united, to part company in the melody, unless when moved by compassion for poor Bob, I occasionally join him in *Croppies lie Down* or the other tune, for the purpose of sustaining him as a Christian and an Orangeman.

“ At this time it was with something like effort that he or I could hear each other as we spoke, and by the way, it was quite evident that little Solomon was very nearly in all his glory, from the very slight liquefaction of language which might be observed in his conversation.

“ It occurred to me now, that as Solomon’s heart was a little open, and as the tide of conversation flowed both loud and tumultuous, it was a very good opportunity of getting out of him a tolerably fair account of the persons by whom we were surrounded. I accordingly asked him the name and occupation

of several whom I had observed as the most striking individuals present.

"That large man with the red face," said I, "beside your pious and musical friend Spaight—who is he?"

"He is an Orange butcher, Sir, who would think very little of giving a knock on the head to any Protestant who won't deal with him. His Landlord's tenants are about half Catholics and half Protestants, and as he makes it a point to leave them his custom in about equal degrees, this fellow—who, between you and me—is right in the principle, if he would only carry it out a little more quietly—makes it a standing grievance every Lodge night. And, by and by, you will hear them abuse each other like pickpockets for the same reason. There is a grim looking fellow, with the great fists, a blacksmith, who is at deadly enmity with that light firm looking man—touching the shoeing of M'Clutchy's cavalry. Val, who knows a thing or two, if I may so speak, keeps them one off and the other on so admirably, that he contrives to get his own horses shod and all his other iron work done, free, gratis, for nothing, between them. This is the truth, brother Weasel: in fact, my dear brother, Weasel, it is the truth. There are few here who are not moved by some personal hope or

expectation from something or from somebody. Down there near the door are a set of fellows—whisper in your ear—about as great scoundrels as you could meet with; insolent, fierce, furious men, with bad passions and no principles, whose chief delight is to get drunk—to kick up party feuds in fairs and markets, and who have, in fact, a natural love for strife. But all are not so. There are many respectable men here who though a little touched, as is only natural after all, by a little *cacoethes* of self interest, yet, never suffer it to interfere with the steadiness and propriety of their conduct, or their love of peace and good will. It is these men, who, in truth, sustain the character of the Orange Institution. These are the men of independence and education who repress—as far as they can—the turbulence and outrage of the others. But hearken! now they begin.”

At this moment the din in the room was excessive. Phil had now begun to feel the influence of liquor, as was evident from the frequent thumpings which the table received at his hand—the awful knitting of his eyebrows, as he commanded silence—and the multiplicity of “d—my honours,” which interlarded his conversation.

“Silence, I say,” he shouted; “d—n my honour

if I'll bear this. Here's Mr. Weasil—eh—Evil, or Devil; d—n my honour, I forget—who has come ov—over all the way—(All the way from Galloway, is that it?—go on)—all the way from England, to get a good sample of Protestantism to bring homewith him to distribute among his father's tenantry. Now if he can't find that among ourselves to-night, where the devil would, or could, or ought he to go to look for it?"

"Hurra—bravo—hear brother Captain Phil."

"Yes, gentlemen," continued Phil, rising up; "yes, Mr. Civil—Evil—Devil; d—n my honour, I *must* be on it now—I am bold to say that we are—are—a set of——"

"Hurra—hurra—we are, brother Captain Phil!"

"And, gentlemen, not only that, but *true blues*. (Three cheers for the Castle Cumber True Blue.) And what's a true blue, gentlemen? I ask you zealously—I ask you as a gentleman—I ask you as a man—I ask you determinedly, as one that will do or die, if it comes to that"—(here there was a thump on the table at every word)—"I ask you as an officer of the Castle Cumber Cavalry—and, gentlemen, let any man that hears me—that hears me, I say—because, gentlemen, I ask upon independent principles, as the Deputy-Master of this Lodge,

gentlemen—(cheers, hurra, hurra)—and the question is an important one—one of the greatest and most extraordinary comprehension, so to speak ; because, gentlemen, it involves—this great question does—it involves the welfare of his majesty, gentlemen, and of the great and good King William, gentlemen, who freed us from Pope and Popery, gentlemen, and wooden shoes, gentlemen——”

“ But not from wooden spoons, gentlemen,” in a disguised voice from the lower end of the table.

“ Eh ?—certainly not—certainly not—I thank my worthy brother for the hint. No, gentlemen, we unfortunately have wooden spoons up to the present day ; but, gentlemen, if we work well together—if we be in earnest—if we draw the blade, and throw away the scabbard, like our brothers, the glorious heroes of Scullabogue—there is as little doubt, gentlemen, as that the sun this moment—the moon, gentlemen ; I beg pardon—shines this moment that we will yet banish wooden spoons, as the great and good King William did Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes. Gentlemen, you will excuse me for this warmth ; but I am not ashamed of it—it is the warmth, gentlemen, that keeps us cool in the moment—the glorious pious and immortal moment of danger and true loyalty, and attachment

to our Church, which we all love and practice on constitutional principles. I trust, gentlemen, you will excuse me for this historical account of *my* feelings—they are the principles, gentlemen, of a gentleman—of a man—of an officer of the Castle Cumber Cavalry—and lastly of him who has the honour—the glorious, pious, and immortal honour, I may say, to hold the honourable situation of Deputy-Master of this honourable Lodge. Gentlemen, I propose our charter toast, with nine times nine—the glorious, pious, and immortal memory. Take the time gentlemen, from me—hip, hip, hurra.”

“Brother M'Clutchy,” said a solemn looking man, dressed in black, “you are a little out of order—or if not out of order, you have, with great respect, travelled beyond the usages of the Lodge. In the first place—of course you will pardon me—I speak with great respect—but, in the first place, you have proposed the charter toast before that of the King, Protestant Ascendancy, Church and State; and besides, have proposed it with nine times nine, though it is always drunk in solemn silence.”

“In all truth and piety, I deny that,” replied little Bob Spaight. “When I was in Lodge Eleventeen, eleven-teen—no, seventeen, ay, seventeen—we always, undher God, drank it with cheers. Some

of them danced—but others, I won't name them, that were more graciously gifted, chorused it with that blessed air of 'Croppies lie down,' and sometimes with the precious psalm of the 'Boyne Water.'

"I'm obliged to Mr. Hintwell for his observations, for I'm sure they were well meant ; but, gentlemen, with every respect for his—his greater and more tractable qualifications, I must say that I acted from zeal, from zeal—for, gentlemen, what's an Orangeman without zeal? I'll tell you what he is—an Orangeman without zeal is a shadow without a light, a smoke without a fire, or a Papist without treason. That's what he's like, and now, having answered him, I think I may sit down."

Phil, however, whose first night of office it happened to be, as chairman of the Lodge, had still sense enough about him to go on with the toasts in their proper order. He accordingly commenced with the King, Protestant Ascendancy, the Gates of Bandon, with several other toasts peculiar to the time and place. At length he rose and said :—

"Gentlemen, are you charged—fill high, gentlemen, for, though it's a low toast, we'll gloriously rise and drink it—are you all charged?"

"All charged, hurra captain!"

"Here, gentlemen, another of our charter toasts—

The pope in the pillory, the pillory in hell, and the devils pelting him with priests! Gentlemen, I cannot let that—that beautiful toast pass without—out adding a few words to it. Gentlemen, it presents a glorious sight, a glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good—ha, beg pardon, gentlemen—a glorious, pious, and immortal sight—think of the pillory, gentlemen; isn't that in itself a glorious and pious sight? And think of the pope, gentlemen; isn't the pope also a glorious and pious sight?"

"With all truth and piety, and under God, I deny that," said Bob Spaight.

"And so do I," said a second.

"And I," added a third.

"What damned Popish doctrine is this," said several others.

"Brother Phil, be good enough to recollect yourself," said Solomon, "we feel, that as a Protestant and Orangeman, you are not doctrinally correct now; be steady, or rather steadfast—ast in the faith."

Phil, however, looked oracles, his whole face and person were literally being expanded, as it were, with the consciousness of some immediate triumph.

"Gentlemen," he proceeded, "have a little patience—I say the pope *is* a glorious and pious sight—"

“Undher God—”

“Silence, Bob.”

“But I mean when he’s in the pillory—eh, d—n my honour, I have you all there! ha, ha, ha!”

“Hurra, hurra, three cheers more for the captain!”

“Gentlemen,” he proceeded, “please to fill again—I give you now the Castle Cumber press, the True Blue and Equivocal, with the healths of Messrs. Yellowboy and Cantwell.”

“Hurra! Messrs. Yellowboy and Cantwell! hurra—Mr. Yellow, Mr Yellow.”

Mr. Yellowboy, who had not been able to come earlier, in consequence of the morrow being publishing day with him, now rose. He was a tall, thin, bony looking person, who might very well have taken his name from his complexion.

“Mr. chairman, gentlemen, and brothers—I rise with great and powerful diffidence to speak, to express myself, and to utter my sentiments before this most respectable, and, what is more, truly loyal auditory—hem. In returning thanks, gentlemen, for the Castle Cumber True Blue. (cheers) I am sure I am not actuated by any motive but that staunch and loyal one which stimulates us all—hem! The True Blue, Gentlemen, is conducted—has been conducted—and shall be conducted to all eternity—

should I continue to be so long at the head of it—so long I say, gentleman—here the speaker's eye began to roll—and he slapped the table with vehemence—I shall, if at the head of it so long, conduct it to all eternity upon the self same identical underivating principles that have identified me with it for the last six months. What's Pruddestantism, Gentlemen, without a bold straightforward independent press to take care of its pruvvileges and interests? It's nothing, Gentlemen."

"Under God, Sir, and with all piety and perseverance I deny—"

"Silence, brother Bob, don't interrupt Mr. Yellowboy—he'll mak himself plain by and by."

"I deny—"

"Silence—I say."

"Nothing, Gentlemen—a candle that's of no use unless it's lit—and the press is the match that lights it. (hurra—cheers) But, as I said in defending Pruddestantism, we advocate civil and religious liberty all over the world"—I say so boldly—"for, gentlemen, whatever I say, I do say boldly"—here he glanced at the Equivocal—"I am not the man to present you with two faces—or I'm not the man rather to carry two faces—and only show you one of them—I'm not the man to make prutensions as a defender of

civil and religious liberty with a Protestant face to the front of my head, and a Popish face in my pocket—to be produced for the adversary of Popery and idolatry—whenever I can conciliate a clique by doing so.” Here there was a look of sarcastic defiance turned upon Cantwell—who, conscious of his own integrity—merely returned it with a meek and benignant smile, a la Solomon.

“No, gentlemen, I am none of these things—but a bold, honest, uncompermising Pruddestant—who will support the church and constitution for ever—who will uphold Pruddestant Ascendancy to the day of judgment—keep down Popery and treason—and support civil and religious liberty over the world to all eternity.”

“Cheers—hurra—hurra—success brother Yellowboy.”

“And now, gentlemen, before I sit down there is but one observation more that I wish to make. If it was only identified with myself I would never notice it—but it’s not only identified with me, but with you, gentlemen—for I am sorry to say there is a snake in the grass—a base, dangerous, equivocal, crawling, reptile among us—who wherever truth and loyalty is concerned never has a leg to stand upon, or can put a pen to paper but with a

deceitful calumniating intention. He who can divulge the secrets of our Lodge"—(Here there was another furious look sent across which received a polite bow and smile as before)—“who can divulge, gentlemen, the secrets of our Lodge, and allude to those who have been there—I refer, gentlemen, to a paragraph that appeared in the Equivocal some time ago—in which a hint thrown out that I was found by the editor of that paper lying drunk in the channel of Castle Cumber Main-street opposite his office—that he brought me in, recovered me, and then helped me home. Now, gentlemen, I'll just mention one circumstance that will disprove the whole base and calumnious charge—it is this—on rising next morning I found that I had eight and three halfpence *safe* in my pocket—and, yet, that reptile says that he carried me into his house!!! Having thus, gentlemen, triumphingly refuted that charge, I have the pleasure of drinking your healths—the healths of all honest men, and confusion to those that would betray the secrets of an Orange Lodge!”

As each paper had its party in the Lodge, it is not to be supposed that this attack upon the Editor of the Equivocal was at all received with unanimous approbation. Far from it. Several hisses were

given, which again were met by cheers and these by counter cheers. In this disorder Mr. Cantwell rose, his face beaming with mildness and benignity—sweetness and smiles—and having bowed, stood all meekness and patience until the cheering was over.

“Brother Cantwell,” said Solomon, “remember to discard self-reliance—let thy sup—support be from”—but before he could finish, brother Cantwell turned round, and blandly bowing to him, seemed to say—for he did not speak—

“My dear brother, M‘Slime, I follow your admirable advice; you see I do—I shall.”

“Mr. Chairman,” said he, “gentlemen and dear brothers”—here he paused a moment, whilst calmly removing a tumbler out of his way that he might have room to place his hand upon the table and gently lean towards the chairman. He then serenely smoothed down the frill of his shirt, during which his friends cheered—and ere commencing he gave them another short, and, as it were, parenthetical bow. “Mr. Chairman, gentlemen, and dear brothers, I do not rise upon this very unpleasant occasion—unpleasant to me it is, but not on my own account—for the purpose of giving vent to the coarse effusions of an unlettered mind, that shapes its vulgar outpourings in bad language and

worse feeling. No, I am incapable of the bad feeling, in the first place, and, thanks to my education, of illiterate language, in the second. It has pleased my friend Mr. Yellowboy—if he will still allow me to call him so—for I appeal to you all whether it becomes those who sit under this hallowed roof to disagree—it has pleased him, I say, to bring charges against me, to some of which I certainly must plead guilty—if guilt there be in it. It has pleased him to charge me with the unbrotherly crime, the unchristian crime, the un-orange crime”—here he smiled more blandly at every term, and then brought his smiling eye to bear on his antagonist—“of lifting him out of the channel about twelve o'clock at night, where he lay—I may say so among ourselves—in a state of most comfortable, but un-orange like intoxication.”

The audience now being mostly drunk, were tickled with this compliment to their sobriety, and cheered and shouted for more than a minute. “Go on Cantwell! By Japers you're no blockhead!”

“Under Providence, and with all piety I say it, he will vanquish the yallow sinner over there.”

“Brother Cantwell,” observed Mr. M'Slime, “go on—the gift is not withheld.”

Another smiling bow to M'Slime, as much as to say, “I know it's not—I feel it's not.”

“This, gentlemen, and dear brothers, was my crime—I acted the good Samaritan towards him—that was my crime. May I often commit it!”

“Is that your pretended charity, Sir?” said Yellowboy, whose temper was sorely tried by the other’s calmness; “don’t you know, Sir, that you cannot become the Samaritan, unless I become the drunkard? and yet you hope *often* to commit it!”

No notice whatsoever taken of this.

“—But perhaps there was still a greater crime in this affair. I allude to the crime of having, after the account of his frailty had taken wind through the whole country, ventured to defend it, or rather to place it in such a light as might enable the public to place it to the account of mere animal exhaustion, independent of the real cause. And I have reason to know, that to a very enlarged extent I succeeded—for many persons having heard of the circumstance in its worst and most offensive sense, actually came to my office——”

“Yes, after you had made it public, as far as you could.”

“—To my office, to inquire into it. And I assure you all, gentlemen, that from motives at once of the Christian and the Orangeman, I merely informed them that the gentleman had certainly had, about

the time specified, a very severe fit—I did not add of intoxication—on the contrary, I charitably stopped there; and now it would appear that this forbearance on my part is another crime. But even that is not all. The occasion which called forth the paragraph in the paper which I have the honour to conduct, was one which I will just allude to. Some time ago there was inserted in the *True Blue* a short article headed '*Susanna and the Elder*,' in which certain vague and idle reports, fabricated by some person who bears enmity to a most respectable Christian gentleman, who honours us this moment with his presence——”

Solomon here approached him, and grasping his hand, exclaimed—

“Thank you, my dear brother Cantwell—thank you a hundred times: your’s is the part of a true Christian; so go on, I entreat you—here is nothing to be ashamed of—I know it is good to be tried.”

“Now it was really the charity contained in the article from the *True Blue* that struck me so forcibly—for it not only breathed the scandal so gently, as that it would scarcely stain a mirror—and it did not stain the mirror against which the report was directed—but it placed it, as it were, before his eyes, that he might not be maligned without his know-

ledge, on taking steps to triumph over it ; which our friend did—and great was his triumph, and meekly was it borne on the occasion. With respect to my political creed, gentlemen, you all know it is my boast that I belong to no party. I advocate broad and general principles ; and the more comprehensive they are, so does my love of kind take a wider range. I am a patriot, that is my boast—a moderate man—an educated man ; I am at least a competent master of the English language, which I trust, I can write and speak like a gentleman. I am not given to low and gross habits of life ; I am never found in a state of beastly intoxication, late at night, or early in the day ; nor do I suffer my paper to become the vehicle of gratifying that private slander or personal resentment which I am not capable of writing myself, and have not the courage to acknowledge as a man. I am not a poor, kicked, horse-whipped, and degraded scoundrel, whose malignity is only surpassed by my cowardice—whose principal delight is to stab in the dark—a lurking assassin, but not an open murderer—a sneaking, sculking thief, without the manliness of the highway man—a pitiful, servile—but, I believe, I have said enough. Well, gentlemen, I trust I am none of these ; nor am I saying who is. Perhaps it would

be impossible to find them all centred in the same man; but if it were, it would certainly be quite as extraordinary to find that man seated at an Orange Lodge. Brother Yellowboy, I have the pleasure of drinking *your* health."

Brother Yellowboy felt that he was no match at all for Cantwell; so in order to escape the further venom of his tongue, he drank his in return, and joined in the cheers with which his speech was received; for by this time the audience cared not a fig what was said by either party.

END OF VOL II.

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